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BIBLIOTECA LUCCHESI-PALLI

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A SUMMER
AT
BADEN-BADEN

— PARIS —

PRINTED BY J. CLAYE AND C^o

7 SAINT-BENOIT STREET.





LEOPOLD

Grand Duke
of Baden



of Baden
Grand Duke



A SUMMER
AT
BADEN-BADEN

BY M. EUGÈNE GUINOT

ILLUSTRATED BY

MESSRS. TONY JOHANNOT, EUG. LAMY, FRANÇAIS, AND JAQUEBOT



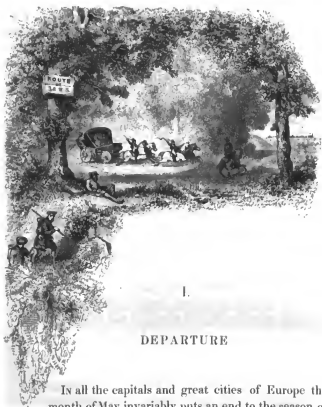
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I.

DEPARTURE

In all the capitals and great cities of Europe the month of May invariably puts an end to the season of balls, concerts, and receptions. The fashionable world may, indeed, begin winter in the middle of autumn and prolong it to the middle of spring, in spite of the laws of Nature and the prescriptions of the calendar; but there is a limit beyond which the flights of pleasure and its all-invading votaries can never pass. The spring may very properly burst upon us to the sound of violins; its first rays may struggle faintly with the glare of lustres and girandoles, but it soon expands its flowers, loads every breeze with its perfumes, shines forth in all its glory, and remains master of the field. After Lent,

a period of penitence and worldly enjoyment, the saloons close, balls are interrupted, and concerts cease. What is to be done? The town becomes oppressive, its walls stifle you, you feel a longing to breath a purer, freer air. The month of May calls you out; it invites and enlivens you; its penetrating emanations inspire you with a restless ardour, an irresistible desire to break through the circle in which you have turned for the last six months, to rush on a career that knows no bound — in short, to travel, and take advantage of the fine days to see new countries, or revisit those which have left pleasing memories in your mind.

Sedentary persons, stay-at-home citizens, have no compassion for travellers; they assail them with epigrams, and attack their vagabond humour with good old aphorisms on the dangers, the anxieties of travel, and absence, the greatest evil of all.

"Rash and imprudent," say they, "you make two parts of your existence, to render it doubly unhappy; for however slight his attachment to the things of this world, a traveller must always leave something at home. He leaves behind him wounded affections or interests in peril, which retain to some extent his heart, his mind, his thoughts, at the spot he has left, so that to the perils, fatigues, and annoyances of travelling are added care, uneasiness, and regret for what is left behind.

"While you are foolishly running about the world, your goods, your reputation, your clothes, your affairs, are going to ruin. Your friends backbite you, your wife forgets you, your banker fails, your house is burned down — and what not?"

Such counsels are not devoid of sense and value; for there is always a spice of truth in things melancholy.

"Why travel?" Of course this question is not meant for people whose profession sends them on the road, and who

may answer by showing a sample-book, an appointment as inspector of monuments, a diplomatic despatch, a geologist's hammer, a bankrupt's pocket-book, or any other voucher. In the present ease good reasons are asked from those who have none, or at least are supposed to have none; from those who are merely in quest of amusement, and go wherever fancy leads, by land or water.

"As for me," says one, "I travel because I am a poet, and because all poets from Homer to Byron have been travellers. I go forth to see, to admire, to feel, and to collect images on every side, to be carefully stored in the gallery where imagination retires to meditate and draw her inspiration. Whether a poet or a novelist, a painter of passions or of manners, an author ought to see new countries now and then, or his sense of observation will grow dull. We are unable to perceive the changes that time gradually imprints on faces we are accustomed to see every day; it is just the same with every thing else. It is therefore indispensable for us occasionally to cease to see the things we would observe with advantage, and on our return we shall easily perceive and appreciate the minute changes, the slow revolutions, the new and delicate shades which are the work of time, of progress, or of accident."

"As for me," says another, "I travel because I have several friends who have travelled much and who with unrelenting perseverance overwhelm me with long narratives and endless descriptions, dragging me a hundred times over all the countries they have ever seen. Unable longer to endure this martyrdom, I set off and will make the tour of the world, so that on my return when any friend resumes the relation of his travels, I can at once cut him short with: 'I know all you have to say, for I have myself visited that country; I too have explored every corner of the world. Let us talk of something else.'"

"And you, young man? You live in Paris, you are twenty years of age, and you are rich; all pleasures are at your command; you can, without troubling yourself in the least, satisfy your curiosity, see the world at your ease in society, in books, in albums, at the museums, at the theatres; and you have left your handsome apartments, your dashing equipages, your gay companions, your horses, your amours, your triumphs—and why? I ask you."

"Why! I really do not know. Perhaps that I may the better feel the value of all I leave behind. I go very far to encounter a little dust and fatigue, to write myself down a fool; to endure rain, sun, and wind; to wait for my dinner at the end of twenty leagues, and then eat with a good appetite. If you were twenty as I am, you would understand the inexplicable charm of these toils full of hazard and novelty; the enjoyment of changing land and sky, of seeing whether life yonder is better than here, and whether the women of the South have finer eyes than those of the North. There are secret gratifications even in disappointed curiosity, for curiosity, like love, always leaves its dupes some compensation."

Do you doubt the advantages of every kind that travelling can supply? Listen to that man yonder, who seems so well pleased with himself because he has been a little way from home: "Whenever I have left my house and country for a lengthened excursion," says he, "good luck has always befallen me, and on my return I have been agreeably surprised to find myself happier than when I set out. I had just married a fair, amiable, and clever woman, when an important affair compelled me to go to Spain. I was obliged to be absent a year from a wife I idolised, and whom insurmountable obstacles prevented from accompanying me. At that time I was poor, and I could not hesitate between my inte-

rests and my affections. I therefore started alone and almost broken-hearted.

"At the end of the year I returned. I had left my wife in a humble lodging and with very little money; I found her in apartments richly furnished; she wanted for nothing, and even had cashmeres and diamonds. 'What is the meaning of this?' I exclaimed. 'It is a piece of good luck I would not inform you of before, that you might have an agreeable surprise,' answered she. 'Six months ago, Baron N..., your friend, induced me to take a ticket in a German lottery and it turned up a prize of sixty thousand florins.' You may think how pleased I was to learn such good news. Not long after, having an important lawsuit on hand, I was again obliged to be absent for some time. On my return, I found my wife was not at home, and was informed that she was gone to thank one of the judges, and that my suit was gained. Then I became ambitious, and solicited a brilliant and lucrative position, and as there was some delay in the matter, my wife reproached me with my want of address, and advised me to drink the waters at Baden. I obeyed without a word, and two months after, returning unexpectedly, I found my wife at breakfast with a gentleman I had never seen. 'My dear, thank the secretary-general; here is your appointment.'

"This time I left home just to see what unexpected happiness may befall me."

"You are wrong," replied they to the lucky traveller; "it is tempting Providence. What can you want now? You have wealth, and honours; prosperity should not be abused."

The next day, our traveller received a letter with a black seal, which brought the intelligence that his wife had died suddenly. That was not a lucky event, for he lost his goose with the golden eggs. It is true that he had no longer any thing to wish for.

"We leave home," says the beau monde, "because fashion and custom will have it so, and you are aware that we cannot resist those two sovereign potentates—Fashion and Custom.

"We go, because there is no longer any thing for us here; no balls, no parties, no Italian singers, no great artistes. All the pleasures, all the lions of winter, disappear and obey the law to which we submit. Town is no longer habitable, nor will the country be so yet. We cannot go without some intervening preparation from our hotels to our country-houses. Only think, six months must pass away before winter returns, and is it possible to pass six months in the country? We should die of ennui. Live six months in the presence of the same trees and the same faces! That would be very dangerous. Both trees and faces would run great risk of becoming unbearable. We know how scarce friends and visitors are in the country; the more amiable they are, the more they make us feel their loss. Blockheads and bores would come in crowds; but solitude with all its horrors is far preferable. A new-married couple may commit the imprudence of shutting themselves up for six months in a rural *tête-à-tête*; and when they return to town they will fancy they have been married ten years or more. But we—who have some experience and know well that green fields and solitude should not be abused—we reserve the country for autumn; we spend October and November there, and that will be ample time for rest and recreation, to prepare for the ensuing winter, and to welcome the guests we love. Till then, we shall travel."

Such is the language of those who understand life, and who can live as they please: the independent, the rich, the happy. The month of May gives birth to these words and these projects, which find an echo everywhere and are repeated with one common accord in all the elegant and aristocratic circles





of Europe : at Paris and at St. Petersburg, at Vienna and at London ; at Naples and at Madrid ; at Berlin and at Lisbon ; at Berne and at Brussels.

We have then only to choose the object of our journey.

Where shall we go ?

Observe that this question is nearly always answered before it is put. "Where shall we go?" means : "We will go to the Spas."

The Spas ! A charming pretext which converts the physician's prescription into a lever powerful enough to remove every obstacle that might obstruct the path. But what Spas do you choose ?

Patients must follow the counsels of their medical advisers. Diplomats will give each other a secret rendez-vous near some mysterious spring; eccentricity, misanthropy, avarice, error, politics, infirmities of every kind may hesitate;—but elegance, aristocracy, good taste, and a thirst for pleasure will not. Fashion has issued her decree, and among all the watering-places she has chosen Baden as her favourite abode.

Baden owes this preference, not to a frivolous and transient caprice, but to the all-powerful combination of the most attractive and brilliant advantages :

To its marvellous position at the very gates of France, Switzerland, the German States ; close to Holland, Belgium, and England by the rapid navigation of the Rhine, and approaching nearer every day to Austria, Russia, and the rest of Europe, by the extension of the railways which radiate from it in all directions and connect it with the whole Continent ;

To its natural charms, the beauties of its environs, which present to its guests the most interesting excursions, the most picturesque promenades ;

To the excellence of its waters, and the genial softness of its climate ;

To the splendour of its saloons, in which sojourn, during the fine season, the pleasures exiled from great cities : dancing, music, society, fetes—for there it is that summer holds its Carnival.

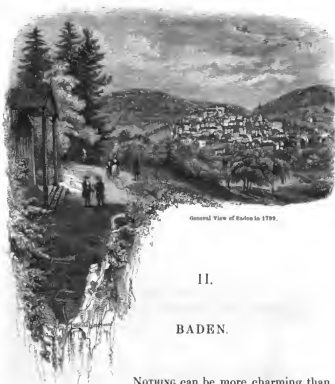
Should any ignoramus ask which is the capital of Europe, he would be answered : Europe has two capitals :

A winter capital, Paris ;

A summer capital, Baden.

For this reason, when the month of May comes, you hear repeated on all sides, to the most melodious echoes, the rallying cry : “Let us go to Baden.”





General View of Baden in 1799.

II.

BADEN.

NOTHING can be more charming than the aspect of Baden. Garcefully perched on an eminence surrounded by hills and mountains covered with thick woods, the city runs down a smiling valley, to the bank of a limpid brook called the Oos, or the Oelbach, which proudly takes the title of a river in memory of the important part it played in bygone days, when its flowery banks and capricious windings formed the boundary between the land of the Franks and the territory of the Germans.

At the very first glance it is evident the place was created expressly for repose and pleasure. Nature, which has done every thing for this beautiful spot, has favoured it with abun-

dant springs whose health-giving waters began the fortunes of Baden at the time of the Roman domination.

The Romans had a keen eye for fine positions : they loved to settle down near lukewarm fountains which supplied them with health through the delightful medium of the bath ; so, as soon as the eagle of the Cæsars crossed the Rhine, Baden, then but a nameless village, was taken from the Celts and became the favourite sojourn of the conquerors. The ancient pines and Druid oaks gave way to smiling gardens, the springs gushed forth into basins of marble ; the cottages were changed into palaces, and the nameless village was called Villa Aureliana. It was visited by the emperors ; Trajan, Adrian, and Caracalla took pleasure in embellishing it.

But this first splendour, so glorious and so magnificent, was not destined to last. The power of Rome faded away ; the eagle of the Cæsars, struck down by the arrows of the barbarians, no longer defended its conquests. The Germans, bursting through their former limits, jump over the Oos, rush upon Villa Aureliana, and with savage ferocity, destroy its houses and temples, its thermæ and palaces, not leaving one stone upon another of all that the Romans had laid. Then, on the ruins of the city, arose a few miserable huts, and the Frank kings gave the hamlet to the abbey of Wissemburg in Alsatia ; the monks sold it to the Emperor Conrad ; the Emperor Henry made a present of it to the church of Spire, who ceded it to the duchy of Swabia, and Baden thus passed from hand to hand, changed masters as passing events decided, and underwent various fortunes, until a princess brought it as her portion to the sovereign family of Zähringen, who annexed it to their vast domains.

It was under the domination of the Franks that the old Roman city received the name of Baden ; at least that is the period when the name first appears in history. Afterwards, at the opening of the twelfth century, Hermann of



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Zähringen took the title of Margrave, or Marquis, of Baden. From this moment the fortune and importance of Baden begins to increase; the obscurity that surrounds its history rapidly clears away; it becomes a princely residence; the margraves enlarge its boundaries and surround it with a wall and towers, so effectually that it once successfully resisted all the efforts of a bishop of Strasburg who laid siege to it, at a time when the princes of the church used the helmet and sword of the warrior as well as the mitre and crosier of the bishop.

But the fortunes of war were not always so favourable to it. Taken and ravaged in the wars of the seventeenth century, the town of Baden learned that it could not reign by brute force, and must be content to shine by the help of those peaceful gifts with which nature and fortune had so richly endowed it. So, instead of repairing the breaches made in the walls, it was decided to remove what was left standing and leave no other enclosure than foliage and flowers. Four towers, which escaped destruction then, were pulled down at the commencement of the present century; the ditches that still remained were filled up, and now, if history did not attest the fact, you would never suppose that Baden once held the rank of a fortified town.

As Baden grew in favour, the town was enlarged to receive its visitors. Houses and hotels sprang up as if by magic: charming private houses and magnificent hotels, replete with every luxury and refinement, were erected, in which the visitor can install himself in a manner suitable to his rank, fortune, tastes, and projects.

Should you arrive in the middle of the season, it would have been proper to secure a lodging beforehand; for when the fine days of July have brought the crowd, when the fête of Baden is in all its glory, the town is taken by storm,

seized, and occupied by its fortunate conquerors, and improvident travellers have sometimes been obliged to pass the first night in their carriage. That is one of the inconveniences exclusively reserved for those places over which Fashion has extended her conquests and unfurled her flag. We must submit to it : but how many pleasures will follow to compensate for this momentary annoyance !

For us who get there in the spring, ere the season has scarcely opened, there is no such embarrassment, nor the least necessity for any precautionary arrangements. The army is not yet come ; we are the vanguard, and the whole town is at our disposal.

Do you wish to lodge in a private house ? You have only to choose. They are to be had of all sizes — large, middling, and small : all ready to receive you. As soon as the month of May arrives, the population of Baden disappears to make room for strangers. It is impossible to say where the six thousand inhabitants of the town are lodged. Do they burrow into the ground ? Do they roost in the trees ? It is evident they do not migrate ; they are always there to welcome you, to show their zeal, and render you all sorts of good offices. In no part of the world will you find people more polite, more accommodating, more helpful. With them, politeness, self-denial, self-devotion, and hospitality are family virtues which they receive with their earliest breath and practise from the tenderest age. And really they set on these virtues a price so trifling, so insignificant, that their conduct can hardly be said to arise from interested motives. It really seems that, in asking so low a salary, and charging you so little for what they supply, they only wish to spare you the obligation of gratitude.

As the rich may satisfy their most splendid tastes, and spend plenty of money, if absolutely bent on showing how little they care about it ; so may they who have no such

pretensions, live comfortably without any great outlay. Baden is a town hospitable to all, and treats with equal favour opulence and moderate fortunes, the purse-proud millionaire and the humble visitor, the great nobleman and the artist. In the rich hotels that dazzle you by their splendour — the Hôtel de l'Europe, the Zähringen, the Court of Baden, the Hôtel de Russie, the Hôtel d'Angleterre — you may be lodged magnificently and keep the state of a prince; but, in those very same houses, which are the finest and most richly decorated, you may have elegant and convenient apartments at a very moderate charge. A visitor may live comfortably for three or four florins a day; but for twice the sum, that is, if he raises his expenditure to six or eight florins, he may enjoy all the pleasures of the place; he will have a comfortable lodging, an excellent table, admittance to all places of amusement, the promenade, the concert, the ball. He will be every where received as well as he who scatters gold with lavish profusion; nobody will remark an economy which imposes no privation and only stops at the very limit where prodigality begins. There is no distinction at Baden but for real merit, and the superiority conferred by high birth, an elevated position, nobility of manners, knowledge of the world, elegance, grace, and beauty.

Get a lodging, therefore, according to your taste and means; then, having settled that business of primary importance, you will give free course to your curiosity.

The whole season will not be too long for you to see Baden and its environs in all their details; but you will do well first to take a rapid view of the city as a whole, and admire the beautiful panorama around. The curiosity of the traveller or artist usually leads him to proceed thus: first he takes a general view, which is a source of immediate gratification; then he comes to the details, which, if ex-

amined with care and intelligence, are a fund of leisurely enjoyment.

The bathers have scarcely arrived, and there they are already in the park. The title of "bather" belongs to you the moment you set foot in Baden, and is immediately applied, without the least inquiry, whether you intend bathing or not. The park is only separated from the town by the silver waters of the Oos; the trees that line one side of this limpid stream extend their branches and their shade to the opposite bank. What rich verdure! what luxuriant vegetation! and how happily diversified is the whole surface of the park! Here we have trees that have braved a hundred winters, there, compact masses of flowering shrubs; every where pretty walks that invite you to wander through this wilderness of delights; at every step the visitor finds something to admire. What is that stately colonnade? A Roman temple dedicated to the ancient gods? No; it is a modern temple dedicated to the drinkers of the mineral waters; a purpose very literally expressed by its German name: it is called the *Trinkhalle*. Further, a magnificent plot of verdure extends between two fine alleys lined with trees, and beyond it you see the *Conversation House*; for such is the name, in accordance with long usage and modest routine, given to the Palace of Pleasure at Baden. There we find, happily combined, dining-rooms, coffee-rooms, smoking-rooms, spacious and richly decorated saloons for play, dancing, and music, a reading-room and a theatre. In front of this palace runs a terrace studded with fine orange-trees; this is the evening parade. In the daytime, the shady walks shelter visitors from the burning rays of the sun, and along their sides are numerous shops, where traders of all countries display for sale an endless variety of things curious and useful: silks, pictures, Havana cigars, Hungarian linen, Bohemian glass, Parisian jewels, clocks from the Black Forest. This



Constitution Hall

Printed by W. Mitchell, London





rural bazaar animates the park, and gives it the air of a perpetual fête.

Now, ascend the easy, winding paths that lead to the heights at the extremity of the park behind the Conversation House; it is there, at the place called the Cabin of Socrates, that you must stand to take the first view of the panorama of Baden. You will frequently enjoy this sight in your excursions; the picture will present itself in different points of view: you will see it from the road to Ybourg, to Hæslieh, to the heights of Bruhl, and from all, the culminating points that surround the town; you will contemplate it from more distant and loftier spots; but first take your station on the hill, you will go to the mountain afterwards. Here, the point of view is admirable. The town presents itself in all its picturesque grace; its houses charmingly grouped together, rise in an amphitheatre, and are overtopped by the steeple of the church and the Grand Duke's castle. These edifices stand forth in strong relief on the deep green of the pine-clad mountains that form the background of the picture. One of these mountains presents the ruins of the old castle of Baden, the ancient residence of the margraves, destroyed in the terrible wars that laid waste with fire and sword the Palatinate and the surrounding countries. The neighbouring mountain, remarkable for a tower on its summit proudly rising above the pines, is Mount Mercury, so called from the remains of a Roman altar having been found upon it.

Such are the more prominent points of the panorama; the numberless details that escape your notice here will be agreeable surprises at a future time. It is decided that we are to spend the summer at Baden, that is to say, the whole of the fine season: June, July, August and September. Our excursions will extend over the whole territory of Baden, a grand duchy, almost equal to a kingdom. The wisest way

will be to set about them immediately. Some thoughtless people allow themselves to be seduced by the pleasures of the town, and so let the season pass away before they find leisure and inclination to explore the country.

Let us be wiser, and give variety to our pleasures; let us enjoy the charms of the town and the beauties of the country; after a ball, a long walk; after a concert, an excursion. By thus judiciously employing our time, we shall see every thing, take part in all the fêtes, and admire all the beauties of the country.



View of Baden from the Young Road.



Gallery of the Old Castle.

III.

THE OLD CASTLE OF BADEN.

YOUR first walk will no doubt lead you to the ruins of the old castle. Every visitor goes there first. On entering the territory of Baden, those imposing and picturesque ruins are the first object that strikes the eye. You see from afar those ruined walls on the crest of the mountain, with their battlements clearly defined against the azure sky, or on the green background of the surrounding pine-forest.

Thanks to the Grand Duke Leopold, who neglected nothing for the embellishment of the country, the road from the town to the old castle is easy and agreeable, shaded by fragrant acacias. The beautiful avenue leads as far as the wood, where the shade becomes deeper and the path wilder.

At intervals seats are placed as resting-places, and tables in sheltered corners present excellent opportunities for pic-nics.

Just before you reach the castle, there is the entrance of a subterranean passage, which, as local tradition says, used to communicate with the convent of the Capuchin friars situated in the town. An old legend informs us that an ancient lord of Baden, when passing along this vault, made use of certain impious words, and that the arch suddenly gave way and buried him under its ruins. Tradition, ever teeming with marvels in this country, further declares that there was formerly another passage leading from the castle of Baden to Eberstein castle, situated on another mountain two leagues distant.

The principal entrance of the old castle is in tolerable preservation; the armorial bearings of the margraves are distinctly visible. After crossing the threshold, you may venture without the least danger into the midst of these crumbling ruins and tread with fearless step the broken stairs, the shattered arches, and floors that seem ready to sink beneath your foot. The Grand Duke has taken care to make the ruin practicable and firm, without at all changing the capricious aspect of decay.

And, indeed, it would have been a pity to spoil what the hand of time and the shock of war have so well destroyed. Nature, who ever asserts her claim to all that man abandons, has clothed these stones with a rich and vigorous vegetation. Thick hangings of ivy cover the walls; and trees bearing all the marks of age have grown up between the broken blocks of stone; the tapering pine has forced its way through the ruins; the vigorous elm has thrust aside the rubbish to make room for itself and spread its branches freely; the maple pushes its boughs through the windows to breath the pure air and turn its foliage to the sun.

Climb fearlessly to the very top of the edifice, and through

every crevice you will get a glimpse of magnificent views : town, country, smiling plains, mountains topped with other ruins, and yonder the Rhine, looking like a silvery snake winding through the grass, and beyond it the slender spire of Strasburg cathedral — but how describe the natural beauties of the place, the grandeur of the spectacle, the majesty of the horizon, which the eye beholds with astonishment, whilst at your feet the tops of the pines tremble like an ocean of verdure, whose captive waves are agitated by the passing breeze ?

The vast extent of ground covered by its ruins sufficiently proves the splendour of the old castle of Baden. When you have scanned the vestiges of this sovereign abode, rebuild it in imagination, with its ramparts and its towers, its battlements and its ditches, its spacious halls, once the resort of the chivalry of the land, of noble and lovely dames and sweet-tongued minstrels. Walk through the long gallery that contains the portraits of the princes of Baden, grand and noble figures religiously preserved in the historic page, and of whom we will here sketch a few characteristic traits ; for no stranger can properly appreciate a country if ignorant of its annals. At every step we meet something that recalls an historic souvenir, every monument is to be explained by the man who reared it, by the epoch in which it arose, and the events it has witnessed.

Hermann, second son of Berthold the Bearded, Duke of Zähringen and Carinthia, received as his inheritance the lordship of Hochberg in Swabia, the town of Baknang and the March of Verona. By his spouse Judith, daughter of Count Adalbert of Eberstein, he obtained the castle of Baden as well as other possessions in the Oosgau. Unhappily for him this prince lived in a troubled and stormy epoch. Germany was a prey to discord and abandoned to the fury of parties, which filled the land with bloody intestine broils.

Hermann's father, Duke Berthold, went mad on seeing his states laid waste. Hermann, deeply afflicted from the same cause, quitted the country, which he could not defend against his too numerous enemies, and, condemning himself to voluntary exile, departed alone, disguised in mean apparel. Some of his servants endeavoured to discover his retreat, but were never able to find the least trace of him.

Many years after his disappearance, a monk of the abbey of Cluny, feeling his last hour draw nigh, sent for the superior and the four oldest monks of the convent to his bedside. "I have a secret," said he, "that I am unwilling to bury with me in the grave. You opened to me your hospitable house without asking who I was; you received me poor and sorrowful, and you have respected the mystery that enveloped the sufferings of my previous life. At the moment of appearing before God, allow to raise the veil and confide to your faithful and loyal hands the titles I wish you to transmit to my heir."

Thus saying, the dying man drew a box from under his pillow, gave it to the superior, and then breathed his last.

The monks of Cluny now learned with awe and wonder that this man, whose last years had been passed among them, and who had set them an example of piety, resignation, humility, labour, and every Christian virtue, was Prince Hermann, son of the Duke of Zähringen.

This Hermann was surnamed the Saint. The distinction of the house of Baden begins with this pious glory. Thus, from its very origin was its crown illumined with a celestial aureola. Hermann II., son of the Saint, was the first who assumed the title of Margrave of Baden. This event took place at the Council of Basle in 1130; and from that epoch dates the title of a sovereign house, which has since attained so high a degree of splendour. Next came

Hermann the Great, who gained his glorious name on fields of battle: at the siege of Weinsberg, and in the Holy Land, where he accompanied the Emperor Conrad in the second crusade. He died in Palestine. A worthy son of this great captain, Hermann IV., also distinguished himself by his heroic actions. After commencing his military career in Italy, he went to the Holy Land with the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, commanded the imperial army at the battle of Iconium, and died of the plague very shortly after the Emperor Frederick had lost his life by bathing in the chilly waters of the Cydnus, a repetition of the imprudence committed by Alexander the Great; but Alexander was young at the time, whereas Barbarossa had completed his seventieth year. The remains of the Margrave of Baden were interred in the cathedral of Antioch. Henry, the younger of his two sons, took the principality of Hochberg; the margraviate of Baden fell to the elder, Hermann V., who extended his possessions by the addition of the four towns of Durlach, Ettlingen, Sinsheim, and Eppingen. Hermann VI. and Rodolph I. afterwards reigned together; but Hermann having obtained by his marriage with the Duchess Gertrude, the regency of the duchy of Austria, went and settled in that country, where he was succeeded by his only son Frederick, that striking instance of devoted friendship.

We find here, in the history of the house of Baden, a page full of tender and affecting interest. The young prince Frederick, despoiled of his inheritance, had been taken by his mother to the court of Bavaria, where he met young Conradin, like himself the victim of an atrocious spoliation. Attracted towards each other by similarity of age, feelings, and misfortunes, the two noble youths became bosom-friends. They grew up together in the hope of a happier fate. As soon as he felt himself able to wield a sword, Conradin

resolved to try the fortune of war; he had numerous partisans, who called him to the conquest of his usurped domains. Could he hesitate? "I will go with thee!" said Frederick of Baden.

And both tore themselves from the arms of their weeping mothers. Poor youths! they departed, with hearts full of courage and confidence: Conradin, who had been robbed of three crowns, first tried to seize the kingdom of Naples, which had been taken from him by his uncle Manfred, but was now held by the Duke of Anjou, who had expelled the usurper. Scarcely had the two princes crossed the Abruzzi, when the enemy gave them battle in the plain of Tagliacozzo. It was a long and fearful struggle, in which cunning triumphed over courage, and right was overcome by fraud. The two young princes, Frederick of Baden and Conradin, fell into the victor's hands, and were condemned to death, regardless of their tender age; they were only seventeen.

The scaffold was reared for these two noble heads. The young princes marched to death as they had marched to combat.

Frederick of Baden suffered first. Before he gave himself up to the executioner, he embraced his friend and bade him farewell in a firm voice and with a serene air; then, advancing towards the fatal block, the unfortunate boy gave way to all the emotion he had struggled to conceal, that his friend might feel one pang the less. He raised towards heaven his eyes filled with tears, and his only words were: "My poor mother!"

Then he knelt down and died.

Conradin took up the head which the executioner's sword had just severed, kissed it with affectionate respect, and giving free course to his grief, bitterly reproached himself for having involved in his own misfortunes that generous friend, who otherwise might have lived for happier days.

The sad fate of young Frederick left Rodolph the only remaining margrave of Baden. His four sons reigned in succession. First there was Rodolph II., then Rodolph III., then the margrave of Hesse, whose son Rodolph Hesse, heir to the margraviate, dying without male issue, left the crown of Baden to his uncle Hermann VII. The successors of this last were Frederick II., Rodolph IV., and Hermann VII., who extended the territory of Baden. Such also was the chief glory of the margraves Hermann IX., Rodolph IV., Rodolph V., Frederick III., Rodolph VI., and Rodolph VII., down to Bernard I., who was at once a great captain and a wise legislator.

Several times before the accession of this prince, the states of Baden had been dismembered by the paternal tenderness of the Margraves, who wished to establish each of their sons in a princely domain. To prevent such ruinous partitions Bernard made a law enacting that for the future there should never be more than two parts and two reigning lines. In case of heirs male failing in one branch the other was to succeed. While thus arranging the internal affairs of his states, he was not unmindful of external interests: at the congress of Haguenau he humbled the pretensions of Strasburg; he compelled the Emperor Wenceslas to acknowledge his right to the tolls on the Rhine; he entered the field against Frederick of Austria, and lent the assistance of his arms to Duke Charles of Lorraine; then, after an active and well-spent life, he left his states extended and flourishing to his son and successor James I.

James was succeeded by Charles I., who took Ortenau from the Strasburgers. One of this prince's brothers, Bernard of Baden, moved by pious zeal, went all through Germany, to persuade its princes to make another crusade in Palestine. He died while on this mission and was canonized by Pope Pius IV.

Four centuries and a half had now elapsed since Her-

mann founded the house of Baden, when the Margrave Christopher, eldest son and successor of Charles I., left the old castle, came down the mountain, and built a new castle in the highest part of the town.



Entrance of the Old Castle of Baden.



New Castle and Dargober's Tower.

IV.

THE TOWN AND THE NEW CASTLE.

LET us follow the example of the margraves, and leave the mountain for the town.

Baden is divided into two parts, very distinct: the old town on the hill, and the new town at its foot, with its handsome hotels and pretty houses. The old quarter retains several precious monuments of antiquity; among them are:

The Roman Bath, which is only an unimportant fragment of the *Thermæ* built by the Emperor Caracalla.

The Spring, formerly protected by a marble enclosure, of which scarcely any vestige remains;

The Gallery of Antiquities, close by the Spring; a little

Museum in the form of a Temple, in which are exhibited remnants of the Roman period, found in the town of Baden and its environs;

The Church, founded in the eighth century by the Monks of Wissembourg, to whom the Bathis belonged; it contains the mausoleums of several Margraves;

Lastly, the New Castle, which commands the town. The surname of *new* has been used ever since the fifteenth century, the date of its erection. It was thus called to distinguish it from the old one, which was not then in ruins.

The most curious portion of the new castle is underground, where there are numerous dark and dismal vaults to be seen, each of which has its own mysterious and fearful history. Some will have it that these gloomy recesses were once the council-chambers of the Free Judges; but those who advance such an opinion would find it no easy task to supply any proof of its truth. It is probable that these vaults were merely used as dungeons and cells for criminals. One of the rooms is called the Question-chamber. Near it was discovered a trap-door that opened over the *Virgin's Kiss*. What a strange name for such a thing! When thrown headlong down this hole, the victim fell upon a statue that stood below with open arms to receive him, and this statue, called the Virgin, was bristling with spears and sharp blades which gave the unhappy wretch the kiss of death. Another version gives the following explanation of the *Virgin's Kiss*: When the trial was over, the prisoner was not informed of his sentence; the executioner told him that he was about to be set at liberty, and led him from the hall as if to take him to the castle gate. Midway in this dark labyrinth stood a statue of the Virgin, in a niche; here the poor wretch's conductor would stop and say: "Give thanks to the Mother of the Saviour, and touch her sacred image with your lips." When he approached to perform this pious

act, a trap-door sank down under his feet, and he was precipitated into the fatal abyss.

On leaving these gloomy caverns the visitor goes to breathe the pure air again in the gardens of the castle, which are charming, especially the reserved part, called the *Snails' Garden*. On entering this garden one of the first objects that meets the eye is an elegant little tower, named, no one knows why, *Dagobert's Tower*. Assuredly this edifice cannot be ascribed to that king of France who had St. Eloi for his minister.

The interior of the castle has been decorated with much taste and magnificence by the Grand-Duke Leopold. A splendid gallery contains the portraits of all the sovereigns who have reigned in Baden, from Hermann of Zähringen to the present time.

Christopher I., who built the new castle towards the close of the fifteenth century, was one of the most distinguished princes of the Baden family, which can boast of so many great men. The power of this house was already such that we see the Margrave Christopher accompany the Emperor Frederick IV. in several expeditions, and go to his assistance against the towns of Ghent and Bruges with three thousand foot and fifteen hundred horsemen. Nothing was done in Germany without his concurrence. The princes made him arbiter in their disputes, and he aided them by his counsels as well as by his sword. The Emperor confided to him the Government of the duchy of Luxemburg. The Archduke Philip of Austria conferred on him the order of the Golden Fleece and some considerable fiefs. Spurning all but noble and legitimate means of increasing his power, he constantly refused, with magnanimous self-denial, every advantage that came in the slightest degree tainted by injustice. Thus, when the Elector Palatine was put under the ban of the Empire, the Emperor offered to restore to

the Margrave certain domains which his family had been obliged to alienate under the pressure of misfortune ; but Christopher refused to recover by such means a possession that had been voluntarily ceded, and on the Emperor's asking the motive of his refusal, he answered :

" My honour and my oath are worth more than lands and vassals."

This great and noble character was ever guided by the same high principles. The Emperor gave one of the Margrave's sons the estates of the Count of Eberstein, then proscribed and despoiled. Some time afterwards, the Margrave, faithful to his convictions of justice, restored to the Count his castle and estates, saying that the house of Baden never intended to profit by confiscation, and had only held the domains as in trust.

Such was the Margrave Christopher, whose reign lasted above half a century. Oppressed by the weight of years, and feeling the necessity of repose, he put the affairs of the country in order, caused a deed settling the succession to be drawn up by Ulric Zazius, the learned professor of Friburg, and, relinquishing the government, he retired to the old castle and there quietly passed the remnant of his days in the place of his birth. His two sons, Bernard and Ernest, shared the states between them. Bernard, who was the elder, founded the line of Baden-Baden ; Ernest the line of Baden-Durlach, which last alone survives, and is represented by the present Grand-Duke.

The extinct line of Baden-Baden presents :

Bernard, who introduced the reformed religion into the Upper Margraviate ;

Philibert, an enterprising warrior, who, after fighting against the Turks, offered his services to the King of France, took part at the battle of La Rochelle, and disappeared in that action, nor could it ever be ascertained whether he

was left with the dead, or fell into the hands of the enemy, and ended his days in captivity;

Philip, who rebuilt the castle of Baden on a new plan;

Edward Fortunatus, a giddy trifler, who thought of nothing but travelling, amusements, and incurring debts, which the Baden-Durlach branch found it no easy matter to pay;

William, who was long considered incapable of governing; he was reinstalled in the margraviate after the battle of Wimpfen, and re-established the Catholic worship under the direction of the Jesuits;

Lastly, Louis William, generally known in history as Prince Louis of Baden, one of the greatest captains of his day. This prince was born at Paris; Louis XIV. was his godfather, and Montecuculli his master in the art of war. His whole life was a series of heroic actions. Born in a warlike period, he was always to be found where fighting was going on, and he won glory on all sides, but more especially distinguished himself in the war between Austria and the Turks. In this campaign he obtained the honourable surname of *the Turk*, as Scipio did that of *Africanus* in Africa.

Prince Louis left two sons. The elder, Louis George, a bold hunter, died without male issue. His brother George Augustus, who had entered holy orders, was called to the succession and left the Church for the throne. In him terminated the line of Baden-Baden; so that at his decease, according to the laws of the State, the line of Baden-Durlach succeeded to the sovereignty of the Margraviate.

If we go back to the origin of this line, which is called *Ernestian*, from the name of its founder, or the branch of Pforzheim, on account of its primitive place of residence, we find that the Margrave Ernest had for successors:

Charles II., who built a castle at Durlach, the Karlsburg, where he resided.

James III., who consolidated the power of his house.

George Frederick, who raised an army to aid Austria against the Turks, and distinguished himself in the Thirty Years' War.

Frederick V., who was involved in great difficulties through his devoted attachment to Gustavus Adolphus.

Frederick VI., whose reign was more peaceful and not less glorious.

Frederick Magnus, who had much to suffer from the ravages committed by the French army after the war of the Palatinate. The castle of Karlsburg was burnt down, and the total loss inflicted on the Margraviate exceeded nine million florins. The Margrave was forced to take refuge at Basle, and did not long survive these distressing events.

Charles William repaired the disasters of the preceding reign; healed the wounds caused by the war, and immortalised his name by founding the city of Carlsruhe.

Charles-Frederick, grandson of this wise and able prince, was, in some measure, the second founder of Carlsruhe, by the improvements he made in it. He possessed all the qualities of a great administrator. It was he who succeeded to the line of Baden-Baden in 1771, and thus blended the possessions of the two branches. At the time of the French revolution, he concluded a separate treaty with the republic, relinquished his possessions beyond the Rhine, and received in exchange, by the treaty of Lunéville, a considerable extent of territory, containing about seventy square leagues and two hundred and forty thousand inhabitants; moreover, the electoral dignity was conferred on him. Thus the country of Baden became greatly enlarged, and was destined to spread yet further. The Peace of Presburg gave him Brisgau. In 1806 Frederick received, with the sovereignty of several mediatised states, the title of Grand-Duke. In 1809 the territory of Baden received further increase by cessions from Wurtemberg. Every kind of prosperity attended the reign of this

noble and excellent prince. Meanwhile his health began to fail, partly owing to his advancing years, partly to his intense application to business. Three years before his death, which was sincerely lamented by all his subjects, he confided the government to his grandson.

Charles of Baden had married in 1806, Stephanie-Louise-Adrienne Tascher de la Pagerie, the adopted daughter of Napoleon. This alliance contributed greatly to the prosperity of the country. The Grand-Duke Charles gave a constitution to his states, and that is not his only title to glory; he succeeded, by his firmness, in preserving the integrity of his territory, and repulsed the pretensions of Bavaria, which was secretly endeavouring to detach the Odenwald and the Palatinate. Dying without male issue, the dukedom fell to his uncle Louis, son of the Grand-Duke Charles Frederick.

The Grand-Duke Louis governed his states with great prudence; and, after a reign of twelve years, died without leaving a son to succeed him; the crown, therefore, went to his brother Leopold, son of the Grand-Duke Charles Frederick.

The Grand-Duke Leopold, born in 1790, ascended the throne in 1830. He had married in 1819, the Princess Sophia, daughter of the ex-king of Sweden, Gustavus IV. His accession was hailed with enthusiasm by the people, who were well acquainted with his eminent qualities, his superior intellect, and noble character. This prince combined in his own person all the virtues of his race, and was a striking epitome of the nine centuries of glory that date from the cradle of the Zähringens. War would have given him an opportunity to display the military talents which distinguished his grandfather Prince Louis; Peace allowed him to develop the vastness of his political views, and his profound knowledge of the commercial and industrial interests of the country. It is impossible to speak too highly of the enlightened protection he accorded to science and

the fine arts. Under his reign the Grand Duchy of Baden attained the highest pitch of splendour and prosperity.

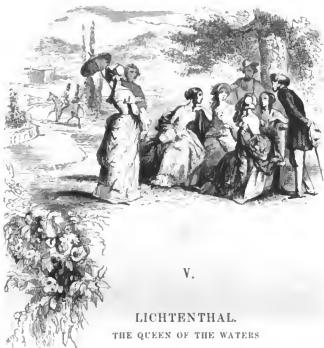
Nevertheless the political disturbances that desolated Germany in 1849 did not spare this happy land, which had every thing to lose by revolutions. But the storm, though violent for a time, soon blew over, and the Grand-Duke Leopold, triumphant over anarchy, received fresh testimonials of the love and gratitude of his subjects. Most of the Badeners who took part in the insurrection were only led astray for the moment, and the great majority turned a deaf ear to the appeal of the agitators.

Soon after the restoration of peace and order, the Grand-Duke Leopold died, and his loss was deeply regretted by the whole duchy.

The government of the State is now in the hands of Frederick William Louis, Grand-Ducal Prince Regnant of Baden, son of the Grand-Duke Leopold, born in 1826; he succeeded his father on the 24th of April, 1852. This young sovereign inherits all his father's good qualities, with the wisdom and talent that secured the prosperity of Baden, and his reign cannot fail to prolong a brilliant and fortunate era.



The Church and the Spring



V.

LICHTENTHAL.

THE QUEEN OF THE WATERS

MOST of the strangers who visit Baden generally spend the day in the following manner: The morning is devoted to excursions on foot, on horseback, or in carriages. At the most frequented places there are always plenty of good stout saddlehorses and pretty phaetons, the price of which by the hour, the ride, or the day, is determined by a very reasonable tariff. The more distant excursions are often prolonged till a very late hour of the afternoon. The company is then generally collected in the park, in the walk where the shops are, and on the fine terrace in front of the Conversation House. About three o'clock the serenades and concerts in the open air usually begin. This is a melodious warning preceding the

dinner bell. At five o'clock every body dines, either at home, in the hotels, or in the magnificent restaurant of the Conversation House. The interval between dinner and the hour when the fashionable world resort to the saloons, is spent in walking in the Alley of Lichtenthal, a fine long avenue reaching from the extremity of the park to the monastery from which its name is derived.

The convent of Lichtenthal stands at the end of the avenue, in a most agreeable situation, between Oelbaeh and Cœcilienberg, sheltered by the mountain, refreshed by the river, and enlivened by the view of the valley.

This religious house was founded about the middle of the thirteenth century by the Princess Irmengard, widow of the Margrave Henry V. of Baden. When the church of the convent had been consecrated by the bishop of Strasburg, the foundress had the mortal remains of her husband buried in front of the high altar; she then retired to the monastery, and passed the rest of her life there. From that time Lichtenthal became the refuge of wounded hearts, of disappointed ambition, and of griefs for which the world offers no consolation.

The nuns of Lichtenthal were Bernardines of the order of Cîteaux; they were living in a state of profound peace and ever-increasing prosperity when the war in the Palatinate threatened to interfere with the security of their quiet retreat. Melac's Army had invaded the states of Baden and was approaching towards Lichtenthal. Terror seized on the convent, threatened with the outrages of a conqueror who left every where the most fearful traces of his passage. In this peril, which seemed imminent, the holy abode was protected by the humblest of its inmates. A poor nun of Lichtenthal had formerly been a servant in the house of Melac, when he was governor of Hagenau. She repaired alone to the general, and presenting him a basket full of





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charming little articles made by the sisters of Lichtenthal, begged him to accept it as a present for his children. Melac's heart was touched by this incident; he sent word to the abbess that his soldiers should pass the convent without entering it, and he kept his word.

The vows now pronounced at Lichtenthal are not eternal, but are renewed every three years. The nuns devote themselves to the education of young persons of their own sex.

Several princesses of Baden, widows or daughters of Margraves, have been abbesses of Lichtenthal. Several princes are buried in the monastery.

The Chapel of the Dead contains some curious funereal monuments. The most remarkable is that of the colossal Rodolph the Long, represented in his full stature, with all his armour on, reclining on a bed of stone.

At the evening parade the Alley of Lichtenthal presents a brilliant spectacle. There is a crowd of handsome equipages, of dashing equestrians, and elegant promenaders on foot. There we pass in review the society of Baden; there the news of the day is discussed. Anecdotes are seldom wanting; there are always abundant subjects for shrewd observations, piquant witticisms, delicate satire, charming surprises, and the ever-watchful curiosity of this world of aristocratic triflers, who are such charming talkers and such graceful listeners. In the absence of minor gossip, we listen to long stories, which, better than any formal description, set forth the manners of this watering-place, and occasionally convey useful instruction, as the following narrative will show:—

At sixteen Aurelia was a charming girl; nature had richly endowed her with graces and attractions; to the advantages of beauty, she added a shrewd, active, pene-

trating mind, and a character unusually resolute and firm. These advantages are often dangerous and sometimes fatal to their possessor, when the chance of birth has placed her in a humble sphere. Aurelia belonged to a family of labouring people. Left an orphan when of tender age, she had been reared by charity; an aged relative had kindly received and nurtured the helpless child. This flower of singular and striking beauty grew up in the gloom of obscurity and poverty. When the girl advanced towards womanhood, she was thrown upon her own resources under circumstances scarcely less perilous. They had taught her to earn a living by needle-work; that was enough, and all they could do for her. "Now, my pretty girl," they said, "you are sixteen, you must trust to your own efforts; be industrious, persevering, honest, patient, and courageous, and God will bless you!"

Aurelia was most anxious to practice all these virtues, but she could not help thinking that it would be hard if by so doing she gained only a painful and precarious existence. The young maiden was ready to make great sacrifices, to go through severe trials, and to strain every nerve; but she wished her reward to be the accomplishment of her ambitious dreams.

Her glass told her that she was not made to live obscure and poor. The few novels she had read, or rather devoured, informed her how princes have at times espoused shepherdesses. Aurelia knew well that her glass did not deceive her; her novels appeared to her worthy of the same confidence, and the future was lighted up by the fires of her imagination. "I must be a rich and great lady," said she; "I must have brilliant dresses, showy equipages, palaces, castles; and I will have them; but how?"

A beautiful girl of sixteen is never without admirers. Aurelia soon had some of several kinds. Some proposed

marriage; but they were young men poor as herself, mere labourers, and she would not listen to them, for then she must renounce all her dreams. Others were rich and well to do in the world, but they never alluded to marriage, and the young girl wanted to rise, not to fall. Her ambition was based on solid principles; an acute intelligence and a sound judgment had enabled her to appreciate justly the wretched inanity of the most splendid fall. The fate of the most favoured courtisans only inspired her with a virtuous disdain. She knew that fortune has no value if unaccompanied by honour, no duration if not legitimate; and, besides, fortune was not the sole object of her ambition; she longed for a name and a title, which marriage alone could give her.

Virtue based on calculation is invincible. Aurelia, who lived in a little town in the south of France, had at first no very dangerous attacks to resist. Temptation appeared only under vulgar forms and attended by no seductive advantages. Indeed, mere prudence would have been a sufficient defence without the aid of ambition; but at last, after some fifteen months past in these harmless trials, the young girl had occasion to show all her merit in a serious and critical conjuncture.

This time, the temptation appeared in the guise of a young gentleman, amiable, rich, and titled. Lord Arthur B.... had come to pass the winter with his mother in the little town where Aurelia lived; he saw the young maiden and fell deeply in love with her. Aurelia very attentively listened to his tender declarations, and was for a moment dazzled by his magnificent promises; but it was evident the youthful lord promised more than he could perform. He possessed all the qualities that could be desired in a husband; but unfortunately he was only eighteen, and Aurelia was well aware that at his age a young man cannot dispose of his hand

without the consent of his parents. Now there was little probability of such assent ever being obtained, and she saw the necessity of abandoning all chimerical hopes. Aurelia promptly resolved on a decisive step; she silenced the pleadings of her heart, and after triumphing over her first emotion, coolly reflected on the honour and advantage her victory might bring her. Lord Arthur had sent her an impassioned letter which terminated by proposing an elopement. Aurelia went to Lady Sarah B..., and showed her the letter, saying with an accent of despair and virtuous resignation, "Protect me against this temptation."

Lady Sarah was deeply moved by this conduct, which appeared to her noble and touching; she felt the full importance of an act which saved her son from an imprudence that might have had lamentable consequences. "I will prove my gratitude to you," said she to the girl. "You must conceal yourself some few days in the country; I will take advantage of your absence to talk the matter over with my son. He shall go into Italy and stay there two years; immediately after his departure you shall return to me, and I will take care of you."

Every thing was arranged as Lady Sarah had decided; the young nobleman started for Italy, and Aurelia came back to her protectress, who took her to pass the summer at Baden, as her companion.

The first step was taken. Aurelia had emerged from her humble condition and narrow sphere. The road now lay open before her, and she at last entered those higher circles which in fancy she had so often visited.

And what finer theatre could she have chosen for her debut? Baden! The summer rendezvous of Europe, the city of fêtes, the enchanted abode of pleasure. There the world opened before her in all its splendour, in all its aristocratic elegance; what crowds of great lords, dazzling beauties,

brilliant cavaliers, princes, and millionnaires! Every night, splendid parties, concerts, balls! Aurelia felt that she had at last found her element. Baden was indeed the land of her dreams; the society was just such as her imagination had created; she could now take a near view of it and admire at her ease; but she was not yet allowed to play a part on that elevated scene. The title of companion kept her in the ranks of the mere lookers-on. Aurelia felt that she must absolutely get out of so equivocal a position; but to effect this, there was only one means — marriage. Women have but that one path to obtain honourably the object of their ambition.

An old German physician, who attended Lady Sarah, had presented to her one of his pupils, Dr. Albert, a young man with a pale countenance and a melancholy air. The young doctor conceived a violent passion for Aurelia, and declared to her that all his happiness centred in herself, and he should be the most miserable of mankind if she did not consent to marry him.

The match was very suitable, and the only one that offered at the moment when she so ardently desired that marriage might introduce her to the world. "Accept him," said Lady Sarah; "I am going to England, whither you cannot accompany me, as my son will soon be there too." Aurelia hesitated however. This marriage would give her an honourable and independent position, but nothing more, for the doctor was neither rich nor noble. "In marrying him," thought she, "I make a step in advance; but I shall be compelled to stop there, held by a bond that death alone can sever. I must thus bid a long adieu to my cherished hopes, and finally renounce fortune and greatness."

Aurelia was absorbed in these reflections, when she received a visit from Lady Sarah's old physician. "Miss Aure-

lia," said the old doctor with a grave and solemn air, "I come to fulfil a melancholy duty, and to enlighten you on a subject of great importance. Albert loves you, and you perhaps reciprocate his feelings; he covets the honour of becoming your husband, and you are perhaps inclined to give him your hand. But this marriage, which seems to promise unclouded happiness, would be for you a source of grief, despair, and bitter regret. You would soon have to lay aside your bridal wreath and in its place assume the widow's weeds; for Albert's days are numbered. A cruel malady is raging in his lungs and bringing him rapidly to the tomb. The love which beams in his countenance has not effaced the traces of his long and painful sufferings; observe the paleness of his forehead, his dejected countenance; every thing reveals the sad symptoms of approaching dissolution. He is young and in love; he no doubt flatters himself with hopes of recovery; but they are vain: the decree has gone forth, his life is ebbing fast, and no human power can arrest it."

These words made a deep impression on Aurelia. The doctor was prepared for that, but he little knew the real cause of the emotion which appeared to him so natural. The old practitioner had made a profound study of the material frame, but he knew nothing of the secret recesses of the heart.

"Poor thing!" said he, looking on the young girl with an air of compassion; "I fear you feel this to be indeed a cruel blow!"

"Yes, most cruel," answered Aurelia raising her beautiful eyes towards heaven; "but," continued she with an anxious expression, "is there no hope?"

"None."

"And you say he has not long to live?"

"Six months at most."

"Are you sure?"

"Alas! too sure!"

"Oh! it is dreadful!" cried Aurelia with a trembling voice; "I will not believe it; Albert shall live; and I will be his wife."

"I felt bound to give you this sad warning," resumed the doctor. "Now, hope for a miracle, obey the voice of your heart; I can only tell you once more that if you marry Albert, in less than six months you will be in mourning for him."

Aurelia no longer hesitated; what she had just heard decided the matter: Albert received that very day a favourable answer to his wishes, and with a joyful heart hastened the preparations for the wedding. Lady Sarah, whom the doctor had also forewarned, vainly endeavoured to change the determination of her fair protégée.

"Pray, use your influence over a young creature, the victim of passion," said the old doctor, who fancied himself a profound psychologist.

"It is more than love," added Lady Sarah; "it is self devotion; she wishes to embellish the last days of the man she loves."

The marriage was celebrated without pomp or parade. The season being now nearly over, Lady Sarah left for England, and Dr. Albert took his wife home to Munich. Six months after Aurelia was a widow.

A widow and free at eighteen, without connections or fortune, but strong in her own resolve and rich in hope. Her tears were soon dried, and, cutting short the year of mourning, she left Munich and returned to Baden. The little property left by her husband supplied her money enough for the dresses and expenses of one season: that was all she wanted.

From her very first appearance, admiration and homage

followed her steps.. "This time," said she, "I may choose. A noble alliance will place me in the foremost rank of the society in which I wish to reign. My heart and hand are his who offers me an honourable name and the title of countess or marchioness!"

Among Aurelia's adorers, there were counts and marquises of the best families; but these gentlemen, though all respect and attention, ever ready with fine speeches and grace-ful compliments, never uttered the word *marriage*. Some, who were rich, knew that the fair widow was without fortune and counted on that for a capitulation. Others, who were poor, could only think of marrying an heiress.

In these difficult circumstances Aurelia came to a prompt and judicious decision. If easily led away by ambitious hopes, she soon saw her error and calmly reflected over the ruin of her fondest illusions. "I am mistaken," said she; "I have still another step to take before reaching aristocratic honours. If I were rich, these haughty gentlemen would despair of vanquishing my virtue; if I were rich, some one of these illustrious coxcombs would not disdain to regild his escutcheon by marrying a wife of humble birth. Well! I will be rich. It is but a project adjourned, and one more trial to go through; but I am not impatient, and am young enough to wait."

Among the more remarkable of the guests sojourning at Baden was an old Dutch merchant, exceedingly rich and sordidly avaricious: a real Harpagon. He had spent forty of his best years in gaining millions, and devoted the remainder of his life to preserving them with the most ingenious and self-torturing solicitude. The most marvellous stories were told of the extraordinary things he had done for the purpose of saving a dollar. Until now, money had been the sole object of his life, but the beauty of Aurelia awakened a

new passion in his soul. Harpagon now first felt the power of love.

There is no extravagance too great for an old man in love. Sure of her triumph, Aurelia was pleased to try her power. Before consenting to a marriage, which the old man had ventured to propose, she managed to bring, about a struggle between the two passions of her adorer. It was an important experiment, on which the future depended.

The fair widow led Harpagon to the gaming-table, and said to him with a most gracious smile : "To gratify me, you must be generous and lavish; you must know how to risk your gold."

The old miser turned pale and drew back; but Aurelia was irresistible in her provocations, merciless in her caprices. Harpagon yielded to her seductive tyranny. The gold slipped from between his crooked fingers. Luck was against him, but he was compelled to follow up and complete the sacrifice. Aurelia would have it so; she watched with a keen eye the terrible struggle passing in the mind of the unfortunate gambler; she calmly contemplated the violent grief and feverish despair that exhausted the strength of the unhappy wretch condemned to suicide. At the close of the sitting the miser had lost twenty thousand florins; and such was the effect upon him that when he rose from the table he could scarcely stand; he reeled like a drunken man, and had only gone a few steps before he fell fainting on the floor.

"That will do," said Aurelia, mentally; "I can marry him now."

On the very earliest day the law would allow, the widow of the poor doctor married the Dutch millionaire. We need hardly remark that on the decease of either, all the property was to go to the survivor. Such is the funda-

mental clause of every marriage contract between a rich old man and a young unportioned woman. Fortune and nature are thus put in equilibrio before the notary.

A brilliant metamorphosis soon succeeded the presence of Aurelia in the old miser's house. It was as if the dull old mansion had been touched by a fairy's wand, and suddenly transformed into a resplendent palace. The miser vainly endeavoured to resist; the magic wand had touched him also; he was under the charm, and must pay for his happiness. What torments, what gnawing anguish did he not feel when he saw the fair hands of Aurelia dip into his coffers and bring forth handfuls of gold, which she scattered with a matchless grace. The enchantress had drawn out the secrets of his hidden treasures; she had learned how to undo the springs of the pannels that concealed his mysterious hoards; she learned the word of his enigmatic locks; she had taken the key of his strong box from under the pillow of his nuptial bed. Poor Harpagon! She had better have taken his heart. His life was nothing but one long lingering death, one incessant torture. In vain did he beg and implore; every day brought increased expenditure and new torments, under which the old man at last sank. Every piece of gold taken from his coffers left him a drop of blood the less. At this rate he could not live long. Aurelia was again a widow.

There was no further obstacle to her high ambition. The chain thus broken left her free for a boundless career. She longed for the return of the watering season that she might revisit Baden, her favourite theatre of action. As soon as spring had opened the flowers she had planted on her second husband's tomb, the fair widow was once more on the road. She slowly ascended the Rhine, visiting the flourishing cities and majestic ruins scattered along its banks, stopping sometimes to see, sometimes to be seen. When she

reached her journey's end, Baden was in all its splendour. This time Aurelia wore mourning for her husband, as it was a sign of the vast property she had inherited. The poor old miser had died heart-broken on seeing his wife spend a few thousand florins, while he left her the happy heiress of millions.

Young, beautiful, and rich, Aurelia could not fail to make a great sensation. Her arrival at Baden was quite an event, and when she appeared at the ball, radiant with beauty and resplendent with precious stones, the other women saw themselves eclipsed. She was proclaimed the Queen of the "Salons"; she had a numerous, eager, and enthusiastic court; she was the soul of every fête; crowds followed her steps, fashion obeyed her caprices; and yet she was not satisfied with her triumph; something was still wanting to her glory. Her rivals paraded their titles of countess or marchioness; they had the right to look down upon her and say with a disdainful air: "Certainly, the lady is not destitute of personal charms and has plenty of money; but after all, she is only a merchant's widow, whilst we are ladies of quality."

It was necessary to silence such insolent remarks. To make her triumph complete she had still one step to rise. By the aid of her millions, this was easy enough. Counts and marquises stood ready, and Aurelia had but to choose.

"Ah!" said she, sighing, "why have I not already a title of nobility! I could then aim at the highest rank. But those envious creatures are right; I am only a merchant's widow, and with all my advantages, a prince would think it a disparagement to marry me."

Her ambition was advancing, but Aurelia had not lost her patience; she was aware that when a lofty position cannot be reached at one leap, it must be attained step by step.

This system, which she had already practised with success, might answer once more; she had only to make a good choice, and trust to fortune. After passing in review the titled suitors who contended for her hand, she chose the oldest and most ridiculous. He was a marquis of the old school, infatuated with his person, and still retaining, after all his past "*bonnes fortunes*", a warm heart and a sentimental imagination. This Celadon of sixty neglected no means that could help to conceal his age under the appearance of artificial youth. Aurelia flattered his mania and increased it by saying to the marquis: "To please me, a man must be young, active, dashing, a fine dancer, and a fearless equestrian." "Well," the marquis would reply, "and am I not so?"

In order to prove his youth, he redoubled his attentions, his boasting, and exaggeration; he fluttered about her, dressed in the most seducing colours, while the merciless Aurelia would say:

"There is to be a steeple-chase to-morrow; all our young dandies will be there. I am sure I shall have the pleasure of seeing you win the prize, or at least of bravely contending for it."

The marquis accordingly mounted his horse, started for the race, fell five or six times, and rose again, bruised, shaken, half-dead, but younger and more in love than ever.

Another time, Aurelia would assume her most gracious air, her most perfidious smile, and whisper to him:

"To-night at the ball, I will waltz with none but you, and you know I never miss a single waltz."

The poor marquis would bow at this unexpected favour; he would summon all his strength, recall his juvenile activity, and, after prodigies of valour, would leave the ball not less punished than he did the race-course.

As a recompense for these severe labours, Aurelia gave him her hand; but marriage did not put an end to the Marquis's trials. Far otherwise! the young marchioness required more and more proofs of her husband's youth; she appeared to labour under the most perfect illusion on this subject, which he could not do otherwise than flatter. Aurelia had sketched out a way of life full of splendour, bustle, turmoil, activity, and fêtes; repose was struck out of the programme. The marquis was obliged to yield himself up to this incessant whirl: his wife would have it so. Love, vanity, and jealousy kept him close to Aurelia, and drew him into the most eccentric wanderings, into the wildest enterprises. In short the poor old man was worked so hard and driven so fast, that he rapidly declined, and soon died.

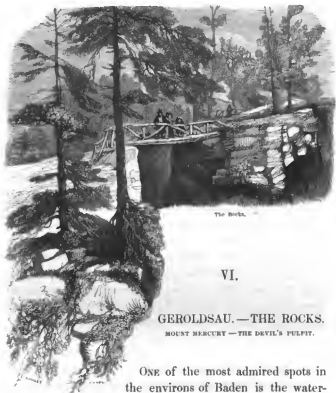
When the marchioness reappeared in the "saloons" at Baden with all the glory of her youth, her beauty, her fortune, and her title, envy had nothing more to say, criticism was silenced, and Aurelia became the Queen of the Waters. But a royalty exercised over only elegant pleasures and but for the summer, that ephemeral power that fashion gives and a caprice or a wrinkle may take away for ever, did not satisfy Aurelia's restless ambition. She coveted a more real and less fragile sovereignty. Her marriage with the marquis was merely a transition and a step towards a more splendid alliance. Now she aspired to be a princess.

This is madness, you will say. But why so? At Baden nothing is impossible to a pretty woman. Baden is the scene of singular adventures, and of the most marvellous freaks of Cupid and Fortune. A marchioness of five and twenty, endowed with extraordinary beauty, of unblemished reputation, ready wit, and a fortune of seven or eight millions, is a good match even for a sovereign prince, and princes are no rarity every summer in this charming abode, where they delight to pass their leisure hours. Aure-

lia will succeed, for she has already by her first three marriages, got over three-fourths of the road. Some day we shall see the Queen of the Waters with a real crown upon her brow.



The Square of Lichtenthal.



The Rocks.

VI.

GEROLDSAU.—THE ROCKS.

MOUNT MERCURY — THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

ONE of the most admired spots in the environs of Baden is the waterfall of Geroldsau. It is a charming excursion either by carriage or on foot; or, which is still better, half one, half the other. For instance, you go on foot to Lichtenthal; there take a carriage to the village of Geroldsau, two miles; the remaining two miles to the waterfall, should be gone on foot, along a very good road cut through the wood of Brandhald, or the Hill of Fire. On each side rise picturesque masses of rocks and enormous pines forming over head a vault impenetrable to the rays of the sun. The *Krückenfels*, or Rock of the Crutches, rises in the back ground, and gives an admirable finish to its imposing and singular aspect.

In this manner you come to the cascade, which pours down its waters in a charmingly romantic site. The undulations of the ground, and the paths that meander in all directions, afford a variety of points of view. A little rustic lodge overhanging the cascade is the best spot from which to behold the landscape in all its poetic beauty. Thence, you see the stream approach from the distance under the bending shrubs whose tops join and form a verdant arcade for its passage; on reaching the fall, the water leaps from a height of twenty-four feet on to a bed of rocks and pebbles from which it rebounds in spray and foam. It is a charming retreat for sentimental reverie.

Your ascent to the old castle of Baden has made you ambitious; you would fain climb higher still, and, in the first place, behind the ruins of the old abode of the Margraves, you will scale another eminence called *the Rocks*; the path lies over little wooden bridges spanning the space between enormous blocks of granite, and when you reach the top of these crags, the horizon spreads wide around, and the eye wanders over a vast expanse of country.

Intrepid pedestrians who delight in braving the fatigue of steep ascents, will be eager to visit the Great and the Little Stauffenberg, where once stood the town of the Hohenstaufens, powerful lords of the country. The Great Stauffenberg is better known so Mount Mercury. This mythological name is derived from a Roman altar on its summit, dedicated to the god Mercury, whose image is sculptured on one of its sides. The base bears the following inscription :

IN. H. DD.
DEO. MER.
CUR. MER.
G. PRVOS.

Antiquarians, who are never at a loss and not often troubled with doubts, thus translate these enigmatic letters :

"In honour of the divine house of the emperor, to the god Mercury, consecrated by Curius, the merchant, for the restoration of his health."

It would be easy to extract from the same letters a dozen interpretations equally rational. But we are not inclined to cavil with the learned, and will therefore salute the *ex-voto* of Curius the merchant, — a worthy fellow, who paid Mercury what he owed to Esculapius.

In going to the Great Stauffenberg, the road passes by a wild place called the Devil's Pulpit, on the authority of a legend quite as credible as the commentaries of antiquaries.

If the chronicle tell the truth, Satan came to preach in this place. Perhaps at that time the devil felt himself old enough to turn hermit, and as the spot seemed tolerably suited to his purpose, he resolved to settle there and employed his architect to construct him a splendid pulpit hewn out of the solid rock and perched on the top of the mountain, so that he could command from it a view of great extent; and as his voice was powerful and well-tuned, he might be easily heard for two leagues on every side.

At first only a few scattered auditors took their places on the moss-covered seats that the infernal architect had placed amphitheatrically round the pulpit. But ere long the rumour got abroad that the preacher was extremely eloquent and his doctrine very seductive. Crowds then flocked to his sermons, and I leave you to imagine the awful effects of his infernal theories, ably expounded, and eagerly received by his unsuspecting auditors. Before long the inhabitants of the neighbouring country unblushingly paraded the most depraved principles and lived openly in the practice of the seven deadly sins. But Heaven, taking compassion on their wanderings, sent a good angel who installed himself on a mountain close at hand, thus raising altar against altar, and pulpit against pulpit. His meek

and holy words were as thrilling as the devil's sermons. Enlightened by the spirit of God, the audience turned their steps towards the angel and were thus brought back to the truth. Then Satan, seeing he had lost all his labour and had exhausted his eloquence in vain, flew into a furious passion; he smashed his pulpit, and, dragging down with him enormous masses of rock, plunged headlong into the bowels of the earth. Of course his fall must leave some traces behind, and keensighted observers distinguish, at the spot where his satanic majesty was ingulfed, the marks of his horns and cloven hoof deeply imprinted in the granite.

Near the Devil's Pulpit, you will go and see the imposing ruin of Ebersteinburg.



Gersheim Waterfall



General View of the Old Castle of Eberstein.

VII.

OLD EBERSTEIN.

THE family of the Counts of Eberstein, now extinct, was one of the most illustrious and most war-like houses of this part of Germany. It was nearly allied to the Zähringens, and its origin, as in the case of that sovereign house, is lost in the mists of time. As early as the tenth century, we find a Louis of Eberstein accompanying the Emperor Henry I. in his wars against the Danes, the Slavonians, the Hungarians, and the Huns. But at that time the name of Eberstein was already ancient, and the walls of the town exhibited the marks of old age and the injuries of war.

At the period when feudalism reigned sword in hand, and the lords of the soil lived in unceasing struggles, fighting sometimes against kings, sometimes against their neighbours, sometimes against any body that fell in their way, these indefatigable warriors fixed their abodes, not in the most smiling situations, but in the positions best defended by nature. Little did they care for landscape or prospects, provided the spot was difficult of access and safe from attack.

A lord of Eberstein, who flourished at the time of Charlemagne, cast his eyes, one day when going through his domains, on a steep and almost inaccessible rock, created expressly for an eagle's nest or a baron's residence. The eagle had found it first and was already in possession. So when the lord of Eberstein riding on before his attendants reached the top of the rock, the bird of prey flew at him and seemed disposed to defend its own right to the ground. But the knight soon struck him down, and kicking the nest over the edge of the precipice, began to trace the plan of his fortress with the point of his sword. Peasants and soldiers were immediately set to work, and, thanks to the compulsory labour of the vassals, the castle was rapidly built.

Such was the origin of the castle whose ruins you now behold; and whilst, seated on its fragments, you contemplate the fair valleys of the Rhine and the Mourg, listen :

The Counts of Eberstein had already rendered their name famous in wars and tournaments, when the Emperor Otho caused himself to be declared sovereign of all Germany. The city of Strasburg and the lordship of Eberstein refused to do him fealty and homage in that capacity. The Emperor accordingly came and laid siege to these two opponents. Strasburg yielded on the first attack, but the imperial army found a very different resistance at Eberstein.

- The reason was that the town was defended by a bishop, whilst the castle had for its defenders three gallant brothers, all equally resolved to bury themselves under the ruins of their fortress, rather than suffer it to fall into the enemy's power.

For more than two years all the forces of the empire, commanded by the Emperor in person, covered the country like an angry sea, and vainly attempted to take Eberstein by escalade. The wave broke against the reef, and beat the rock without being able to reach the citadel. It was a noble sight, a great glory for the Counts, a great shame for the Emperor.

Discouragement had seized upon the imperial troops; so many useless efforts had exhausted their enthusiasm. Otho himself, the proud Otho, scarcely even hoped for success, which, in his blind confidence, he had regarded as absolutely certain.

"So then," cried he in fury, "I must undergo this humiliation! I must own myself vanquished, strike my imperial banner before the flag of Eberstein, and beat a retreat with my whole army, leaving uninjured and triumphant this stronghold of the audacious bandits who brave me, and whom I have not been able to chastise—I, the Emperor of Germany!"

The knights who heard him stood around in gloomy silence. One of them, however, Count Bernard of Schwartzbach, at last stepped forward and said:

"Sire, I know a means of sparing you this repulse."

"How?" cried the Emperor hastily.

"Yes, sire, I have arranged my plans; and I can, in less than a fortnight, put Eberstein in your power."

"If you do that, Bernard, you are no longer a Count, but a Duke. I will raise your fortune above all that the wildest ambition could dream of. If you do that, you

shall be my brother, for I will give you the hand of my sister Hedwige in marriage."

"I will do it," replied Bernard, whose eyes sparkled with pride and joy.

"But," continued he, "I must have your Majesty's approval of the plan that has presented itself to my mind."

"Whatever it may be I adopt it. All means are good against traitors and rebels."

"Well then, sire, I swear to you, that in a fortnight your flag shall float from the tower of Eberstein, and under it shall be three gibbets, on which shall hang the three Counts..... I have now only to explain my plans."

Bernard propounded the scheme his crafty mind had contrived. The Emperor would no doubt have preferred to act openly and by force; but force had already failed, and besides, Otho had engaged beforehand to give his consent to the means proposed, whatever they might be. Faithful to his word, the Emperor reflected that he had to do with rebels who deserved no mercy at his hands; so, silencing some weak scruples, he immediately took the necessary measures for the execution of his future brother-in-law's stratagem.

A herald-at-arms advanced from the imperial tent towards the castle of Eberstein. His message was to the effect that the Emperor purposed going to Spire to celebrate his birthday by public rejoicings. Hostilities were to be suspended for a month, and the magnanimous Otho carried his courtesy so far as to send the Counts of Eberstein a safe-conduct which would allow them to leave their fortress where they had been so long prisoners, and he invited them to Spire, to take part in the diversions of the imperial court.

The armistice was accepted.

That very night the Emperor left the camp and marched towards the Rhine, leaving round the castle only a small

force which the besieged could easily have destroyed; but this apparent confidence was not abused: the Counts of Eberstein were incapable of any dishonourable action.

The three brothers, united by the closest friendship not less than by the ties of blood, were all possessed of brilliant and sterling virtues, but each was especially distinguished by certain predominating qualities.

The eldest, Henry of Eberstein, had been surnamed The Lion, on account of his marvellous strength and unconquerable courage.

James of Eberstein, the second brother, was called The Fox, by reason of his extraordinary prudence, great penetration, and exhaustless resources: invaluable advantages which he would never use but in the cause of right and justice.

The youngest, Eberhard of Eberstein, had received the surname of The Angel, on account of his handsome person and graceful mien.

"When shall we start for Spire?" asked Henry, after reading the safe-conduct.

"If you follow my advice," answered James, "we shall remain here."

"Why, pray?" retorted the eldest.

"Because the Emperor Otho's pride is greater than his honour. He would much rather be guilty of perfidy than avow himself vanquished, and I see a snare in his advances."

"An idle apprehension!" cried the Lion. "The Emperor would never disgrace himself by an infamous action. Spire offers us a tournament in which the most valiant knights of Germany will measure their lances; I wish to compete for the prize."

"And after the tournament," said the Angel, "there will be a ball, and I am anxious to see whether the ladies of

Otho's court deserve the reputation for beauty which the minstrels have made for them."

"Be it so!" resumed James. "Since the language of reason cannot restrain your ardour, and you are both against me, I will accompany you to Spire; for if there be danger here for the castle, there will be danger in yon town for you, and you may probably stand in need of my counsels."

The three counts accordingly took their departure accompanied only by their squires, and soon arrived at Spire. The Emperor Otho received them in the most distinguished manner; he gave them a splendid apartment in his palace, and insisted that they should be served like princes of the imperial family.

The fêtes of the court of Spire were on a scale of great magnificence. Otho spared nothing to dazzle his guests. In the tournament, all the more accomplished knights entered the lists, and Henry was victorious in every struggle: he therefore received the imperial prize, a purse containing a hundred florins. Equally dexterous and handsome, Eberhard shared the honours of the day: he bore off the prize at shooting with the crossbow, and all the bystanders admired his elegance and grace when, after the victory, he bent his knee before the Princess Hedwige and received from her fair hand the scarf she had embroidered for the conqueror.

Eberhard did not see Hedwige without deep emotion and a tender sentiment, which the princess soon shared. These two young hearts were touched at the same time. The newborn passion of Hedwige found two powerful auxiliaries in the aversion she entertained for Count Bernard of Schwartzbach, and in the pity she felt for Eberhard; for she was aware of the perfidious plot contrived by the odious Bernard. Her apprehensive curiosity, awakened by some indiscreet word, had revealed this plot to her in all its de-

tails. The lives of the three Counts of Eberstein were menaced, and to complete the horror, Hedwige's hand was to be the reward of the horrible treason — the price of Eberhard's blood!

Hedwige did not hesitate. After the tournament, there was a ball which the princess opened with Eberhard. With a smile on her lips, as if answering some gallant speech of his, she said:

"This night, you and your brothers are still the guests of the emperor; to-morrow you will be his prisoners. Count Bernard will set out in the night to surprise the castle of Eberstein."

"Thanks!" answered Eberhard.

Then, taking advantage of the tumult of the ball, the young count drew his brothers aside unnoticed, and communicated to them in few words the important warning he had received.

On hearing it, the Lion of Eberstein drew his sword and would have rushed into the hall where the emperor was, but the Fox held him back.

"Eberstein," said he; "you would not believe me before; but listen to me now. This is not a danger which we can escape sword in hand. We must act with great caution; cunning must be met by cunning. Leave all to me, and do you return to the ball-room, and put on a gay and joyous air, so as not to excite suspicion."

The Lion and Angel followed the prudent counsels of the Fox. They returned to the ball, which was now nearly over. Henry dissembled his wrath, and the sweet countenance of Eberhard was as open and unconcerned as before. They retired with the rest, after saluting the emperor. When they reached their apartments, they asked James what he had determined on.

"We will start in an hour," answered the Fox.

"In an hour! No, directly!" cried the Lion turning towards the door.

"If I am not much mistaken, we are fastened in."

It was so, for Henry turned the key, but the door would not open.

"Well then," said he, "let us try this window!"

"If it were not guarded," replied James, as coolly as before, "it would be a stupid oversight."

Henry went to the window, opened it, and, looking down, saw two sentries below.

At some distance numerous soldiers were walking about before a guard-house in a court of the palace.

A moment after, they heard a great noise of arms and horses.

"Very good!" said James with a smile; "there goes Captain Bernard of Schwartzbach with his company to make the conquest of the castle of Eberstein. Be patient, brothers, we shall get there first."

When the hour was past and the silence of night reigned throughout the palace, James led his brothers to a little room at the extremity of their apartments. There was a window looking into the garden, and immediately below it stood a sentinel.

"We must kill him!" said the Lion.

"No," answered the Fox; "do as I do."

And getting over the rail of the window James slipped down by the wall, set his feet on the soldier's shoulders and leaped lightly to the ground.

His two brothers, having followed him, recognised the soldier as one of their own squires. They crossed the garden, and came to a little gate that James opened with a key he had.

"This key," said he; "the soldier whom I bribed to give his place to our squire, and the three good horses we shall find

ten paces from here, have cost me the hundred florins you won at the tournament. I think the money has been well laid out, and the best of the story is that the emperor's own purse has paid the expense of our escape."

Mounted on rapid steeds, and taking the shortest route across the country, the Counts of Eberstein arrived at their castle some hours before the enemy, and found time to prepare an ambuscade in which the perfidious Bernard of Schwartzbach was fairly caught.

Among the prisoners were thirty of the best and noblest knights of the imperial Court. The counts of Eberstein treated them with every mark of respect. As for Bernard, the Lion said to him :

"One of your companions has just informed us that you intended to erect three gibbets on the tower of the castle; there will be only one, and you shall hang on it."

No sooner said than done. When the traitor had received the punishment he so well merited, the Fox said to the prisoners :

"You have seen that the fortress of Eberstein is well guarded, you shall now find that it is not worse provisioned."

At these words, the other two brothers exchanged a look of surprise and uneasiness; they knew that the store-houses were the weakest part of the castle.

But James, without losing any of his assurance, led Otho's knights down to the vaults of the castle, and showed them a vast quantity of sacks and barrels brimming with corn. That was another trick of the Fox's. The abundance only existed at the surface. The barrels had false bottoms very near the top, and a thin layer of corn covered the sand that filled the sacks.

Soon afterwards they heard the sound of the clarions

which announced the arrival of Otho in the camp. Then Eberhard, turning a deaf ear to the entreaties of his brothers, who wanted to prevent him from taking so hazardous a step, selected four of the prisoners and repaired with them to the imperial tent.

"Sire," said he, "one of your captains, in contempt of the armistice signed by your hand, has treacherously endeavoured to surprise our castle. He did you the insult to suppose that this treason would be pleasing to you, and that you would accept a victory so dishonourably obtained. We have inflicted on Count Bernard of Schwartzbach the punishment to which you would yourself have sentenced him. We have hanged him."

"And do you not fear the same fate now you have thus put yourself into my power?" cried the Emperor, greatly irritated.

"No, sire," coolly answered Eberhard; "I have no such fear; for the time of the armistice is not yet expired. I am still under your safe-conduct, and consider your honour a rampart as solid as the walls of Eberstein. What have you to gain by an act of violence? My death would not bring down a single stone of the fortress you are besieging. I have left there two counts to defend the castle, and twenty-six of your knights as hostages for my safety."

Disarmed by this firm language, the Emperor resumed :

"I will leave your person unharmed, on condition that you liberate your prisoners. We will settle our accounts hereafter, when I can do justice without breaking my word; for I must sooner or later be master of Eberstein. Force and stratagem have failed, but we can try what famine will do."

"Ask the prisoners, sire, whom I have brought back with me, and those who will be liberated: they will tell you that Eberstein is rich enough to tire out your patience,

and that we have means of subsistence that will last us much longer than it will suit your majesty to invest our domain. But, sire, there is a means of gaining Eberstein, one only, and I am come to show you it."

"Speak," said the Emperor, astonished at this singular proposal.

"The means, sire, is an alliance. Our house is quite as powerful as that of the Count of Schwartzbach. Give me the hand of your daughter Hedwige, and then Eberstein shall open its gates to you, we will do you fealty and homage, and you may count upon three devoted hearts and three good swords.

So saying Eberhard knelt before the Emperor and respectfully awaited his answer.

Otho appeared to reflect an instant, and then held out his hand to the young count, saying: "Rise, brother."

Thus did Eberstein become a fief of the empire. Count Eberhard married Hedwige, and served the Emperor Otho in the field and in embassies. He was sent on a mission to Rome, and there received, as a present, from the hand of the Pope, a golden rose enriched with a sapphire. This flower afterwards figured on the arms of Eberstein.

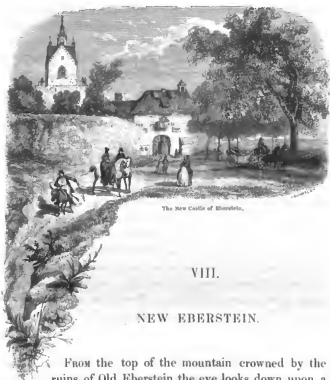
Thanks to the sovereign alliance thus contracted, the house of Eberstein rose to the highest degree of splendour. We see it conspicuous on all great occasions; it took an active and brilliant part in all the armed struggles of which Germany was the theatre, and its prosperity continued until one Count Wolff of Eberstein, of a quarrelsome temper, undertook a war against Wurtemberg, and so far ruined himself that he was obliged to sell his domains to the Margrave of Baden.

Having thus lost his heritage, Count Wolff became greatly reduced; he entered the service of the church, and was captain of the guard to the Bishop of Spire.

What humiliation for the noble and powerful sword which had held at bay the imperial army commanded by the Emperor Otho!



Interior of the Old Castle of Rheinfels.



VIII.

NEW EBERSTEIN.

FROM the top of the mountain crowned by the ruins of Old Eberstein the eye looks down upon a delicious valley watered by the Mourg after which it is named. For the strangers who pass the summer at Baden, this valley of the Mourg is the scene of many interesting excursions. There are several roads leading to it, and each is taken in its turn. But for the first visit the general custom is to leave Baden by the new road that passes through Lichtenthal, crosses a smiling valley, and then rises by a gentle ascent to the new castle of Eberstein.

The ruins of Old Eberstein have already made us acquainted with the antiquity, the greatness, and the splendour of

a family that holds so conspicuous a place in the history of the country. Enriched by brilliant alliances, the Ebersteins were always noted for their liberality towards the church, and they founded several convents. Fantastic legends are connected with some of these pious foundations; for the simplicity of the good old times could scarcely dispense with prodigies, and loved to mix up sacred things with the enchantments of magicians and the marvels of the fairy world.

One of these chronicles runs as follows :

Berthold of Eberstein went one day to divert himself at the castle of Magenheim, the residence of Count Erchinger, who was then entertaining a gay society. He had gathered around him a host of young lords addicted to pleasure, restrained by no scruples, revelling in every vice, and daily offending heaven by their excesses and depravity.

The Count had announced to his guests that for some time past different persons had seen in a neighbouring forest a stag of enormous size, but so cunning, so watchful, and so swift of foot, that huntsmen and hounds had always given chase in vain, never being able to bring him to bay. One morning, when the party were at breakfast, a gamekeeper came to say that the stag was at that moment quenching its thirst at a pond no great distance from the castle. On the instant all the guests rose from table, vowing that the animal should not escape this time. They were soon on horseback, galloping to the spot indicated. The stag let them approach, as if in defiance, and then sprang off and disappeared with a rapidity almost marvellous. The hunters dispersed in pursuit. One of them, the knight Sir Albert of Simmern having galloped a long distance in vain, saw suddenly appear before him a man of an aspect so frightful, that the bravest could not have beheld him without a shudder. The man said to him :

"I intend you no harm, master, be sure of that; I only ask you to follow me, for I am sent to show you astounding things."

The knight, being a man of no common courage, did not hesitate an instant, but immediately replied to the unknown :

"Lead on!" and he fearlessly followed his guide till they came to a place where the forest seemed to change its appearance, as it were by enchantment.

A straight and stately avenue led up to a manor-house of singular architecture. A domestic clad in a rich livery came out to meet the knight, and took his horse's bridle without uttering a single word.

"Do not be surprised at the taciturnity of the people you may see," said the guide, "nor say a word to them; for here a silence reigns that nothing may interrupt...."

The knight alighted and entered a spacious and handsome hall, in which stood a table splendidly served and surrounded by numerous guests, among whom he noticed several singularly beautiful women. A nobleman of a melancholy mien presided at the banquet. When the knight of Simmern entered, all the guests rose, and after saluting him by a low bow, resumed their seats in silence. Nothing could be stranger than this speechless company. The guests interchanged sad and gentle looks, but not a word was uttered. The only sound that struck the ear was the clash of their brimming goblets and the silvery jingling of the plate. Sir Albert had laid his hand on his sword as he entered, but none appeared to notice this prudent and martial precaution. After he had contemplated this sight for a quarter of an hour, the guide motioned him to withdraw, and they left the hall together. At the door stood the horse and a servant holding the stirrup. Albert mounted, and rode off, still accompanied by the mysterious unknown.

When they reached the end of the avenue, the knight

began to question his guide respecting what he had seen, and the latter answered :

"The nobleman who occupied the place of host at the banquet is your unele, Baron Frederiek, whom you never knew, but of whom you must have heard. He was in his day a brave man and lived like a prince, but he was harsh to the poor, overbearing to his vassals, eruel and debauched. He now suffers the just expiation of the evil he has done, and his example should be a lesson for you. Look back, and you will see what comes of the vanities and vices of this world."

Sir Albert turned accordingly, and the spectacle that met his eyes filled his soul with inexpressible horror.

The mansion was enveloped in flames; from the midst of the conflagration issued fearful groans, with shrieks of despair and grief. The knight now turned to address the guide, but he was nowhere to be seen, and the frightened horse, setting off at full speed, carried his master back to Magenheim.

The Count, and even Sir Albert's own companions, did not recognize him at first, so greatly was he changed: terror had quite altered his features, and bleached his hair and beard. He related his adventure, which produced a salutary effect on those of his auditors whose souls were not completely hardened.

Sir Albert of Simmern asked the Count's permission to allow him to build a church in the forest. This the Count not only granted, but resolved to take part in that act of piety.

Sharing the deep emotions and good feelings of his companions in pleasure, Berthold of Eberstein made a vow to build a convent in the valley of the Alb, as an expiation for his errors, and in memory of the warning Heaven had given him through the means of Sir Albert of Simmern.

Such is the origin of Frauenalb in the Black Forest.

Berthold's second son, Otto of Eberstein, is supposed to have erected the new castle in the thirteenth century.

The family of Eberstein was then divided into two branches, and each wished to possess its own fortress. The two castles of Eberstein often had to suffer from the chances of war, until one of them fell to rise no more, whilst the other, after long remaining in ruins, has risen again and now stands forth as proudly as ever.

Rebuilt at the beginning of this century by the Margrave Frederick, embellished with much art and good taste by the Grand Duke Leopold, the castle, now well deserving its title of New Eberstein, is situated in a picturesque and charming locality. From its windows, its terraces, and its lofty tower, the view is admirably varied: here we have the dark forest; there the smiling valley, the river with its silvery waters, and in the distance, the green mountains of the Black Forest, and the cloud-capt Vosges. Visitors receive in this domain of the Crown the same kind welcome as in all the other interesting spots of the Grand Duchy of Baden. They have free access every where. One of the most remarkable



apartments in the castle is the Gothic Hall of the Knights, decorated with a splendid collection of armour.

After visiting the interior beauties of Eberstein, you may return and sit down before the grand entrance, on the terrace, where a magnificent landscape spreads wide before you, and while you enjoy it, the steward of the castle, performing the functions of an innkeeper, will serve you an excellent breakfast. When your meal is concluded, you will start again to continue your journey in the valley of the Mourg.

On the declivity of the mountain you will see a steep rock projecting into the valley; it is called the Count's Leap, for the following reason:

A Count of Eberstein, having somewhat unduly indulged in the wine of his vineyards, had the imprudence to mount on horseback on leaving table. The steed, left to itself, ventured upon this rock, and as his rider, unaware of the danger, kept spurring on, the animal leaped and alighted on his four feet in the valley, the Count keeping his seat all the time; so that neither man nor horse received the least injury, which may certainly pass for a miracle.

The next day, the Count of Eberstein related this wondrous feat to some of his neighbours who came to see him, and that they might be able to appreciate the adventure as it deserved, he conducted them to the spot where it was achieved.

When they came to measure the height of the rock from which the Count's horse had leaped, they could not help expressing a slight doubt as to the fact. Some even went so far as to declare that they considered the thing impossible.

Greatly annoyed by their incredulity the Count determined to convince them by taking the leap over again. He mounted the same horse he rode the evening before, and taking the path that led to the top of the rock, he advanced towards the brink of the precipice, and by a vigorous application of the spur forced his horse to repeat the leap.

But Providence, which sustains man when temporarily deprived of his reason, lent him no aid when sober and in full possession of his faculties. Heaven may have compassion on a momentary weakness, but not on vanity. This time the perilous adventure had its natural consequences, and neither man or horse ever rose again.

Some chroniclers explain the origin of the Count's Leap in a different manner.

A Count of Eberstein, they say, was besieged in his castle by the Wurtembergers. Treachery having put the place in the enemy's power, the unfortunate Count had-but just time to mount his horse and flee; but, being closely pressed by the soldiers in pursuit, he was on the point of falling into their hands, when he saw before him this steep rock which commanded the plain. To leap from it would secure his escape from the enemy, who most certainly would not follow in so dangerous a track. On the one hand, he had the risk of such a fall; on the other, captivity with all its miseries was certain. The Count of Eberstein did not hesitate, but, after commending his soul to God, boldly took the leap, and escaped uninjured, he and his horse also. Then crossing the Mourg, in sight of his astonished enemies, he gained the opposite bank, and went to join his friends, who soon after helped him to recover his domain.

The noble race of Eberstein became extinct at the death of its last male scion of the second branch, about the middle of the seventeenth century; the estates and titles of this illustrious family then passed to the sovereign house of Baden.

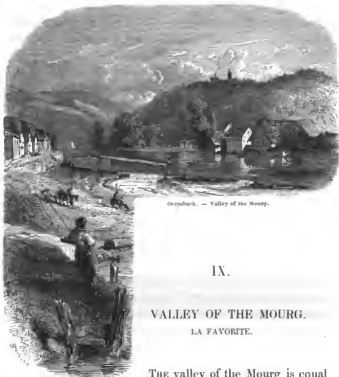
After leaving the castle and descending towards the Mourg, the pretty little chapel you see at the foot of the mountain is called the Klingel (or Little Bell).

Not far from it formerly lived a pious hermit, who, having fallen asleep one evening while at his prayers, was awakened

about midnight by a celestial vision. It seemed to him that the forest became all at once illuminated by supernatural brightness, and that songs of angelic melody proceeded from among the sparkling leaves. He arose, and guided by a ray of glorious light, he found at the foot of a tree an image of the Holy Virgin. On this very spot the chapel was erected, and it received the name of The Klingel from a little bell being hung over the door, which was reputed to ring of its own accord when any person in the neighbourhood was at the point of death.



Klingel Chapel.



Gernsbach. — Valley of the Mourg.

IX.

VALLEY OF THE MOURG.

LA FAVORITE.

THE valley of the Mourg is equal for beautiful prospects and charming sites to the most picturesque and smiling valleys of Switzerland. At every step the landscape offers fresh beauties to the eye, sometimes in the rich luxuriance of the vegetation, sometimes in the industrious activity of the inhabitants.

Near the Klingel, we find Gernsbach, a little town that occupies a position on both banks of the Mourg. Gernsbach drives a good trade in the pine timber of the Black Forest. Its population chiefly consists of carpenters and raftsmen.

The pines, when felled, are left on the mountain sides near

the declivity of the ravines. When the snow melts, the torrents that come rushing from all the higher grounds bring with them these gigantic trees down to the river. Gernsbach stops them as they float down, draws them out, and hews them, preparatory to attaching them together in large rafts, which the Mourg carries down to the Rhine, into which river it falls near Steinmauern, in the neighbourhood of Rastadt.

When the Mourg has consigned its charge to the Rhine, whose stream is at once stronger and broader, these small rafts are united to form large ones. Ten or twelve are frequently put together, and nothing is more curious to see than these enormous rafts of wood, supplied by the tributary streams of the Mourg, the Necker, the Main, the Moselle, the Kinzig, as they float down the Rhine to the dockyards of Holland.

The thickness of a raft is usually three trees, and the top is covered by a kind of floor made of planks and boards. Greenwood and osiers twisted into bands, and iron cramps, are employed to hold the mass compactly together. The interstices are filled with small wood. The beams and ties that bind together the component parts of these vast constructions are made of pines from the Mourg, the superior quality of which is universally admitted. The rafts of the largest size are usually ten or twelve trees in length, and the pines are sent down uncut, to be used as masts. A raft of this kind carries several hundred passengers, workmen, and rowers. It is a floating village, with its inhabitants, its houses, and its flocks. Twelve or fourteen large huts are built for the convenience of the travellers. The master of the convoy and the pilot have each a separate cabin, more elegant than the others. There are stores for provisions, a public kitchen, a dining-room; the cattle intended as food for the crew are kept in pens; a large tent enables the passengers to enjoy

the fresh air sheltered from the sun or rain. The useful and the agreeable are most ingeniously combined in this singular establishment. In fact, nothing is wanting to its completeness.

It requires no small skill to steer these immense rafts. The numerous sinuosities of the Rhine render it a difficult task; and accidents are by no means uncommon, in spite of all the precautions taken to avoid them.

Entering the Meuse, the rafts from the Rhine go as far as Dordrecht, where their navigation ends. Part of the wood intended for shipbuilding is taken to England, Spain, and Portugal; but Holland always keeps the finest pines from the Mourg. For this reason, in the Black Forest you will frequently hear persons say, when pointing out a remarkably fine tree:

“That is a Dutchman.”

Such is the destiny of these trees: cut up by the root and laid prostrate on the soil, they soon rise in a new form to make the tour of the world. After resisting the storms of the mountain, they have to struggle against the tempests of the ocean.

The bolder pedestrians will go up the Mourg to Forbach by a steep path lined with precipices and crowned by venerable pines. There the waters of the Mourg become an impetuous torrent, forcing its passage with a noise like thunder between masses of rugged rocks. Forbach is the arsenal of the valley of the Mourg. Its artisans are workers in iron, and manufacture implements of agriculture and industry. There the ploughmen, woodcutters, and carpenters of the country go to purchase the tools and implements necessary for their labours. Not far from the town of Forbach is the frontier of Wurtemberg, which you will enter to see the glass works of Schwarzenburg and the ruins of the castle of Kœnigswart; then, re-

tracing your steps towards Gernsbach, you stop at Wildbad, a little bathing-place in Wurtemberg, and at the village of Loffenau, where you must visit the Devil's Mill and some very curious caverns.

This is rather a long excursion. On a first visit to the valley of the Mourg, it is a general rule not to go farther than Eberstein. On leaving Gernsbach, you follow the course of the river on the way to *La Favorite* passing through the little village of Kuppenheim, the ancient capital of the Oosgau, now greatly fallen from its former grandeur. On this side lie Gaggenau, the castle of Rothenfels, and Amalienberg, which are reckoned among the most interesting points of the valley.

Rothenfels is an ancient property of the bishopric of Spire. In the eleventh century, this domain was invaded and forcibly seized by one Werinhard, who hastily began building a fortress to enable him to retain his conquest; but the Emperor Henry the Bearded, a protector of the church, caused the usurper of Rothenfels to be arrested, and refused to liberate him until he swore that he would restore the lands, demolish his fortress, and that he would not take off his boots until he had fulfilled this double promise. Werinhard scrupulously kept his word, and never took off his boots until the last stone of his castle was demolished and he had put the Bishop of Spire in possession of his old domain. The inhabitants of Rothenfels are now as famous for their joiners' work, as the artisans of Forbach have long been for their farming implements.

A poor peasant from the Tyrol, a skilful, laborious, and persevering farmer, converted a barren, wild, and stony mountain into the now fertile Amalienberg; thus opening up for the inhabitants of the valley a source of wealth by giving an impulse to agriculture and industry. He gave the mountain the name of Amalienberg, out of gratitude to a

noble princess who had favoured his labours. This useful though humble citizen deserved to be honoured. The Elector Charles Frederick erected to his memory, opposite Aмалиenberg, a monument that perpetuates the name of Antony Rindeschwender, and expresses the gratitude of the country.

La Favorite is the most charming jewel in the crown of Baden. This delightful residence was built by the Princess Sibylla-Augusta of Lauenbourg, consort of the Margrave Louis William, of heroic memory. Being left a widow, the Princesse Sibylla did not imitate the pious Irmengarde, foundress of the convent of Lichtenthal : instead of founding a conventual retreat, she created *La Favorite*; but, she found means, in this sweet abode, to do as much honour to her husband's memory as she could have done by building a monastery.

The apartments of the palace contain a precious collection of portraits among which are sixty of Prince Louis and the Princess Sibylla, at various periods of their lives and in different costumes.

Nothing can be prettier, neater, or more graceful than *La Favorite*, so appropriately named. It is evident at a glance that a woman's imagination gave birth to this exquisite summer palace. The edifice is throughout characteristic of the period of its erection. It is the style of the eighteenth century, fresh and full, fine and showy; it presents that attractive and comfortable luxury, which aims at pleasing rather than dazzling; seeking to attract rather by the grace of form than to shine by richness of decoration. There is nothing to offend the eye; every thing tends to give rise to soothing thoughts. The paintings are all of delicate colours and on anacreontic subjects; the mouldings have an easy graceful outline; all the ornaments, and every piece of furniture seems to invite to repose and enjoyment.

Ah! if those walls could speak, how many charming stories they might tell us! The fairy who created this place, the Princess Sibylla, was endowed, we are told, with enchanting beauty, grace, and wit. Her court was composed of pretty women and handsome men, who lived very happily together, in an elegant and polite familiarity. The chroniclers of the time are too reserved to tell us more; and great is the pity, for their discretion has consigned to oblivion many pleasing mysteries.

In the principal chamber of the palace there is some tapestry which was embroidered by the princess herself and her ladies of honour; if the figures of this tapestry, less discreet than the chroniclers, could speak and tell us what they have seen and heard, what romantic stories we should learn!

La Favorite contains an infinity of Chinese ornaments, medallions, figurines, rare porcelain, carved ivory, and precious crystal; all these curiosities are scattered with profusion even in the under-ground kitchens, which can boast a superb collection of very old Bohemian glass, blown, cut, engraved, and coloured with marvellous art.

The gardens of La Favorite are delightful. In the park is a hermitage, where the Princess Sibylla used to pass the whole of Lent in the most austere practices of penance. It is a very simple rustic pavilion, divided into several little rooms, each for some especial pious purpose. The walls are naked, and have no ornament except a few portraits of saints. In one of the rooms the Princess Sibylla put the portrait of her mother when at the point of death. The portrait still occupies the same place. Everything in the hermitage remains almost as she left it. In the kitchen are the utensils she used, for she prepared her own meals, and took them in company with three wax figures. Round the table were four stools, and on it four covers; three places were occupied

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a study of the properties of the function $f(x)$ defined by the equation

$$f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt + \int_0^x g(t) dt$$

where $f(x)$ and $g(x)$ are functions defined on the interval $[0, 1]$.

2. In the second part, we consider the case when $f(x)$ and $g(x)$ are continuous functions.

3. Finally, in the third part, we study the properties of the function $f(x)$ when $f(x)$ and $g(x)$ are discontinuous functions.

4. The results of the study are presented in the form of theorems and lemmas.

5. The paper concludes with a summary of the results and some remarks.

6. The author expresses his gratitude to the referee for the valuable comments and suggestions.

7. The paper is published in the journal "Mathematical Analysis" (1978), No. 1, pp. 1-10.

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by St. Joseph, Mary Magdalen, and Christ, represented of a natural size, the face and hands of wax, and there they are still, clothed in the garments cut out and made by the hands of the princess herself. In her bedroom, near a mat which served the august penitent as a bed, are all her expiatory instruments : the scourge, the hair-cloth, the girdle with jagged links and points of iron, a cross with sharp points to be laid on the bare shoulders, iron rings with rough edges on which the penitent knelt when praying. All these refinements of the most enthusiastic devotion were collected in this hermitage, where the Princess Sibylla used to remain forty consecutive days and nights refusing herself the least worldly enjoyment during this long retreat, devoted entirely to meditation and prayer.

The ladies of the court did not fail to imitate these severe practices. Each had her expiatory cell, where she shut herself up during the holy season of Lent, to meditate in solitude on the vanity and nothingness of all things human.

Nothing can form a more striking contrast than the apartments of La Favorite, so graceful, gay and, luxurious, with the gloomy hermitage, the straw-bed, hair-cloth, scourge, and girdle set with points.

The sins that required so rude a penance must have been very sweet indeed.

As soon as Lent was past, the princess and her ladies left their retreat, resumed their brilliant dresses and smiling faces. Pleasures and gaiety returned to La Favorite. Satisfied with having expiated their past sins, the fair penitents began a new account with the happy confidence peculiar to those enthusiastic devotees who never entertain a doubt of divine mercy.

This mixture of practices so strange and pleasing, this singular compound of devotion and frivolity, of follies and

repentance, cannot fail to give rise to interesting reflections in the visitors of La Favorite, and will leave in the mind a memory not without its charm.



Princess Solylla's Hermitage.



X

WINDECK, SASBACH, THE MUMMELSEE
(FAIRY LAKE).

THE vale of Geroldsau communicates with the valley of Buhl, which leads to the ruins of the castle of Windeck. Here, the country assumes a new aspect; it is covered with vineyards which produce the celebrated light wine of Affenthaler, so much used in the Grand Duchy of Baden and the surrounding countries.

The little town of Buhl, about three leagues from Baden, is famous for its antiquity: it still contains many vestiges of the past. There was formerly at Buhl a society of amateurs whose singular mission consisted in collecting all the wild

adventures, eccentricities, and follies that were achieved in the town and its environs. These precious documents were carefully inscribed in a register entitled the *Narrenbuch*, which was read in public the last day of every year. It is a pity this custom has not been maintained and extended to all our large towns. What a rich harvest, what diverting memoirs for contemporaries and posterity, if we could only get the *Narrenbuch* of what occurs every season at Baden! But the best things are just those we imitate least; the most interesting customs are those which die away and disappear first. The Buhl register has been long closed; the society that kept it is dissolved; the leaves of the precious manuscript have been scattered, and nothing remains but its memory.

Like the Ebersteins, the Windecks were an ancient and powerful family, now extinct, but whose fame will be ever preserved in the annals of the country. Three castles stood on their extensive domains, and each branch of this noble family had its lordship and residence, at Windeck castle, Buhl castle, and Lauf castle. According to a charter dated 1309, Eberlin of Windeck sold the town of Stollhofen to the Margrave Rodolph of Baden; some years later, another Windeck was named arbiter in a dispute that arose between this Margrave and the town of Strasburg, respecting the navigation of the Rhine. One of the most illustrious of this warlike race was Reinhard of Windeck, who supported the lord of Eberstein in his quarrel with Counts Ulrich and Eberhart of Wurtemberg. The two Counts had gone to seek a little repose at the baths of Wildbad without in the least suspecting an attack, when the lords of Windeck and Eberstein attempted to take them by surprise. They escaped by miracle, as it were, fleeing on foot through the thick woods that covered the mountain. A long and terrible war followed this act of perfidious hostility. Then, ever eager for strife,

this same Reinhard, taking advantage of a misunderstanding between the provost and dean of the chapter of Strasburg, took part with the provost, seized the person of the dean and carried him off to Windeck castle. The Strasburgers, thus provoked, besieged the castle and ravaged the country round, whilst Reinhard, in revenge, laid waste the vicinity of Strasburg with fire and sword. This war lasted a year. The Windecks maintained their fame as valiant warriors and skilful captains till the close of the sixteenth century, when the race became extinct by default of male issue. At the death of the last Windeck, his two sisters, Elizabeth of Huffel and Ursula of Fleckenstein, divided the estates between them, but the whole domain was afterwards added to that of Baden.

The rapid sketch of these events, borrowed from the history of the Grand Duchy, must not make us forget an ancient chronicle, of which the hero was the same Eberlin that ceded the town of Stollhofen to the Margrave Rodolph.

At the commencement of the fourteenth century the castle of Windeck belonged to Baron Eberlin, son of the Baron Maximilian, who had been in his day a hard fighter in the field. Although lord and master of the barony, he had not entered the world till after his brother Wulfrand. But nature had treated Wulfrand with little favour; the poor lad had a great hump on his back. This unfortunate excrescence cost him his birthright. It was indispensable that the Baron of Windeck should be every way fit for the military profession and have neither more nor less than would enter a suit of armour.

So Wulfrand, not having the right shape to assume knightly accoutrements, nor a mien that would do honour to the noble

race of the Windecks, had been superseded. Eberlin, on the contrary, was a young man admirably qualified to sustain a suit of armour. Straight as a poplar, and strong as an oak, dexterous in the use of the lance and full of martial ardour, he promised to continue worthily the line of his illustrious ancestors. All the vassals of the barony, therefore, warriors from their youth, had made the air ring with joyful acclamations when the old Baron Maximilian, then advanced in years and conscious of his approaching end, one day presented to them his two sons, and with a solemn voice spoke as follows :

"My noble and worthy spouse, whom God preserve ! made a mistake in giving birth to my two sons. It is my duty to repair her error and put each in his proper place. Wulfrand was created for peaceful occupations; he shall therefore devote himself to the study of the sciences, and the service of Holy Church. Restoring the order perversely deranged by nature, I here institute and declare my son Eberlin the eldest born of my house, and command you to acknowledge him as such, when, after my decease, he shall take possession of my title, my sword, my lands, and my castle."

Shortly after this declaration of his last will, the old lord departed this life, and his son Eberlin succeeded him without opposition, for Wulfrand was not of a sufficiently warlike nature to enforce his right of primogeniture, and, besides, none would have supported his pretensions; but if courage and power failed him on this occasion, the devil lost nothing by it. Wulfrand's soul was as deformed as his body. After bowing his head to the paternal decree, and enduring the contempt of the vassals whose obedience was thus transferred, too cowardly for open revolt, he relied on the resources of his perfidious intellect sooner or later to avenge the wrong which thus placed him in a subordinate position.

In the first place, he positively refused to enter the ecclesiastical state, which ill accorded with his perverse inclinations, and the restless hopes of his ambition. As for the study of the sciences, he would have none of it; all the efforts of the reverend Doctor Gresilius, one of the luminaries of that epoch, attained no more brilliant result than just teaching his untoward pupil to read with passable fluency; but Wulfrand would never practise the art of which he had learned the theory.

Meanwhile the Baron Eberlin, having attained his twentieth year, began to think of taking a wife. At that time, to be prepared against all the uncertainties of a future teeming with perils and mortal conflicts, it was advisable to marry young and have a son and heir as soon as possible. Now, one fine morning, Eberlin mounted his horse, and ere night reached the castle of Count Ulrich of Flörsheim who had three daughters of great beauty. The Count received him most cordially, and Eberlin, without any useless circumlocution, clearly explained in a few words the object of his visit.

"Your suit does me much honour," said the lord of Flörsheim; "make your choice from my three daughters."

"I should be exceedingly embarrassed so to do, if my choice were not already made," answered Eberlin. "I regard as equal the merits of your three daughters, Bertha, Gisella and Odilla; but I saw Odilla at the last carrousel at Frankfurt, and ever since my heart has been hers."

"Very well!" replied the Count; "then Odilla shall be your wife."

The wedding of the young Baron was celebrated with great magnificence at the castle of Windeck. The festivities lasted eight days, and there were such unstinted supplies of wines and viands that three persons who took part in these splendid galas, actually died of indigestion, a circum-

stance which was regarded as of good omen, since the accident arose from a superfluity of good things.

Alone of all the guests, Wulfrand assisted at his brother's wedding with an envious festering heart. He looked with deadly displeasure on a happiness that could never be his; for the pleasures of the married state were not more suitable to his condition than the toils of the warrior. At that period when personal qualities were every thing, a hunchback was an object of contempt, and there was not a maiden of noble birth, who would not have preferred the cloister to a husband like Wulfrand.

Scarcely had a month passed after Eberlin's marriage when one of his relatives solicited the aid of his sword in a war just declared in Hungary. The young Baron felt a pang thrill through his heart when the idea of glory came thus to interrupt his connubial felicity. Happiness however could not make him forget the duties of a valiant knight. Odilla was overwhelmed with grief on hearing his resolve, but neither her distress nor her entreaties could retain her husband:

"Duty forbids me to hesitate," answered the Baron of Windeck. "My cousin and I have sworn to aid and succour each other on every occasion; and I cannot break my plighted troth."

Having thus said, Eberlin buckled on his armour and departed, accompanied by two hundred spearmen.

While the young wife gave way to her grief and wept over Eberlin's absence, Wulfrand rejoiced at the thought that the time had perhaps arrived for him to give the rein to the inspirations of his malignant genius. The castle of Windeck, almost entirely destitute of defenders, was confided to his keeping; his brother had invested him with full authority; the opportunity was certainly favourable for him to regain the property and prerogatives of which he had been defrauded. But as

he was supported by no powerful sympathy, and was moreover detested by the vassals and shunned by his neighbours, he resolved to forego all attempts against his brother's domains, and to give his perfidious designs another direction.

I must inform you that Odilla's charms had awakened a criminal passion in Wulfrand's heart. Nature, in her cruel freaks, seldom stops half way; she delights in sowing germs that can never blossom; she pitilessly pours the poison of desire in the hearts of ill-shapen monsters who can never meet with any thing but derision and insult in return for their ridiculous tenderness. Odilla perceived the power of her charms, and the passion they had excited at first appeared to her absurdly ludicrous. A hunchback in love! What a guise for Cupid to assume! certainly it was enough to make any other woman laugh as well as the Baroness of Windeck. In widowhood any diversion is acceptable, and this did not appear in any way dangerous to Odilla. She was amused to see her hideous brother-in-law assume the airs of a turtle-dove, languishingly roll his big green eyes, and whine with the croaking voice peculiar to hunchbacks, which they appear to fetch out of the hump on their backs. But after a while the comedy changed its tone and aspect. Wulfrand was provoked to see his advances repulsed by contemptuous raillery, and in a moment of indiscreet anger, he gave Odilla to understand that he was master of the castle, and would have recourse to violence, if he could not obtain more favourable treatment without it.

Odilla was now really alarmed. She looked around, and could see no one to protect her. Wulfrand had retained in the castle only a few menials who were entirely devoted to his will, and he had taken such precautions as rendered impossible all communication with the exterior. Thus Eberlin of Windeck, like many other barons of the time, had left his wife at the mercy of the faithless, and whilst he

was fighting against the Hungarians his honour was threatened at home by a more redoubtable enemy. It is well known that the wars of the middle ages were attended with numerous disasters of this kind. Wulfrand was not the only man in Germany, who, under such circumstances, owed much to the warlike feeling of the age.

Deprived of all assistance from without, the Baroness of Windeck a prisoner in her own castle, sought within herself sufficient strength and cunning to repel the advances of the enemy. Reduced to the arts of coquetry, she ceased to exhibit the real sentiments she entertained for Wulfrand; she no longer sported with a passion armed with such dangerous power; she did better, she encouraged him with a well-feigned reserve, giving him every thing to hope from his attentions and time. Illusion finds easy access to the love-smitten heart. Wulfrand thought that his deformity might disappear in the eyes of the fair Odilla, and, without abandoning any of his precautionary measures, he ceased to meditate the use of violent means. Like Penelope, that model of conjugal chastity, who found in her needle and scissors a protection against overbearing gallantry, Odilla always gave him hopes for a distant day, which she ever found means to defer by some ingenious subterfuge. And when the amorous hunchback became too pressing, she would pronounce the formidable name of Eberlin, and show the pusillanimous Wulfrand the Baron of Windeck returning from the wars, and interrogating his brother, as God interrogated Cain after the murder of Abel.

"And what should you answer," she would say, when he asked: "What have you done with the woman I confided to you? For I shall not be here, as I could never survive the loss of my honour! A woman may be won, but will never submit to be held by force."

In this painful struggle, Odilla was strengthened by an

ally. This was the young page Conrad, a gentle, fair-haired lad, just turned sixteen; his young heart was now first opening to life and experiencing the first emotions of love, which came down upon him from above as the dew or the sunbeam falls upon a flower. The fair baroness had unconsciously captivated this charming slave, who humbly adored her, with an awe and respect somewhat akin to that which the pious soul feels for its Maker. Conrad never presumed to show by the least word or timid look, the deep-seated passion which at the same time filled him with ecstasy and awe. But if he was dumb to conceal his own pains, he was not blind to the sufferings of her he loved. Instinctive jealousy first revealed to him the odious passion of Wulfrand; and henceforth he employed in her service every means he could command, and every resource his ingenuity could devise. He would often interrupt a disagreeable conversation, prudently close a door accidentally left open, give warning of the stealthy approach of an unwelcome visitor. Odilla perceived his kind intentions, was much gratified at the discovery, and one day thanked her young page for the assistance he so zealously afforded.

"Madam," replied Conrad, "I will do my best still to continue these poor services. God grant that I may not be called to render you a greater!"

"What do you mean?" asked Odilla in alarm.

"I know the troubles you have to endure and the danger that threatens you. But fear nothing. If ever the danger becomes too imminent, call me. I shall be at hand. Yes, madam, I shall be there, and I will kill the wretch!"

Odilla gave the young page a kiss, and the boy was thus paid beforehand for what he was so soon to suffer on her account.

Endowed with all the shrewdness usually possessed by the wicked, Wulfrand had discovered Conrad's secret pas-

sion; but he also saw that, far from being reciprocated by Odilla, she was utterly ignorant of its existence. Meanwhile, as the page thwarted his schemes, he had determined to get rid of him, and this design was on the very eve of its execution, when a man at arms, who had accompanied Baron Eberlin to the wars, unexpectedly arrived at the castle, and announced that his lord was close at hand. In fact the warder, on the top of the highest tower could already see in the distance the cuirasses glittering in the sun and the banner of Windeck floating in the breeze.

"Then I am saved!" cried Odilla.

"And I am lost, am I not?" said Wulfrand.

"Yes, traitor; for your lord and master shall know every thing."

"You will show me no mercy, madam?"

"No; I have suffered too much. You have made me know what it is to hate; let the consequences fall on your own head."

After a momentary feeling of stupefaction and horror, Wulfrand, felt his courage revived by a thought the arch-fiend himself must have inspired. There was yet one means of escaping the chastisement he deserved. To secure this, he hastily left the castle, and ran to meet his brother. Eberlin cordially grasped his hand, and the first word he uttered was the name of Odilla.

"Alas!" exclaimed Wulfrand with his hypocritical whine.

"Why do you sigh?" asked Eberlin sharply.

"Because I have sad news to communicate."

"What! is Odilla dead?"

"Better for you, if she were, brother; for dishonour is worse than death."

"What do you mean?" cried Eberlin, with a pale brow and fury flashing in his eyes. "What do you mean?" repeated he, and, seizing the hunchback by the collar, he

lifted him like a child, and set him on the horse's neck.

"I mean, my lord," replied Wulfrand, "that if you had come without announcing your approach, you might have surprised your wife tête à tête with your page Conrad."

While this scene was passing at a short distance from the castle, Odilla sat in her chamber anxiously expecting Eberlin's arrival. She was startled by the sudden entrance of Conrad, who rushed into the room, pale and trembling with consternation :

"Fly, madam, fly !" he cried ; "or your husband will kill you."

"He kill me?"

"Yes, madam. That wretch Wulfrand has told him the most horrible calumnies. The baron is coming here, sword in hand, vowing that he will kill you ; and so he will, madam, for his fury has made him mad. He will not hear, but will strike you. Fly then, madam, if you do not wish to perish."

At this moment the thundering voice of the baron was heard approaching, and the terrified Odilla let young Conrad lead her away. The page knew a subterranean passage that terminated at some distance in the fields, on a path leading to the banks of the Rhine, at a spot where a boat lay concealed among the reeds. There he entrusted the fair baroness to a faithful servant, who undertook to convey her to her sister Bertha, the Countess of Tylburg, whose domains lay on the left bank of the Rhine. The baron, who had followed them, came up too late to overtake Odilla, but he found Conrad, who had remained upon the bank and was looking after the flying bark with an expression of delight.

"I will at least make sure of half my vengeance !" cried the furious baron.

And with one stroke of his heavy sword, he laid the young page dead at his feet.

A cry of anguish echoed along the waters, and Eberlin, waving his blood-stained weapon, shouted after the boat :

" Your paramour is punished, Odilla ; your turn will come ! "

On the very next day, the lord of Windeck put himself at the head of the soldiers he had brought back from Hungary, and marched to the castle of his brother-in-law, the Count of Tylburg. But the Count readily admitted him into the castle, declaring that no woman had applied to him for an asylum ; and the Baron searched the place in vain.

Ten years passed away. The Baron of Windeck had not all this time been able to banish from his heart the memory of Odilla, but he at last decided to seek a second wife, that his race might not become extinct. He therefore repaired in great state to Fribourg, the capital of Brisgau, where the noble and rich heiress he intended to espouse was then residing. His brother accompanied him, wishing to avail himself of this opportunity to consult the physician of that city on a painful disease which threatened him with the loss of sight, and for which he had not been able to obtain the slightest relief.

At this time there was at Fribourg a woman famous throughout all Germany. Her name was Idalove. She was said to be a Greek, but every thing about her was enveloped in mystery, and none had any precise knowledge as to her origin or her person ; no one had ever seen her face, which was always covered with a veil the eye could not penetrate. This mysterious woman possessed the art of divining the past and foretelling the future, of discovering crimes and hidden treasures, of prescribing remedies for all diseases, and many other things beside, which we have not time to enumerate.

Dissatisfied with the doctors of Fribourg, who showed no more skill than their brother at Windeck, Wulfrand thought that Idalove might be better informed, and induced the Baron his brother to accompany him to the humble dwelling occupied by the sorceress, as he was afraid to go by himself.

Idalove, on seeing the two strangers enter, said to them :

"I receive only one person at a time. Sir Wulfrand, retire; you may return when I have given audience to the Baron of Windeck."

"You know, then, who we are?" said Wulfrand in amazement.

"I know every thing," answered Idalove.

And when she was alone with the Baron, the sibyl resumed :

"I know that you are come to Fribourg to marry again; but your first wife is still living, loves you, and has never been unworthy of you."

"Odilla never betrayed me! Ah! if I could but believe you!"

"I wear a veil over my face, but I do not disguise the truth in my speech. Would you be convinced of what I tell you?"

"Yes, and would, if needs be, give half my life and half my property to obtain such assurance."

"Well then, go immediately to St. Stephen's church; enter the second confessional on the left hand side, take the priest's seat and remain there one hour. Until then say not a word. You will have only to listen. A person will come and give you the proofs you want."

The baron retired, and passed silently before his brother, who was entering.

"Your eyes will soon be closed to the light of day," said Idalove to Wulfrand; "many other infirmities besides will seize upon you, and bring you to a miserable death after

long and painful sufferings. Such will be the just punishment of your crimes."

"Alas!" answered Wulfrand; "it is true that I am a great sinner; but is there no means of appeasing the anger of Heaven, and finding a remedy for my eyes?"

"Before I answer, before I even examine your case, you must make your peace with Heaven; otherwise all my science would be vain. Go then immediately to St. Stephen's church; enter the second confessional to the left; a priest will be there to hear the avowal of the guilty actions that have defiled your soul. But be sure you forget nothing in your confession: the omission of a single fault, the slightest dissimulation, would for ever preclude all relief that Providence may grant you through my ministrations."

Wulfrand punctually executed Idalove's orders.

The result is easily imagined. Odilla, who had concealed herself for ten years under the name of Idalove, regained her husband's affections, and was carried back to Windeck in triumph. She solicited and obtained Wulfrand's pardon, on condition that he should leave the country, and from that time nothing was ever heard of him.

The baron had a chapel built on the spot where he had murdered Conrad.

Time has destroyed this pious edifice: but there still remain in Baden many other chapels, each of which has its history. In roaming over the country, in its smiling valleys, by the banks of its rivers and brooks, on the slopes of its hills, and in the depth of its forests, you will not find a stone without its associations, nor a bush that does not flourish under the shade of a legend.

Near Windeck are the Houb, noted for its hot springs, and the fertile valley of Neusatz, covered with those dwarf

cherry-trees which produce the excellent *kirschwasser* of the Black Forest. Hence the traveller will go to Sasbach to salute the tomb of a hero.

In the spring of the year 1675 Marshal Turenne had begun his campaign; but feeling the weight of years and having done enough for glory, he wished to devote his remaining days to repose and pious meditations; but the king entreated him to postpone his retirement, and represented to him that the safety and honour of France required that he should resume the command of the army. Turenne yielded to his solicitations, and returned to the banks of the Rhine, on which he had so often commanded.

On this occasion he had an adversary worthy of him, the celebrated Count Montecuculli.

The two greatest captains of the day were thus opposed to each other. All the stratagems and skilful manœuvres that the military art could boast were practised by these two great warriors; they passed two months in mutual observation, in making feints, and attempting to overreach and surprise each other by rapid marches and unexpected evolutions. At last, after exhausting all the combinations of this great game at chess, Turenne brought his enemy to the spot where he wished to give him battle.

The moment was come for this great duel to be finished by a decisive blow. After taking up his position, Turenne, accompanied by the Marquis of St. Hilaire, lieutenant-general of the army, proceeded to an eminence that commanded the country, and gave them a complete view of the enemy's army. His quick and practised eye saw at a glance all the advantages of his own position, and, though usually reserved, impenetrable, and never displaying any sanguine hope of success, he could not on this occasion help exclaiming with delight :

" At last, I have him. He cannot escape me now ! "

As he uttered these words a flash was seen on the plain, a little smoke arose, an explosion was heard, and the fortunes of France were crushed.

From a battery commanded by Prince Hermann of Baden, a shot had just been fired on the group, which had attracted the enemy's notice.

The ball glanced from a walnut-tree, carried off one of St. Hilaire's arms, and struck Turenne full in the chest.

The great man fell dead on the spot.

At the news of this event, which must prove so advantageous to him, Montecuculli's first feeling was one of regret, expressed in the following noble words :

"It will be the glory of my life to have been his adversary ; and I regret he is no more, as he was a man who did honour to the human race."

The Marquis of St. Hilaire said to his son, who was weeping by his side : "Do not weep for me, but for France, which has just suffered an irreparable loss."

"We have lost our father!" cried the soldiers with a feeling of ineffable despair.

Thus began the funeral oration which had a long and painful echo through France.

On the very spot where the great man fell stands a monument consecrated to his memory. Cardinal de Rohan, bishop of Strasburg and lord of Sasbach, gave this piece of ground to France. The monument was erected on the anniversary of his death, in 1829.

In the middle of an enclosure formed by a quickset hedge and a few fine trees, stands a granite obelisk with the simple inscription :

"LA FRANCE A TURENNE!"

On the four sides of the pedestal are : Turenne's bust, his arms ; the names of the battles that have immortalised him :

Arras, Les Dunes, Sinzheim, Entzheim, Turkheim, and the inscription: "Here Turenne was killed, July 27, 1675."

At the entrance of the enclosure is a lodge for an old invalid, who guards the monument and keeps the turf, flowers, and trees in proper order. At a few paces from the pyramid is a stone on which the inscription of the pedestal: "Here Turenne was killed," is repeated in three languages, French, German, and Latin. Another monument marks the precise spot where the hero fell from his horse after receiving his mortal wound. To the right of the obelisk, surrounded by black palisades, stands the dead trunk of an old tree, shaded by young and vigorous offshoots. A tradition, carefully preserved by the guardian of the spot, informs us that this stump is the remains of the very tree from which the ball glanced that killed Turenne.

The visitor can go in the same day from Windeck to Sasbach, and from Sasbach to the Mummelsee, returning to dine at Baden, after a most delightful excursion.

The Mummelsee is a lake situated in the mountains near the frontier of Wurtemberg. Here you will no longer meet with the abstract facts of history, but only the extravagant traditions of fantastic legends. A mournful solitude, a dull and dark vegetation, and wild scenery would seem to make this locality a fitting abode for supernatural beings. Mummelsee signifies *Fairy Lake*. According to the local chronicles, these fairies were real syrens, who took pleasure in winning the hearts of the young men who lived near. But it was indispensable that the lover of a fairy should be discreet, for the moment he betrayed the secret of his attachment, a wailing cry always rose from the bottom of the lake, and drops of blood bubbled up to the surface of its waters.

Few of the legends of the Mummelsee, however, present us with a beautiful fairy, in dazzling attire; often they speak of a hideous dwarf rising from the wave to accomplish some goblin feat. Let us take at random one of these tales, which are as numerous as the aquatic plants that grow on the cold waters of the lake.

One smiling morning in the month of May, the Lady of Sedlig and Sir Rodolph of Hartberg, engaged in sweet converse, strayed unconsciously to the borders of the lake, and slowly wandered along its banks heedless of all around them. The lady, feeling fatigued, sat on the grass, and the young man, without interrupting the conversation, amused himself by picking up stones and jerking them into the water. Suddenly a dwarf emerged from a bed of reeds: the young lady shrieked with surprise and fright, and the gentleman began laughing on seeing the grotesque figure that stood before him.

"Pray," said the dwarf humbly, "cease troubling my repose; I dwell in the waters of the lake, and the stones you throw may hit me."

"That would be a great pity, truly!" cried the young man, with increased gaiety.

"I entreat you, madam; intercede for me!" replied the dwarf, addressing the lady; but the latter, recovered from her alarm, shared the hilarity of her companion, and was little inclined to listen to the request of the deformed creature.

Meanwhile, the knight had picked up a handful of small stones, and, instead of merely throwing them into the water as before, he began pelting the dwarf, who found it no easy matter to baffle his aim; the poor fellow ran from right to left, ducked his head, spread out his arms, and trembled in every limb of his deformed body, crying all the while for mercy in a most pitiful tone.

Far from interceding, the Lady of Sedlig seemed to take pleasure in the sport, and her applause made the knight redouble his efforts.

At last, one stone, better aimed than the others, struck the dwarf with great force in the middle of the forehead, and rebounded into the water.

"A good hit!" cried the lady, clapping her hands.

"Indeed, it was!" said the knight; "and the little fellow must have a terribly hard head to survive such a blow."

"I shall live long enough to have my revenge and to punish you, Sir Rodolph!"

Thus saying, the dwarf disappeared below the surface.

The young man shrugged his shoulders; but the lady felt very uneasy about these last words. They then retired from the lake, and returned to the castle of Sedlig.

On the morrow, about midday, a horseman covered with dust pulled up his foaming steed at the edge of the lake. The cavalier threw himself on the moss, and his thirsty horse approached the water and stretched forth his neck to drink; but the bank was so steep that the poor animal vainly attempted to reach the water. At this moment, the dwarf of the Mummelsee rose from his retreat to the surface of the lake, and, stretching forth his long arms with his two hands joined in the form of a cup, raised some water up to the animal's mouth. The horse drank, and expressed his gratitude by neighing, which attracted the attention of his master. The latter seeing the service that had just been rendered to his faithful steed, wished to recompense the deed, and, taking a piece of money from his pouch, said to the dwarf:

"Here, friend, here is something for your trouble."

"I thank you, Lord of Sedlig," replied the dwarf.

"What!" cried the cavalier, in surprise; "after so long an absence, you know me again? Nevertheless, I am much changed!"

"Perhaps you are," replied the dwarf; "but I cannot judge of that, as I now see you for the first time!"

"Then, how did you know my name?"

"By the same means that I know a great many other things."

"Who are you, then?"

"I am the genius who reigns over this lake. The mirror of the Mummelsee reflects the events of all countries and all ages. Nothing ever takes place in this nether world without my knowledge. I read the past, the present, and the future."

"What's that you say? You are laughing at me surely?"

"God forbid, I should do any such thing, my lord! I tell you but the truth. I know that it is seven years since you left the country for the Holy Land; it was on a Friday, a most unlucky day; and fortune has not favoured you in the game of war. Under your cuirass I perceive the scars of four wounds scarcely healed. Once you were left for dead upon the field of battle; on another occasion you fell into the hands of the enemy, and you have endured a long and cruel captivity. Your persevering attempts to regain your liberty were at last crowned with merited success, and here you are, once more at home. Yesterday you reached Strasburg, and started thence this morning, all impatience to revisit the castle of your ancestors, where you left a young and beautiful wife, whom you love with all your soul and who loved you with all her heart. She was only sixteen, and six months had scarcely elapsed after your wedding, when you quitted a happy home in quest of glory."

"I obeyed the call of duty; but now I return to enjoy my long-lost happiness, which will be all the sweeter after so many toils and trials. But tell me, you who know every thing, has absence done me any injury at home? Is my Ethelinda still as beautiful and loving as ever?"

"Still more beautiful, if possible, and more loving, my lord."

"Why that smile? Why do your words appear clothed with irony? Speak! I would know the truth."

"Error and doubt are often preferable. In your position, a prudent husband, returning after seven years' absence, would have sent a messenger before to announce his return."

"I despise and reject the foul suspicion you would instil into my soul."

"May it please Heaven that your confidence be rewarded, my lord; but as you would fain know the truth, learn it for yourself, and accept the gift I am about to offer you."

At these words, the dwarf plunged under water, and reappeared an instant after, holding in his right hand a large and beautiful blue flower, which he presented to the baron.

"What would you have me do with that?" asked the baron with a contemptuous air.

"What! my lord, have you never heard of the blue flower of the Mummelsee? Grown in the golden sands at the bottom of the lake, of which no human power can fathom the depth, this flower has the virtue to render invisible him who holds it in his left hand."

"Indeed! I have no faith in such talismans!"

"Take the flower, Baron Sedlig; mount your horse, and the first person you meet shall bear witness to the virtue of the flower. What harm will it do to try? Unless, indeed, you would rather return to your home openly, and without any precaution or mystery; which would certainly be the more prudent course; for the search after truth often leads to painful disappointments, and a man may risk the repose of his life by using this fatal privilege of seeing without being seen!"

"I fear nothing," said the baron, in a voice tremulous with emotion; "give me the flower, and if it possess the virtue you ascribe to it, I thank you beforehand for the sweet and precious assurance that I shall secure by the aid of its magic influence."

So saying, the baron eagerly took the talisman offered by the mysterious dwarf, and mounting his horse, galloped off, holding the flower in his left hand.

At a short distance from the lake he met an old woman, who stopped short, and exclaimed: "Good heavens! the horse has thrown his rider and is running away!"

"Perhaps this good woman is a confederate of the dwarf's," thought the baron, who still had some doubt of the virtue of the talisman.

A little further on, several peasants made the same remark as the old woman, and the baron no longer doubted. Spurring on his steed, he soon came to the avenue of stately oaks leading to the principal entrance of his castle; here he dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and, that he might not be betrayed by the noise of his armour, took off his cuirass, his helmet, his sword, spurs, and gauntlets.

He passed unseen the sentinels that guarded the gates, as well as the servants he met in the courts and hall. The baron then traversed the apartments of the castle, and, after opening several doors with great precaution, he came to a little room at the extremity of a long gallery. Formerly, in the happy days which succeeded his marriage, the baron loved to retire to this apartment, which he had delighted to ornament with rich furniture, beautiful paintings, and splendid trophies of arms.

"Ethelinda is there, no doubt, and is thinking of me!"

Full of this delightful thought, he approached, and recognised Ethelinda's voice; he listened; another voice was then heard, and the words exchanged chilled the very

heart's blood of the unfortunate husband. Summoning all his courage, he raised the thick tapestry that covered the entrance of the lady's bower, and stood transfixed. There sat Ethelinda in the old baronial chair, ornamented with the escutcheon of Sedlig. On his knees before her, was the knight, Sir Rodolph of Hartberg, who held the hand of the lady in his own, and was gazing with rapturous delight on the charming visage that smiled upon him lovingly.

The tender colloquy proceeded, and the name of the baron was pronounced by his faithless spouse.

"How long," answered the knight, "shall this sad remembrance continue to trouble our bliss? The Baron of Sedlig is dead or captive, and we shall never see him again, thank Heaven!"

"I hope he is," said Ethelinda, reassured by the confident tone of her companion.

"Vile wretches!" shouted the baron, entering the chamber.

The two lovers looked round hastily.

"Rise, Knight of Hartberg, and draw!" cried the baron furiously.

It is not easy to imaginé the astonishment and affright of Ethelinda and the knight on hearing these words pronounced by an invisible foe.

They looked round the chamber with horror and affright, but nothing could they see.

The baron, thirsting for vengeance, rushed towards one of the trophies of arms.

Then they saw a wondrous sight — a sword seemed to detach itself from the wall, and to advance, brandishing all the time, right upon the knight.

Notwithstanding that he was greatly disconcerted and amazed at such a supernatural attack, Sir Rodolph, who did not want for courage or presence of mind, put himself in a posture of defence, and the duel began in right earnest.

And a strange duel it was! There were two swords clashing together—one held by a man, the other by some invisible agent!—This sword glanced through the air like lightning, and never missed its aim. The combat lasted but an instant, ere the lover, pierced through and through, fell backwards and expired.

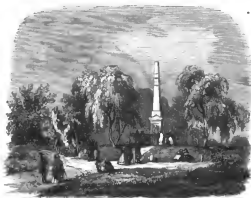
Motionless as a statue and dumb with horror, Ethelinda stood by, gazing on this awful scene. Her eye had assumed the fixed stare of the maniac; but suddenly a terrible voice dispelled her stupor:

"My vengeance does not extend to you, madam; the sword has done its work. For your perfidy I have only contempt. I forget and abandon you! Adieu!"

Ethelinda recognised the voice of her husband.

The dead body of the knight told her that this was not a dream caused by remorse. The dread reality stood forth plain enough, though partially involved in mystery.

The baron returned to his horse, still holding in his left hand the rose of the Mummelsee, and rode away. He was never heard of afterwards. The Baroness of Sedlig ended her days in the convent of Lichtenthal.



Turenne's Monument at Salschach.



Halla upon the Kurrig.

XI.

THE BLACK FOREST.

THE WATERFALLS, THE KENZIG, TRYBERG,
THE SOURCES OF THE DANUBE.

THE walks you have hitherto taken round Baden and your excursions in the environs have only occupied a few hours; every evening you have returned to the town and shared the never ceasing round of festivities for which this pleasant summer residence is so famed. You have missed neither concert nor ball. Now the attractions of the country invite you to take a wider range. What you have seen of the Black Forest makes you ardently desire to see more. It is true

that on one side the pleasures of Baden, so animated, so brilliant, so delicious, make you almost unwilling to leave them, but you will enjoy them with greater relish after foregoing them for a few days to be devoted to a tour in the Black Forest.

The Black Forest! The very name has something so dark and sinister about it that it would seem to reflect on the character of the country. At the time when tales of brigands were the fashion in romances and melodramas, the Black Forest was often chosen as the scene of action for those lawless heroes. Its name, and that alone, gave it such an unenviable distinction; for writers have in vain ransacked its chronicles in search of subjects for their frightful tales and dismal dramas. In the present day, romance and playwrights turn their attention to another quarter, and seek their heroes in the midst of crowded cities. The Black Forest has long been abandoned by literary artists, and is now visited only by travellers, who instead of caves and bandits find beautiful landscapes and honest hardworking peasants, without even the shadow of danger to mar the pleasure of their excursions in this interesting country.

The visitors of Baden who love to wander under the shadows of the Black Forest, to visit its poetic sites, its picturesque villages, its majestic ruins, and its ancient castles, furnish conclusive evidence of the order and security that reign among the inhabitants of this district, and we may safely say that the waters of Baden have entirely washed away the stains so wantonly cast upon the reputation of the Black Forest.

The annals of the last thirty years present only one instance of robbery, and the story, as we heard it at Baden, is so grotesquely absurd, and betrays such ignorance of English habits and customs, that we can only regard it as a mere invention. It is as follows :

A gentleman named Sir Ralph⁻⁻⁻ is the hero of the adventure. Sir Ralph wished to be admitted as a member of the Travellers' Club, and to merit a reception into that celebrated society, he had visited many countries, gathered a variety of information, and submitted many proofs of his wanderings. However, his adventures were as yet incomplete : he had been sometimes rifled of his purse, his watch, or his snuff-box, while gazing at the curiosities of a city, but never — by night or day, on mountain or plain, at the corner of a wood or in a defile — never had a real bandit applied a pistol to his breast. That alone (says the story) was wanting to complete his election to the club.

It is necessary to observe that Sir Ralph had passed his fiftieth year, and that he was married to a lady some thirty winters younger than himself and endowed with remarkable beauty. The old gentleman was jealous as a Bengal tiger. This jealousy proved that Sir Ralph had a tolerably correct idea of his personal merits. He was well aware also that his lady had never exhibited any very great attachment to him, and had accepted his hand solely in obedience to her parents. He never quitted her presence, having little confidence in either conjugal fidelity, or in bolts and bars. This policy, however, was not destined to meet with much success. His lady was proud, and his suspicions wounded her deeply ; she regarded this constant "surveillance" as an insult, and her husband's precautions as a defiance. Moreover the young lady, who was somewhat sentimental, as many English women are, preserved in the secret recesses of her heart the remembrance of a first love.

After passing some time at Baden, Sir Ralph, attracted by the romantic and melodramatic renown of the Black Forest, resolved to brave the perils of this celebrated spot. He deemed it advisable to make some inquiries before he started, and the persons from whom he sought information,

thought the opportunity excellent for a hoax, and therefore told him that not long before several post-chaises had been stopped by well-dressed robbers, rapacious but not sanguinary, who had contented themselves with stripping the travellers without doing them the least personal injury.

"That will suit me to a nicety!" cried Sir Ralph; "I will take that road."

But Sir Ralph acted under a double impulse: the fanatical curiosity of a traveller and the fierce jealousy of an old husband. He asked his lady whether she felt alarmed at the perils of the adventure. Pamela, who was by no means of a timid character, promptly replied:

"What can I fear, when I am with you?"

That might be interpreted: "What worse can happen to me than to be troubled with your company?" but Sir Ralph understood the answer in a manner more favourable to his own vanity. Pleased to see his wife so ready to accede to his wishes, he hastened the preparations for his departure, and, having sent off his most valuable effects by another road, he set forth on his journey, carrying with him only a single portmanteau and just money enough to defray the inevitable expenses of the trip. Sir Ralph was generous, and knew how to pay for his pleasures: he valued at fifty guineas the satisfaction of being stopped by the robbers of the Black Forest, and he put that amount in a purse intended for them.

It was a beautiful evening in autumn, the air was warm, and the heavens spangled with stars. The happy gentleman felt his heart beat with hope and a pleasing excitement; his sensations were not unlike those felt by a gallant about to meet his sweetheart, and he looked forward to his rencontre with the robbers as a piece of luck. Lady Pamela kept silence; but, by the paleness of her forehead and the brightness of her eyes, any other person than Sir Ralph would

easily have divined that her mind was occupied with no unpleasant anticipations.

"My dear lady," said the husband, "pay attention to what happens! We must give precise and circumstantial details of what passes when we are stopped. I intend to have the scene represented in a magnificent picture for our large drawing-room in the country. The painter shall copy the landscape after nature, but we alone shall be able to give all the particulars as to the number, costume, and grouping of the figures. All that is most important. I shall afterwards have the picture engraved, so that my name may be handed down to posterity. I also intend to have a full description of the event published in the papers; I will write the account myself, and have it translated into several languages."

As he uttered these words, a shot fired from a bush by the roadside brought down the postilion's horse; the carriage stopped, and four men immediately came up to the door; they were picturesquely dressed, and had enormous black or red beards.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Ralph, who spoke German pretty well, "we do not wish to offer the slightest resistance; you can take what we have. Here is a pair of excellent pistols, of which I do not intend to make use."

He politely presented the pistols to them.

"Get out of the carriage!" said one of the robbers gruffly.

"There is nothing in the pockets of the chaise," said Sir Ralph; "but we will alight, as you desire to search them."

"Now," said the same robber, seizing Sir Ralph by the arm, "prepare yourself, for you have only a quarter of an hour!"

"For what am I to prepare? What must I do in the quarter of an hour you speak of?"

"What you like! Pray to God, confess yourself, make your will, but be quick; for I tell you once more, you have only a

quarter of an hour to live; after that, we shall shoot you. We never allow more than a quarter of an hour to those who are doomed. Women only obtain mercy when they are young and handsome. The lady's life will be spared, and we shall set her at liberty, when she has spent a fortnight with us."

The adventure had assumed a rather awkward look.

On hearing his fate pronounced by the robber, Sir Ralph gave way to despair; he fell on his knees, clasped his hands, and with tears in his eyes implored the clemency of the gang, promising all his fortune if they would but spare his life.

"Let us see," said the chief, "if we can come to terms. But I warn you that I am not easily satisfied!"

"Make your own conditions."

"Can you give fifty thousand florins for your own ransom, and as much for your wife's? At that price we will spare your life, and treat her with all respect."

"It is a bargain!" cried the gentleman.

"How soon can you get the money?"

"Immediately, by sending to Frankfort."

"To go there and come back will take four days." Well, go! Friend Brandt shall accompany you. You will give him your ransom at Frankfort; then, you can yourself bring your wife's ransom to the village you see down there in the plain. One of us will be there with the lady, and we will restore her on receiving the stipulated sum. We shall treat her with the utmost respect, and if she has any complaint to make against us — why, then you need not pay the money. This mode of proceeding is usual with us; and both parties always keep their word with the strictest honour. Mind that you observe our conditions in every point, and then, barring the expense, you shall have nothing to complain of. The hostage you leave with us shall answer for your discretion. If you try

to lay any snare for us on your return, our spies will be sure to give us timely warning, and then, woe be to you and your wife."

As this admitted of no reply, Sir Ralph, happy to escape with life, remounted his carriage with Brandt, leaving his lady in the hands of the robbers. For the first time since his marriage, the jealous old gentleman was separated from his wife; but he consoled himself with the reflection that the bandits probably preferred money to gallantry. "They will respect her for the ransom I shall give them," thought he. As soon as he arrived at Frankfort, he procured the cash, and Brandt departed with the fifty thousand florins. Sir Ralph, on his part, returned to ransom his lady.

At the village indicated by the robbers, Sir Ralph waited in vain for a week, but no one appeared. A prey to uneasiness, the adventurous gentleman, at the risk of being made to pay more money, went without escort to the place where he had been stopped, but not a vestige of a robber could he find. Had they been discovered and put to flight? Had they beaten a retreat, and carried off his wife with them? Sir Ralph searched every corner of the forest, but discovered nothing. He set the police of the country to work and promised a handsome reward to any one who could give him information and put him on the track to find his lady.

To console himself for the loss of a beloved wife, Sir Ralph engaged artists to paint and engrave the terrible scene that had cost him so dear; the newspapers were filled with accounts of his misfortune, and he was elected unanimously a member of the Travellers' Club.—Nor did he ever know that the brigands who had stopped him were merely counterfeiters; on that subject he had not the slightest suspicion, so well had the comedy been played and the secret kept. The chief of the troop was a young gentleman whom Sir

Ralph's lady had loved from childhood, and he, aided by a few devoted friends, had contrived and executed the plot for overreaching the jealous husband and over-curious traveller. The fifty thousand florins given to Brandt, one of the accomplices, were an equivalent for her dowry, which the lady thought she was justly entitled to when she thus quitted her old husband for ever, and fled to America, under protection of the happy bandit. Soon after this adventure, says the story, Sir Ralph's mortal career was abruptly terminated in consequence of the excesses in which he indulged, partly to forget his discomfiture as a husband, and partly to celebrate his glory as a traveller.

Leaving the Mummelsee to make the tour of the Black Forest, tourists usually proceed first to the picturesque ruins and wonderful waterfalls of Allerheiligen, at a short distance from the lake.

The Countess Uda, daughter of the Count Palatine Godfrey of Calw, first gave her hand in marriage to Count Eberstein, who died a year after their marriage. Numerous rivals then disputed the hand of the young widow, who joined to the happiest gifts of nature the brilliant advantages of wealth and station. Her mother, Luitgarde of Zähringen, left her for dowry the extensive domains of Schauenburg. From the number of her most illustrious suitors, Uda chose the Count of Altdorf, brother of the Duke of Bavaria. It was a proud alliance, but not a happy one.

After passing the best years of her life in the bitterest of domestic trials, the Countess Uda became a widow for the second and last time, as the idea of another marriage was extremely repugnant to her mind. Already bowed down by the weight of age, the Countess thought only of another and a happier world; devoted wholly to the practice of sincere

devotion, she was only anxious to assure the repose of her soul and gain eternal happiness hereafter.

To attain this object, the noble lady conceived the idea of employing a part of her wealth in founding a monastery. As she hesitated where to build it, she resolved to leave the decision to the will of Heaven; and, according to the legend, the following were the means she adopted to learn the Divine pleasure : —

An ass was loaded with a large sack filled with pieces of gold, to the amount which she intended to devote to this pious purpose.

"The convent shall be erected on the spot where the gold first touches the ground, whether the ass lies down, or gets rid of his burden by throwing it off." Such was the order given by the Countess Uda; and immediately the ass, gaily caparisoned, was sent on its mission, followed by a chaplain and two grooms, who watched its movements. On leaving the castle, it struck across the valley, and in two hours arrived at Sohlberg. There, being thirsty, it struck the ground with its foot, and a spring of water gushing forth, the ass drank and went onwards. Having reached the summit of the mountain, the animal seemed to think it had carried its load far enough; and, by dint of kicking and plunging, it broke the cords by which it was attached, and the sack, thus violently thrown off, rolled from the top of the mountain into the valley below, where it burst.

A little chapel, ornamented with a commemorative inscription, was raised on the spot where the spring had gushed forth.

The monastery was built at the place where the pieces of gold were scattered upon the turf.

This convent received the name of *Allerheiligen*, that is to say : *All Saints*. Placed under a patronage so influential and numerous, the monastery could not fail to prosper.

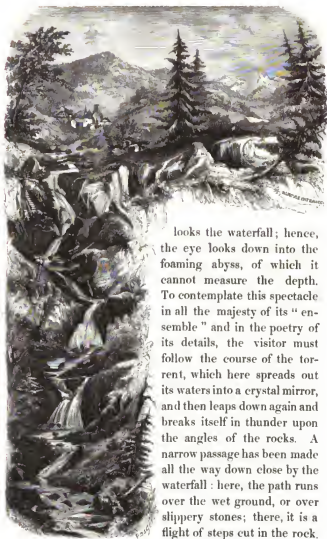
All the nobility of the country took pleasure in enriching it by gifts, and it soon had to undergo considerable enlargement. The monks of this convent were distinguished by the austerity of their manners, the severity of their rules, and the vastness of their erudition. So great was their renown, that they were called on to repeople the celebrated convent of Lorsch in the Rheingau, after the Archbishop of Mayence had driven out its inmates, who had dishonoured their profession by scandalous conduct. For more than six centuries, the monastery of Allerheiligen continued to increase in importance, wealth, and influence over the faithful, who justly considered it as the asylum of virtue and sound doctrine. This honourable prosperity continued until religious orders were abolished and all monks secularised. Then, as though it pleased Heaven that this holy dwelling should remain uninhabited rather than be converted to a purpose foreign to its pious origin, the deserted convent was struck by lightning and totally destroyed by fire.

At present, the picturesque and magnificent ruins of Allerheiligen may give a tolerably accurate idea of the splendour of the monastery founded by the Countess Uda.

After contemplating this majestic, imposing wreck, another spectacle awaits the tourist. Some paces from the ruins of the convent are found the waterfalls which occupy the first rank among the marvels of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and which equal, if they do not surpass, the most remarkable ones of the same kind in Switzerland, Scotland, and other countries celebrated for their natural beauties.

The ruins of Allerheiligen are situated in a deep hollow, not unlike a well with lofty mountains for its walls, and when the visitor has descended so far, he is struck with astonishment to find himself at the top of an immense fall of water that seems to be engulfed in the bowels of the earth.

A few steps from the convent is a terrace which over-



looks the waterfall; hence, the eye looks down into the foaming abyss, of which it cannot measure the depth. To contemplate this spectacle in all the majesty of its "ensemble" and in the poetry of its details, the visitor must follow the course of the torrent, which here spreads out its waters into a crystal mirror, and then leaps down again and breaks itself in thunder upon the angles of the rocks. A narrow passage has been made all the way down close by the waterfall: here, the path runs over the wet ground, or over slippery stones; there, it is a flight of steps cut in the rock.

Further on, you pass along a tottering bridge or on the trunk of a tree coated with moss; in places where the rock is a sheer precipice, the descent is by long ladders, which give the timid an opportunity of trembling at an imaginary danger. But few would shrink from braving a little real danger to enjoy the charms of scenery like this!

The guide who conducts you will tell you the strange names of each cascade and of the basins they have formed. Some spots have been signalized by memorable adventures. One of the grottoes in a rock worn away by the torrent is called the *Gipsy's Hole*, and was formerly inhabited by one of those vagrant tribes which subsist by thieving and knavery. Further on is the *Raven's Nest*, a fatal nest suspended on the point of a rock: Some young lads once determined to take it, and one of them, just as he was about to lay his hand on it, lost his hold, and fell into the gulf. Then there is the *Knight's Leap*, not less perilous than the Count's Leap at the castle of Eberstein: — In the Thirty Years' War, a Swedish cavalier leaped from the precipice at this spot, and thus escaped his pursuers, who durst not follow his example.

Not far from Allerheiligen lies the pretty little town of Oppenau, where tourists generally rest a while before they climb the picturesque acclivities of the Kniebis, a high and remarkable mountain, the summit of which is bisected by the boundary that separates the Grand Duchy of Baden from Wurtemberg. In the environs of the Kniebis, those who are so disposed may devote some hours to an examination of the little rustic baths of Petersthal, Antogast, Griesbach, and Rippoldsau; then, taking the Wolfach road, they may enter the valley of the Kinzig.

Like the Mourg, the Kinzig carries on its rapid stream numerous rafts of wood, formed of the pines which the country produces in abundance. But here, more perhaps than in the environs of Gernsbach, the passage of these rafts presents a

singular sight; for the Kinzig, more tortuous in its course than the Mourg, and moreover beset with rapids and falls, is extremely difficult to navigate. It requires great skill to surmount all these obstacles; but the raftsmen of the Kinzig are clever fellows; guided by their strong arms, the raft glides over the falls and rapids, twists like a serpent along its tortuous passages, darts with the speed of an arrow between the rocks, and reaches the Rhine without sustaining the slightest damage.

The Kinzig passes between Haslach and Hausach, two small towns, that war has more than once ravaged. The whole country has often been laid waste during the two last centuries, so full of bloody struggles. A few years' peace sufficed to repair the devastation of these fertile fields, though the walls of the towns still bear traces of the cannon, and the castles then demolished have never been rebuilt; their ruins stand on the mountain tops and throw their melancholy shadows across the smiling plain covered with the rich harvest of the husbandman, and studded with trees whose boughs are weighed down almost to the ground with their load of fruit.

Hornberg is another of those towns so rudely stricken by war; upon a neighbouring hill, in the midst of clumps of trees, are the ruins of a castle where a princess of Wurtemberg closed her romantic life in exile. From thence, the traveller, following the course of a delightful valley, will arrive at Tryberg, situated on an eminence, and overlooking a waterfall which leaps from the mountain. Persons go to Tryberg expressly to see this waterfall, which would really merit admiration if you had not just seen others still more curious. The waterfall of Tryberg is a pretty miniature of those at Allerheiligen.

Above Tryberg formerly stood a strong castle, which was taken by assault and demolished by the inhabitants of the

town. It was formerly the custom to make pilgrimages to this place, and people came in crowds every year. The origin of the practice was rather singular. Two Austrian soldiers, quartered in the neighbourhood, when crossing the mountain one evening, all at once heard a succession of melodious sounds which seemed to proceed from the tops of the pines. Persuaded that this was a warning from Heaven for some particular purpose, they began to look about them, and soon found an image of the Virgin sculptured in lime-wood and fastened to a tree. Having said their prayers, the soldiers placed near the image a box to receive pious offerings, and in a short time a sufficient sum was obtained to erect a church, to which pilgrims flocked in great numbers.

We are now in the most thriving and industrious part of the Black Forest. The little town of Tryberg is renowned for the manufacture of straw hats, and it sends its productions to many distant lands. In his walks over these mountains and valleys, the traveller constantly meets with peasants, old and young, carrying suspended from their waists little bags full of fine straw, which they plat as they walk along. Not far from Tryberg is Schœnwald, a place noted for the first manufactory of the famous wooden clocks of the Black Forest, which are known in every part of the world, and form a considerable article of trade for the country.

Every house and cottage in these cantons is filled with busy artisans. Any one who wishes to study the manners of the country, should make a short stay here and see the inhabitants of the Black Forest in all the originality of their habits, costume, and physiognomy. The peasants wear a large hat, a long coat in the fashion of the 17th century, a red waistcoat, velvet breeches, and shoes with buckles. Their Sunday waistcoats and breeches are braided and laced all over. The women have long tresses of hair ornamented with black ribbon hanging down their backs; and on their

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heads shining straw hats, like those worn by our dandies when rustivating in the environs of Paris. Others wear low-crowned felt hats, trimmed with velvet, and ornamented with large worsted tufts. Each canton has its own fashion, old or new; for there is a great variety of these costumes in the Black Forest, but to give an accurate idea of them requires the pencil rather than the pen.

As to the singular habits and customs of the country they are so numerous that we cannot pretend to give anything like a complete description of them. Several volumes would be necessary to do justice to the subject, and give a proper account of their public and private ceremonies, their tales and legends, their games, their exercises, and above all their dances; so strange and so graceful, among which we may especially notice that called the *Cock's Dance*.

The Cock's Dance is thus performed, and usually in a barn: A glass filled with water is suspended from the roof at a good height from the ground. After going through a few steps of the dance, a young couple place themselves immediately under the glass; the girl stoops down and holds both hands open for her partner to place his feet upon them; the robust daughter of the Black Forest then rises and lifts her partner at arms' length, he standing upright on her hands all the time, and tries to raise him high enough to touch the glass with his head, so that the liquid, agitated by the touch, shall be spilled upon the ground or over the dancers.

Each damsel in turn comes with her partner to try her strength, until the difficult feat is accomplished.

The prize awarded to the victorious competitor is a live cock, hence the name of this athletic dance, apparently originated for the purpose of promoting the muscular strength of the lasses and the agility of the lads of the Black Forest.

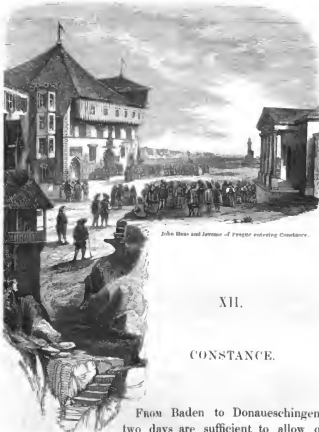
Near Schœnwald are two of the three sources of the Danube. Hence the tourist may proceed to Saint George,

once famous for its monastery, which the Duke of Wurtemberg burnt down because the monks refused to embrace the reformed religion. Thence he may pass on to Willengen, one of the most ancient possessions of the princes of Baden, formerly a rich and flourishing city which coined money as early as the 10th century, and could boast of its six convents, its commandership of the Knights of Malta, its founderies of cannon, its cloth manufactories; but all these have long since disappeared. The next place the traveller reaches is Donaueschingen, or the Source of the Danube. The principal source of this river is in the garden of the Prince of Furstenberg's castle.

Here you may contemplate the Danube in its very cradle. The tiny stream you here see meandering through the grass, faintly murmuring as it passes over its stony bed, gathers strength as it advances, and ere long expands into that majestic river which washes the walls of so many flourishing cities, and traverses so many different countries, from the Black Forest, where it sprung into life, to the Black Sea, where it ceases to exist.



Clockmakers of the Black Forest.



John Hess and Jerome H. Freager entering Constance.

XII.

CONSTANCE.

FROM Baden to Donaueschingen, two days are sufficient to allow of seeing all the curiosities of the country and of visiting the most interesting sites in the immediate neighbourhood of the road. The first day, the tourist will make a short stay at Windeck, Sasbach, and the Mummelsee, and a longer one at the cascades of Allerheiligen, which are worthy of a more minute survey. He may also visit the Kniebis the same day, and pass the night either in one of the small hotels at the hot-springs in the neighbourhood of

the mountain or at Wolfach, if time permit. The next day he should visit the valley of the Kinzig, then the cascade of Tryberg, from which Donaueschingen may be reached in time to contemplate the source of the Danube before night-fall.

As for those who wish to study the manners of the inhabitants of the Black Forest profoundly, more time would of course be required; but the views to be obtained from the road, and the observations that may be made in a rapid journey, are sufficient for most persons who travel for pleasure only.

From the source of the Danube to Constance is only a morning's ride, and the distance may be done so much the more rapidly as there is nothing by the way to attract the traveller's attention.

You must not expect to find Constance such as ancient descriptions might lead you to imagine it. The present city is little like that which played so prominent a part in the events of the fifteenth century. Though agreeably seated on the banks of a beautiful lake, in which it is reflected as in a mirror, Constance has dwindled in size and lost its ancient splendour. The old city is a dethroned queen, the diadem no longer decks her brow, her zone is contracted, her imperial cloak, which formerly spread its folds far away into the plain, is now modestly gathered round her feet by the shore of the lake, and scarcely retains a vestige of its gorgeous ornaments.

Thus shorn of power and glory, Constance seems to be meditating in silence on her former splendour. Her physiognomy is stamped with a pleasing melancholy. Fortune has stripped her of grandeur, but left her the grace and sweetness of her natural attractions and the charm of her









delightful situation. She formerly excited admiration, she now excites pleasure. We love to muse with her on the vicissitudes of fate and the revolutions of ages, to see her as she now is, and to reflect on what she was at the time of the famous Council, which gave such celebrity to her name.

This Council met early in the autumn of the year 1414. The town, which then contained no less than fifty thousand inhabitants, received within its walls a multitude of princes, lords, cardinals, and knights in proud array. Every day brought more illustrious visitors, displaying extraordinary magnificence. To complete this imposing assemblage the Emperor and the Pope arrived, each accompanied by his whole court. Never before had such a splendid sight been presented to the eyes of an astonished people.

When this pomp had been leisurely paraded, when the barons, counts, prelates, and princes, the Pope and the Emperor had made their solemn entry, and filled the town with luxury and noise, two men arrived whose presence eclipsed all their splendour.

These men wore neither armour nor rich pontifical robes; they were accompanied neither by squires nor attendants; they arrived alone, on foot, simply clad, humble and grave as the first apostles of Christianity.

And the crowd pressed around them as they passed, and gazed with eager curiosity. For these two men, so unpretending in appearance, were the principal actors of the great drama about to be played at Constance.

One was John Huss; the other Jerome of Prague.

The Council were assembled to deliberate on two questions of the greatest importance, which were—to free the Church from the schism that divided it, and to protect religion against the heresy that insulted it.

John Huss represented the heresy.

Three popes, reigning at the same time over the Christian

world constituted the schism, which had arisen in the following manner :—

A French bishop, a Gaseon by birth, Bertrand de Got, having been raised to the pontifical throne under the name of Clement V., quitted Rome in the third year of his reign, and transferred the Holy See to Avignon. The Romans were highly displeased at this desertion, which left them a prey to all sorts of troubles and commotions. It was at this time, while the sovereignty of the Church had its seat out of Italy, that Rienzi attempted to re-establish the ancient Roman Republic. The seventh successor of Clement, Gregory XI., brought back the Holy See to Rome, and died the year following. While the cardinals were assembled to elect a new pope, the people, fearing the election of a French cardinal, who might probably return to Avignon, besieged the conclave, and endeavoured, by intimidation, to influence its vote. The populace kept large fires blazing all round the Vatican; and the cardinals, in danger of being either burnt, or stifled with the smoke, endeavoured to escape from their perilous situation by an artifice, which to them seemed marvellously well contrived. They put off to a more propitious moment the long meditations and complicated intrigues of a serious election, and for the moment, as it was necessary to quiet the people by electing a pope before breaking up the conclave, they agreed to make choice of Archbishop Bartolomeo Prignano, an Italian, who, not being a cardinal, did not possess the qualifications necessary to legalise the election. The whole proceeding was merely a trick to gain time. As soon as the danger should be over, the cardinals intended to convoke another conclave in a place of safety, beyond the reach of all menacing influence, and there make a definitive and irrevocable choice.

This manœuvre seemed at first to answer the purpose of its authors. As soon as Archbishop Prignano was proclaimed

Pope under the name of Urban VI, the people hailed the choice with transport, and made the air resound with joyful acclamations. They put out the fires that were burning round the Vatican, and the cardinals retired from the conclave, the crowd respectfully kneeling as they passed. But the success of the stratagem did not last long; for when the prelates manifested their intention to recall their decision, and declare the election null and void, Urban protested that he considered their choice as excellent, and flatly refused to lay down the tiara. It would no doubt have been the more prudent course for the cardinals to accept this awkward denouement of their comedy, but they could not bear to see their cunning devices thus turned against themselves, and therefore called another conclave at Forli, an episcopal city in the Papal States. There they proclaimed the deposition of Urban, and elected as pope Cardinal Robert of Geneva, who assumed the name of Clement VII. The deposed pontiff cared little for this sentence, and refused to give up his seat, but continued to fulfill all the functions of pope at Rome, whilst Clement went and established himself at Avignon. From this time there was a schism in the Church, which now had two heads. Conflicting bulls were issued by the two popes, and the priesthood knew not which to obey. The faithful were obliged to choose between two chiefs who equally pretended to infallibility, and the authority of religion was singularly compromised and weakened by this scandalous struggle. The two pontiffs, to prove their power, issued numerous bulls and rescripts; each created a batch of cardinals, from among whom Urban's successor was elected at Rome, and Clement's at Avignon. Affairs remained in this deplorable state for about thirty years, when, to put an end to it, an ecumenical council assembled at Pisa in June 1409, exactly a century after the first translation of the Holy See to Avignon.—The Pope of Rome, who was then

Gregory XII, and the Pope of Avignon, Benedict XIII., were both deposed, and the council elected Peter of Candia, Archbishop of Milan, who was proclaimed as Alexander V.

The decree of the Council of Pisa was not more respected than that of the conclave of Forli. Indeed it only increased the evil; for now, instead of two popes, there were three, each according to his abilities and means assuming a share in the partition of the Christian world : — Benedict was acknowledged in Aragon, Valencia, Sardinia, Sicily, and Scotland; Gregory in the kingdom of Naples, and a few towns of Italy; Alexander in the rest of Christendom.

Twelve months after his election, Alexander died, and the conclave by which he had been elected appointed, as his successor, Cardinal Balthazar Cossa, who became John XXIII.

There were three popes still, that is to say, two more than enough.

This schism inflicted immense injury on the church; but the heresy that the Council of Constance had assembled to combat was an evil still more menacing and more difficult to eradicate.

Born in Bohemia, in a poor village the name of which he adopted, John Huss, had, by his talents and intelligence, raised himself above the humble condition to which he seemed to belong. The church opened for him the road to learning, and he took pleasure in cultivating the brilliant talents which poverty might perhaps have stifled. Never were benefits worse repaid. The ungrateful pupil made use of the instruction afforded by the church, as a terrible weapon with which he stabbed his benefactress to the heart. The subversive principles of the English reformer, Wickliffe, had penetrated into Bohemia through the medium of some young men who had studied at the University of Oxford. John Huss eagerly adopted these heretical doctrines; he

strengthened them by new arguments, he enriched them by theories of his own, and when his formidable doctrines were thus embodied, he spread them far and wide by his eloquent writings and vehement preaching.

The heresy soon made rapid progress : John Huss not only rendered it seductive by his powerful talent, but gave it authority by his high position. He had been appointed rector of the University of Prague, and he began by expelling from that school all those who were proof against his eloquence. The daring innovator violently attacked the Catholic worship; he made a breach in the constitution of Christianity; he denied the Virgin, proscribed the saints, and disavowed the Pope with all ecclesiastical dignitaries. God alone, he said, ought to be the object of the Christian's faith and worship, and that he had no occasion for any such intermediaries as angels, saints, or popes. He flattered the popular passions by preaching liberty, equality, the abolition of privileges, hatred for the pomps and vanities of the world, which, said he, ought to be extirpated by every means, and it sometimes happened after such preaching, that his auditors, excited by furious enthusiasm, put the maxims of the orator in practice, by assailing the convents with fire and sword.

John Huss and his fanatical partisans were allowed to do as they pleased. Bohemia had neither power nor energy to oppose the torrent. King Venceslas, who had felt himself too weak to assume the imperial crown, was leading a life of shameful debauchery. Queen Sophia of Bavaria openly protected John Huss, whom she had chosen as her confessor. Heresy was thus triumphantly advancing, when two theological professors denounced John Huss to Pope Alexander V, who excommunicated him.

The reformer refused to accept the pontiff's sentence, and appealed to the Council of Constance, where he would have an excellent opportunity of showing contempt for his eccle-

siastical superiors and promulgating his doctrines. Two thousand of his ardent disciples offered to accompany him, but he declined this formidable escort, and only took with him Jerome, the most intrepid of his disciples.

He was fully aware what dangers attended the mission he was about to undertake, but he thought there could be nothing to fear, as the Emperor Sigismund had sent him a safe-conduct for himself, and another for his companion.

Full of confidence in this guarantee, the master and his disciple left Prague, and travelled by short stages to Constance. By the way, John Huss spread his doctrine as he advanced, stopping in every village and hamlet to preach to the crowds that assembled to hear him. When he reached Constance, he boldly continued his sermons, and certainly he had a good opportunity to thunder against the vices of the high clergy, as the town was full of debauchery, and the noise of boisterous entertainments and shameless orgies resounded on all sides. Indeed, if we may believe the simple chronicles of the time, the influx of so many warriors, prelates, and priests, with their followers, had converted the fair city into a very sink of vice and depravity.

Exasperated by the preacher's fierce attacks on their immoral lives, and unable to keep him out of the public places, where he generally preached surrounded by thousands of people, the members of the Council complained to the Emperor, who, notwithstanding the safe-conduct he had given, caused him to be arrested.

After this treacherous act, the Council commenced its sittings, and John Huss now appeared before it, not as an innovator to explain and sustain his doctrines, but as a prisoner threatened with capital punishment. His courage was not shaken by the violence of his enemies, which showed him how desperate was his cause. He proudly confronted his judges, and began with them a struggle in which he dis-

played extraordinary intrepidity, learning, and eloquence. More than once the assembly were disconcerted by the depth of his arguments and the vigour of his attacks. Yet in that assembly were to be found the ablest divines and most powerful controversialists of the Church. The celebrated Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris, took up the debate, and displayed in extempore Latin speeches all the resources of oratory and the most brilliant logic. John Huss valiantly contended with this powerful champion; but of what avail were his efforts? Every reply he made raised clamours of indignation, while every word of his adversary was applauded by the whole assembly. When this unequal conflict had tired the patience of the judges, they abruptly terminated it by declaring that the reformer was beaten. Cardinal Brogni, president of the Council, then summoned the accused to retract his doctrines and abjure his heresies. Jean Huss, with a smile on his lips, answered by a disdainful refusal.

He was taken back to prison, and the judges deferred passing sentence till the morrow.

During the night the door of Huss's dungeon opened, and two men entered.

One was the gaoler, bearing a light, which he placed on a bench and retired.

The other remained standing before the prisoner, who lay sleeping on a bundle of straw, and called him three times.

Thus aroused from his sleep, Huss slowly raised his head, and resting himself on his elbow, looked at his visitor, and exclaimed :

"What do I see? The Emperor here!"

"Yes," answered Sigismund.

"What do you want with me?"

"To save you."

"It is your duty; for if I am a prisoner, it is in contempt of your sacred engagement."

"Let us have no vain recriminations; time is precious. You know the fate that awaits you; you have but one chance of safety."

"The will of the Emperor is sufficient to set me free."

"No, you belong to your judges; but I have yet the power to compel them to receive your tardy submission; give me, written and signed by your own hand, the recantation they have demanded of you, and you shall be absolved; you shall have free pardon."

"Indeed! a free pardon! On what security, pray?"

"My royal word."

"And who will answer for your word, Sire?"

"Wretch! do you brave me?"

"The place where I am, the irons I bear, dishonour you more than any thing I can say."

"Then you refuse my offer of life and liberty?"

"I refuse your conditions."

"Reflect; you cannot hope for either pity or mercy."

"I know it; our destinies will be fulfilled: you will be perjured, I shall be a martyr."

So saying, the prisoner let his head fall on his straw pillow, and the Emperor retired.

The next day, the Council met in the cathedral. John Huss was taken there, dressed in priest's vestments, and Cardinal Brogni pronounced sentence in a voice tremulous from age and emotion.

This sentence declared Huss unworthy of the priestly office, an impious blasphemer, an instrument of Satan, a sacrilegious profaner of the holy Catholic religion, and, as such, condemned him to be burned to death.

As soon as the last word of the sentence was pronounced in the midst of the most profound silence, the prisoner was

conducted into the middle of the church, and there made to kneel; seven bishops surrounded him, each tore one of his sacerdotal ornaments from him, and when he had thus been stripped of all that belonged to the Church, a pointed cap, with the image of the devil painted on it, was placed on his head.

The Emperor Sigismund then rose and called the Elector Palatine, chief of the guard of the Council.

"Count," said he, "the sword has been placed in your hands to punish those that do evil; therefore take this man and treat him as he deserves."

The soldiers of the Elector seized the prisoner and took him to the castle of Gottlieben, where he was loaded with irons and thrown into a dark and narrow dungeon, which he never left until the day of his execution.

The stake was erected before the gate of the castle, at a short distance from the town. John Huss was dragged upon a hurdle from his prison to the place of execution. Neither taunts nor torture could shake his firmness: his countenance was calm and serene to the last. First his books were committed to the flames, an idle ceremony which brought a smile upon his face. He was then tied to the stake, the pile was set fire to, and the martyr continued singing hymns until he expired.

A few months after the martyrdom of the master, the turn of the disciple came. Jerome of Prague did not allow himself to be arrested without resistance. He was a very strong man, and of a somewhat passionate character. There is a story to the effect that as Jerome was one day on the bridge engaged in argument with an antagonist of some ability, and not easily convinced, he threw him over into the river.

But after giving way to his impetuous temper for a moment, he became calm and patient before his judges.

to resign their functions. Thus was unity once more restored to the church.

As to the heresy, the martyrdom of Huss redoubled its ardour and violence. No sooner did the news of his execution reach Bohemia, than his followers became furious and implacable. Ziska, the most terrible among them, put himself at their head, and this devastating army pillaged the churches, sacked the convents, putting priests, monks, and nuns to death, and carrying ravage and desolation wherever they went.

The nobility of Bohemia had at first supported the Hussites, thinking to possess themselves of a large part of the riches of the church, but this expectation was disappointed : the heretics, after vanquishing the priests, attacked the nobles, who, being too weak to resist such powerful enemies, invoked the aid of the Emperor Sigismund.

Ziska defeated the Emperor eight times in pitched battles. It was then found indispensable to treat with him, and the terms of a convention very advantageous for the Hussites were nearly settled, when Ziska was carried off by the plague. Hostilities were therefore continued, until at last the Hussites, commanded by the two brothers Procopius, were vanquished and totally dispersed by one of the Emperor's lieutenants.

The death of John Huss was thus avenged by terrible reprisals, not only in Bohemia but throughout all Germany, and even at Constance itself. The Council had caused the ashes of Huss to be thrown into the Rhine ; — his followers took their revenge by throwing into the river all the relics of saints that were found in the churches of Constance.

There are towns that require to be seen through the prism of historical souvenirs, because their principal attraction lies in the contrast between their present and their past condition.

Constance is one of these towns. Remembering what it was, we feel an interest in seeking for the vestiges of its bygone splendours; nor can we without emotion visit the hall where the council held its sittings, in an old building called the *Kaufhaus*, and which still contains a few articles of furniture of the time, among others the armchairs used by the Emperor and the Pope. At the cathedral, the spot is still pointed out where Huss stood to hear his sentence pronounced; there, too, is the tomb of Robert Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury, who represented England on that occasion. During the council, several of the judges of the heresy were removed by death, and among them the representative of the Emperor John Paleologus, the illustrious scholar Manuel Chrysoloras, who had been so successful in promoting the study of Greek literature at Florence, Pavia, Venice, Rome, and in the States of Galeas Duke of Milan. The Council of Constance was not, like former councils, composed of bishops only; it was desired to unite in this supreme tribunal all the learning of the time, and therefore all who were distinguished for abilities and erudition were called to sit and vote with the great dignitaries of the church. Chrysoloras had been deputed to consult with the Emperor as to the place for holding the council; two cardinals were associated with him in this mission, and it was by his advice that Constance was chosen.

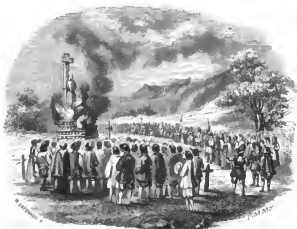
The curious in such matters are still shown the house in which John Huss and Jerome of Prague resided till the Emperor Sigismund had them thrown into a dungeon. About half a league from the town, are to be seen the ruins of the Castle of Gottlieben, whose name, rendered so famous by the captivity of the two reformers and of the Pope their persecutor, will be eternally preserved in history; and, to follow the drama scene by scene, after visiting the Council-hall, the church where the sentence was pronounced, the

prison into which John and Jerome were thrown, the pilgrimage should be terminated by stopping for an instant on the spot where the victims were burnt at the stake.

The Lake of Constance is a charming place for aquatic excursions, and its banks abound with fine landscapes and historical associations. By means of rapid and commodious steamboats, the tour of this lake (the largest in Switzerland, with the exception of that of Geneva) may be made in a few hours. In a single day only, and without change of boat, the traveller may visit the Grand Duchy of Baden, Switzerland, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and the Austrian States, all of which are bounded by the lake. It would not be easy to see more countries in so short a time. The most interesting points at which the boats stop are :—The small town of Arbon, in the canton of Thurgovia; Bregenz, an Austrian town situated at the extremity of the lake; Lindau, in Bavaria, formerly celebrated for its canonesses; its principal attraction being an antique Roman wall, the imposing ruins of which brave the destructive hand of time; Meursburg, which forms a part of the territory of the Grand Duchy of Baden, as well as the town of Uberlingen, and the Isle of Reichenau. This Reichenau must not be confounded with the little town of the same name, situated in the Swiss Canton of Grisons, and where, during the French revolution, the young Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis-Philippe, nobly supported the pains of exile, and for some time gained his livelihood by teaching mathematics in the school of Burgomaster Tscherner. The Isle of Reichenau, in the lake of Constance, was once famous for its Benedictine abbey founded by St. Firmin, and whose abbots were princes of the Empire. The Emperor Charles the Fat was buried there. This pusillanimous Emperor had twice bought peace of the Normans who ravaged Lorraine and Neustria; twice had he lowered the dignity of the imperial crown by treating with these banditti as equals, and by

purchasing from them with gold, conditions he had not courage to impose by the sword. The Diet of Tribur punished this cowardice by deposing the unworthy sovereign, who took refuge in the abbey of Reichenau.

All travellers do not make the tour of the lake, but none will fail to visit, at a league's distance from the town, on the Swiss territory, in the canton of Thurgovia, the castle of Arenenberg, where Queen Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine, and widow of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, spent the last years of her life in exile. The furniture in the castle remains exactly as it was during the residence of the queen, who died there in 1837. Every thing in this place preserves the memory of a princess who adorned her high position, and ennobled her misfortunes, by the grace of her person, the charms of her mind, the superiority of her talents, the grandeur of her character, and the inexhaustible goodness of her heart. On these grounds, Queen Hortense was the worthy kinswoman of the Princess Stephanie, now Dowager Grand Duchess of Baden.



Martyrdom of John Huss.



Helenthal.

XIII.

FRIBOURG IN BRISGAU.

HELLENTHAL.

On leaving Constance, it is advisable to retrace our steps as far as Donaueschingen, and proceed thence to Fribourg, a journey of about five hours, across the most interesting and wildest part of the Black Forest. Excellent post-horses may be procured on this road; the mail coach and the diligences travel regularly, and at each station are found carriages and cabriolets, with postilions in a costume at once elegant and original. The Baden postilions are distinguished by their bright yellow waistcoats; they carry a trumpet slung across

their shoulders by a cord ornamented with enormous red worsted tassels; a round hat of varnished leather, white buckskin breeches, a red sash, and jack-boots complete their costume. They are spruce active fellows, but terribly slow drivers; for here, as indeed throughout Germany, post-horses creep along the road at a foot pace, seldom trotting, and never venturing to gallop. The postilion considers it a duty to treat his team with all possible tenderness; in his hands the whip is a superfluity, a mere make-believe, a symbol, like the sceptre in the hand of a monarch. He encourages his horses, he talks to them, he expostulates with them; he seeks to convince them by the most ingenious arguments, he employs persuasion to induce them to quicken their steps; but, under no pretext, will he have recourse to the logic of the whip. When his words produce no effect, he calls in the aid of music, hoping thereby to quicken the pace of his horses or at least to amuse the impatient traveller. He plays them on his trumpet a series of old mountain airs, and the flourishes that used to ring through the forests during the hunting excursions of the Dukes of Z  hringen and the Counts of Calw. The horses prick up their ears, and the passengers feel less impatient as they listen to these artless and merry melodies of the olden time.

It is thus the traveller traverses the narrow valleys, the steep acclivities, and the vast plains which occur amongst the mountains of the Black Forest. Here and there, the steeple of a village church may be seen towering above the dark verdure of the pines, its spire clothed with plates of metal that shine like silver in the sun. On both sides of the road the pious mountaineers have planted crosses at short intervals. The first apostles of the Christian religion visited this country; they took up their abode in the cavities of the rocks and reared their altars under the shelter of the primeval forest. Christianity alone has civilised the inhabitants





Union Station and Beer
(Extrins of Kehl)

London, 1840



London, 1840

of this district, who retain, in a greater degree than any other people of Germany, the manners and physiognomy, the independent spirit and the robust frames of those ancient Teutons who made such terrible havoc among the Roman legions.

After passing Neustadt, a pretty and industrious little town, which rivals Schönewald in the manufacture of clocks, the traveller comes to Höllenthal — the Infernal Valley.

In the whole extent of the Black Forest, which covers some fifty leagues, and counts about a hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, there is nothing to be compared to the Höllenthal.

Here the name of Black Forest not being sufficient to convey an idea of the savage aspect of the place, they have called it — *Hell*.

Dark, narrow, and deep, overlooked by high mountains covered with pines, this valley represents to the imagination — if not the abiding place of the accursed — at least the avenue that leads to the river Styx. Such was, no doubt, the impression produced on the mind of those who first gave it the name — a name it has borne from time immemorial, and which it will probably bear to the end of the world.

A footpath with its thousand turnings and a rapid torrent divide the narrow space of the valley. On every side the horizon is bounded by the windings of the mountains that form the ravine. All through this tortuous defile the traveller sees a wall of pines before, behind, on every side; he advances, as it were, along the bottom of an immense well with walls of thick, dark, and quivering foliage. Solitude is here complete; nothing is heard but the running stream and the wind rustling among the trees. Here and there, at long intervals, where the valley widens a few paces, stands an isolated cottage, built of wood and in

Instead of the narrow valley, shut up between ramparts of mountains, a vast plain opens on the view, to which the inhabitants of the country have given the name of "Paradise."

In sober truth the name seems somewhat misapplied. The plain is nothing extraordinary, but it is fertile, and has a pleasing aspect, being studded with trees and cottages; the air is pure, and peace and plenty reign around, but we can hardly admit that green fields and rural quietude are adequate images of the celestial abode. There are in the Duchy of Baden twenty places far more deserving of the name, and which really merit the title of Paradise: picturesque sites, charming valleys, and exquisite gardens, which Nature seems to have taken pleasure in loading with all her choicest gifts. The plain of Fribourg, in comparison, is entitled at most to be called Purgatory.

The name of Paradise was probably given, less from pride than as an antithesis to the name of Hell bestowed on the neighbouring valley.

The plain of Paradise extends from Höllenthal to the gates of Fribourg.

Here we find the origin of the house of Baden, which sprung from the reigning princes of Fribourg. It was in the eleventh century that the family of Zähringen first began to figure in history, though long before that epoch their ancestors were sovereigns of the Brisgau; they bore the title of Counts and were descended from the Dukes of Alsace; but in the obscure and doubtful histories of those times, they only appear at long intervals, and all attempts to trace out a regular genealogic chain would be useless, as so many links are broken and lost.

When the obscurity of remoter times has passed away, and light falls upon the page of history, we see Berthold of Zähringen appear, who, was surnamed the Bearded, and bore the title of Count of Turgau and Brisgau. This prince

was gifted with great talents; he rendered important services to the Emperor Henry III., who, as a reward for his zeal, promised to invest him with the Duchy of Suabia as soon as that principality should lapse to the imperial crown by the death of Otho of Schweinfurt. But ere the duchy became vacant, the Emperor died, and his widow, the Empress Agnes, disposed of the rich appanage in favour of her son-in-law, Rodolph of Rheinfelden. Greatly irritated by this injustice, Berthold expressed his resentment in no measured terms; to appease him, the Duchy of Carinthia and the Margraviate of Verona were assigned to him as a compensation. Berthold then assumed the title of Duke of Zähringen.

At a later period, when the Emperor Henry IV. acceded to the throne, he wished to check the encroachments and tyranny of the great vassals of the empire. He easily succeeded in some provinces where he had fortresses that overawed the malcontents; but the north of Germany was not so easily controlled. There the princes unfurled the standard of revolt, and Duke Berthold of Zähringen joined the league. The Emperor declared him a traitor and felon, who had forfeited all his titles, dignities, and possessions. Meanwhile the rebels obtained many signal advantages, and even besieged Henry in the castle of Harzburg. Here Berthold contrived to obtain an audience of the Emperor, and pressed him strongly to make concessions, promising him that the league should be dissolved if he did so. Henry, finding himself in a perilous situation, promised all that Berthold demanded, and the latter returned to the allied princes, who refused to assent to the terms. Aided by Berthold, the Emperor escaped from the castle of Harzburg, rallied his troops and gave battle to the rebels, whom he completely defeated. Proud of his victory, he persisted in carrying out his plans of reform, which caused Berthold to separate a second time

from him and to rejoin the league, then protected by Pope Alexander II., who excommunicated the Emperor. Soon after, the Diet assembled at Forcheim, in Franconia, deposed the Emperor Henry, and named in his place Duke Rodolph of Suabia. Berthold took a great share in this event, which was the signal of a terrible struggle, in which the territory of Zähringen was ravaged by fire and sword. Such was the grief of the Duke Berthold, on seeing his estates devastated, that he lost his reason, and died soon after at the castle of Lyntburg.

Hermann, the second son of Berthold I., took for his share of the heritage, Hochberg and other domains, which he erected into the Margraviate of Baden. The Duchy of Zähringen fell to the eldest son, who took the name of Berthold II. This young prince married the daughter of Rodolph of Suabia, so that he always remained opposed to the Emperor Henry. Rodolph and his son dying without male issue, Berthold inherited the Duchy of Suabia, the County of Burgundy and the Principality of Arles. At his decease he left three daughters, and two sons who succeeded him.

The eldest son, Berthold III. lived but a short time, but his life was a useful one. Being taken prisoner at the battle of Andernach, he remained some months in captivity at Cologne. When restored to liberty, he returned to his estates, and founded, near his castle of Zähringen, a town to which he gave the name of Fribourg, and granted it numerous privileges. This prince died after a reign of twelve years; his wife, Sophia of Bavaria, having had no children, his brother Conrad succeeded him, and reigned twenty-seven years. Berthold IV., son of Conrad, employed a long reign in consolidating the power of his family, which was destined to become extinct in the person of his successor.

The last duke of the elder branch of Zähringen was

Berthold V. This prince declined, in favour of Philip, to accept the imperial crown, when offered to him at the assembly of Andernach. His life was long and stormy, and, though twice married, he died without issue, and was buried in the cathedral of Fribourg. His two sisters, Agnes and Anne, succeeded to his estates. Agnes brought to her husband, Count Egon of Urach, from whom issued the House of Furstenberg, the domains of the Black Forest and of the Brisgau, with Fribourg, Neuenbourg, Haslach and Villingen. — Anne took the Duchy of Burgundy.

Thus ended, in 1218, the main line of this illustrious family, which belongs to the first races of Germany; whose noble blood is transmitted to our time in the princely house of Baden, the heir of the Zährngens, and founded by the Margrave Hermann, second son of Duke Berthold the Bearded.

Fribourg is admirably situated at the foot of the mountains of the Black Forest. The immense plain, which now extends round its walls, richly cultivated and studded with numerous villages, was formerly covered by a dense forest, occupied by a half-savage population of miners and hunters, who were compelled to migrate when Berthold cut down the forest to build the city. After the founder came the embellisher: the city was scarcely ten years old when Duke Conrad laid the foundations of its magnificent cathedral, one of the finest edifices in Germany.

Four centuries elapsed after the first stone of the cathedral of Fribourg was laid, ere the building was completed as we now see it. The laborious patience, the steadfast will, and the indefatigable devotion which formerly presided over these gigantic constructions cannot be too much admired. Generations of architects, sculptors, and workmen succeeded each other without interruption in this protracted labour.

The artist went resolutely to work at that which another had commenced and which he himself could not live to finish. Full of self-denying courage he employed his strength, his talent, and his genius, without hope of glory, careless of the oblivion that must ere long involve his name. Princes and citizens showed equal disinterestedness in continuing at a great expense, an enterprise from which they could not hope to derive either honour or profit. Thus, thanks to this happy combination of zeal and patronage, the church was peaceably built during all the agitations of the world around it. Its walls were just rising above the surface when St. Bernard came to preach the crusade at Fribourg.

At the death of the last Duke of Zähringen the church was already in a condition to receive the mortal remains of the prince, and his statue may still be seen there. Fallen into the power of the Counts of Urach, ruinous spendthrifts and overwhelmed with debts, Fribourg often found itself in a precarious position; its finances fell into disorder, but the construction of the church was not suspended. The citizens, however, soon shook off the yoke of its shameless masters, who wished to despoil them for the benefit of their own creditors; in the midst of the terrible struggle that Fribourg had to sustain, in the midst of the clash of arms and the fierce assaults made by the Counts on the rebellious city, the church still progressed: while the soldiers fought upon the rampart, the masons sang merrily over their work, and the spire kept rising to the clouds. In this struggle, Fribourg had all the advantage; the pride of the Counts was humbled, the city gained privileges which rendered it almost independent, and from that time enjoyed a period of peace, prosperity, and happiness.

But this good fortune did not long continue. The last Count of Urach dying without male heirs, Fribourg aimed at complete independence. It was too ambitious. Put

under the ban of the empire, it was handed over to a new master, who began to make preparations to enforce his authority; but, animated by the same martial ardour, the citizens took up arms to repulse the lord imposed on them. Success at first attended their cause, and they obtained several advantages, soon to be followed by a terrible reverse. Leaving the protection of their walls, the Fribourg militia were completely defeated, and left 1500 dead upon the field, besides 1000 prisoners in the hands of the conquerors. However, in spite of this disaster, Fribourg kept up a vigorous defence, and still held out so bravely, that it obtained its freedom by ceding certain lands in the country.

In the very hottest of this struggle, Fribourg thought of restoring and beautifying the church. The ancient choir was demolished, to be rebuilt on the finest models of Gothic architecture, at that time flourishing in all its splendour; and while the citizens thus imposed on themselves new expenses, the city, exhausted and ruined, was constrained to alienate its cherished independence and to pass under the dominion of the House of Hapsburg. The Dukes of Austria, its new masters, did not hold it long. The Duke Frederick having been proscribed after the council of Constance, his property was confiscated, and Fribourg became an imperial city; then it returned to the House of Hapsburg, and under the Archduke Sigismund fell into the power of Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy, who cruelly oppressed it. After the battles of Granson and Morat, Fribourg breathed again; but the archduke retook it and sold it to the Emperor Maximilian.

Commenced in 1354, the new choir of the church of Fribourg had been just finished in 1513, when the city was menaced by complete destruction in the War of the Peasants. Incited to insurrection by the Anabaptists, these furious hordes ravaged Alsace; when defeated by the Duke of Lor-

rairie, the peasants crossed the Rhine, and spread over Germany, carrying everywhere fire and sword, murder and pillage. They appeared before Fribourg 50,000 strong, took the castle and put the city under contribution. But the Margrave of Baden soon came to the succour of Fribourg, and the citizens, bent on having their revenge, attacked the army of the peasants, and made a frightful carnage among them.

During the peace which followed this last disturbance, the cathedral was enriched by a beautiful pulpit, carved out of a single block of stone by Jærg Kempf.

From the date of the War of the Peasants, no remarkable event passed in the Brisgau until the Thirty Years' War. But then sieges and assaults recommenced, and the city of Fribourg was taken and pillaged three times in the course of twelve years. The illustrious Condé gained a brilliant victory under its walls. Saved by the peace of Westphalia, Fribourg remained under the dominion of Austria until war burst out again, when the French army besieged and took it in six days. The French occupied Fribourg for twenty years, and it was during that time that Vauban surrounded it with formidable ramparts. Restored to the empire, retaken by the French, always passing from one master to another as the prey of the conqueror, and equally ill-treated by all parties, Fribourg dwindled away during these vicissitudes. Its population was at last reduced to 500 inhabitants, who had to support a garrison of 6,000 men. Scarcely had it enjoyed a few moments of calm under the government of Maria Theresa, when the War of Succession came to renew its misfortunes. The French army bombarded it, under the orders of Louis XV, who witnessed the attack from the mountain of Lorette. The artillerymen were directed to spare only the steeple of the cathedral; all the rest was dreadfully damaged; bomb-shells and cannon-balls almost

entirely destroyed the unfortunate city, which seemed to have originated gunpowder only for its own destruction.

For the invention of gunpowder belongs to Fribourg. Some sophists have vainly endeavoured to deprive it of that honour, but the majority of historical suffrages have declared that the author of this important discovery was Berthold Schwarz, a Franciscan monk of Fribourg in Brisgau.

One hundred years after, in a neighbouring city, Strasbourg, Guttenberg made his first experiments in printing. Thus we see that Germany produced in the space of a century, the two inventions which have had the greatest influence on the destinies of the world.

When they obtained possession of Fribourg in the terrible campaign of 1744, the French completely demolished the fortifications they had constructed sixty years before. The citizens have rebuilt the demolished houses and repaired the spire which had suffered during the cannonade. The ramparts have never been rebuilt; Fribourg remains dismantled, but deep in the soil the husbandman or artisan occasionally finds traces of its old walls and towers, imposing remains that attest the genius of Vauban.

This rapid sketch of the events which have chequered the existence of Fribourg, lends a novel interest to a visit to the church, erected during such troublous times and still standing after so many disasters and catastrophes. This edifice is one of the finest of its kind in Germany or perhaps the whole world. Within and without, a thousand curious and poetic details contribute to the majesty of the whole structure. The steeple is naturally the first object of attention. It is a quadrangular tower at the base, octagonal at a third part of its height, and terminates in an elegant spire, bold, light, and delicately carved in openwork. Make afterwards a tour of the edifice, and at every step you will feel inclined to stop and gaze for some while at the singular sight







before you. You will see a whole world of most fantastic figures of men and animals; quaint and uncouth creations, swarming every where, erect on the entablatures, crouching in the niches, climbing up the balustrades, suspended from the arches, projecting from gutters. Created by the fanciful chisel of the sculptor, these expressive figures form allegorical groups, graceful or grotesque, but full all of life and action.

Enter the church. The porch, as wide as the nave, formed by the base of the tower, formerly served as a tribunal. The judge sat at the gate of the temple, in this sacred hall, ornamented with scriptural bas-reliefs, columns, and statues representing the Wise and Foolish Virgins, the Sciences and the Arts, the principal personages of the Sacred Scriptures — Prophets, Kings, and Saints.

The interior of the cathedral presents a striking aspect of grandeur and majesty. This work of centuries bears the stamp of many changes of art. In its origin the church was Byzantine, and the choir, constructed long afterwards, enables the visitor, to admire the Gothic style in its infancy, as well as in its youth and maturity.

Rich sculpture, ancient and curious pictures, the tombs and statues of dukes, compose the artistic treasures of the church.

The most valuable pictures are by Von Baldung and Holbein. Those of the high altar and of the University chapel are especially remarkable.

The pulpit is an admirable work; the sculptor, Jærg Kempf, has represented himself on the base of this beautiful structure, leaning from a window, and turning his head as if listening to a sermon.

Among the dukes whose tombs are to be seen in the choir of the church, Berthold, the founder of Fribourg, occupies the first place; he is represented in complete armour, and

holding in his right hand the plan of the city. Close by is that of his successor, who embellished the city and finished the church. Opposite to them, is the tomb of Rodolph, nephew of Berthold IV.; this latter is attired as a warrior-bishop of the 13th century; he wears a mitre and a cuirass, with the pastoral crosier in his right hand, his legs covered with iron greaves and the episcopal mantle on his shoulders; in the left hand he holds a skull, and his countenance would seem to indicate that he is reflecting on the nothingness of human affairs. — Another duke, in armour, except his helmet and cuirass, which are lying before him, is represented piously kneeling before an image of the Virgin.

In the southern aisle of the church is the statue of the last duke, Berthold V.; he stands on a lion as a pedestal, and the unhappy animal seems to be absolutely crushed to death under the iron-shod feet of the colossal duke.

Opposite this statue, in the northern aisle, is a chapel decorated with a curious piece of sculpture, representing the Last Supper; all the figures are of the natural size; the table forms an altar, on which are placed together the vessels for the repast and the various objects used in the celebration of the mass. Mary Magdalen is there with her spikenard box, which is of a form quite modern, and not unlike an ordinary sugar-basin. The anachronism is still more glaring in the chandeliers standing on the table, which have three branches, and are in the style of the eighteenth century. Above this altar, is a magnificent window representing the Passion of our Saviour.

The principal riches of the church consist in its admirable stained-glass windows, precious mosaics, chefs-d'œuvre of painting on glass, representing Scripture subjects, knightly figures and ancient coats of arms; splendid pictures not less remarkable for their perfect drawing than for the indestruc-

tible brightness of their colouring. Nothing can equal the effect of these ornaments, when a bright ray of the sun, passing through the windows, throws a dazzling carpet upon the pavement of the church and clothes the pillars in brilliant draperies.

Before the portico of the cathedral are three elegant columns surmounted by three statues, the Holy Virgin, St. Peter, and St. Paul.

In the square, a few steps from the church, is an old Gothic house, whose walls are covered with heraldic paintings and ornamented with four imperial statues. It was formerly a palace; it is now an hotel.

Fribourg possesses some other houses of the 16th century, which the cannon have spared. Since its walls were thrown down, war has ceased to bring trouble and devastation to the city. Now, freed from military service, its garrison consist of professors and students. The university, celebrated in Germany, was founded in the middle of the 15th century by the Archduke Albert of Austria, who, in creating it, used the formula common at that period :

"I wish," said he, "to dig a fountain of life, to which people may come, from all the coiners of the world, to draw the waters of wisdom."

Eberhard of Wurtemberg inscribed the same formula in the deed by which he founded the university of Tubingen.

Heidelberg furnished Fribourg with its first professors; and the university of the Brisgau soon sent out distinguished pupils: it gave counsellors to princes and to kings, chancellors to the empire, archbishops to Augsburg and Vienna, and learned men to all the states of Europe. Luther chose it as his arbiter; it combatted the Jesuits; and its titles to glory are inscribed in every page of the German literary annals.

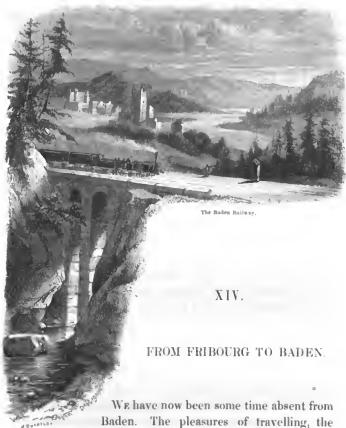
The university of Fribourg is the catholic college of the

Grand Duchy of Baden; Heidelberg university is its protestants college.

Both are at this moment more flourishing than ever, under the rule of a prince who gives every encouragement to science and literature.



Freiburg Cathedral.



The Baden Railway.

XIV.

FROM FRIBOURG TO BADEN.

WE have now been some time absent from Baden. The pleasures of travelling, the picturesque attractions of the country, the wild beauties of the Black Forest, the souvenirs of Constance, the monuments of Fribourg, cannot make us forget that delightful abode of pleasures and diversions, which now invite us to return, and we eagerly obey the call.

However, before taking the road to Baden, we must visit Old Brisach at the frontier of the Grand Duchy. Brisach was formerly considered one of the strongest places in Europe;

it was called the citadel of Alsace, the key to Germany, the pillow upon which the House of Austria reposed. Its position was the cause of numberless vicissitudes; it was often taken and retaken by the French, Austrians, and Swedes, until, at last, it was definitively united to the States of Baden.

Old Brisach is said to have been founded by the Romans. Anciently, the city stood upon the left bank of the Rhine, but, the river having changed its course, it is now on the right bank. The fortifications are destroyed, and their ditches converted into gardens; the vine flourishes on the talus, the ramparts are transformed into houses, and a breach made by cannon becomes a window or a door. From the spot once occupied by the citadel, the view extends far over Alsace and on the Kaiserstuhl, a lofty and isolated mountain in the valley of the Rhine, between the Black Forest and the Vosges.

The distance from Fribourg to Old Brisach is about twelve English miles; it is a journey that may be continued with pleasure and interest, by prolonging the excursion upon the Baden territory, and following the Rhine to the frontiers of Switzerland. The traveller will then see Staufen, the birth-place of a noble race; Heitersheim, the ancient residence of the Grand Prior of the German language in the Order of St. John of Jerusalem; Neuenbourg; Mulheim; Badenweiler, where, about sixty years since, the ruins of a magnificent Roman bath were discovered. The old castle of Badenweiler, on Mount Blauen, of which the ruins only remain, was originally called the castle of Baden-Baden; it was the property of the Zähringens, had been ceded to the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and returned afterwards into the possession of its former owners. The Counts of Fribourg retired to it, when they had lost their city. — Schliengen, celebrated for the battle which took

place there between General Moreau and the Archduke Charles. Near this place is the curious cavern of Erdmannsloch with its columns of spalt, its girandoles and lustres of stalactites. — Lastly, Istein, where Prince Eugene of Savoy threw a bridge across the Rhine, at a height of eighty feet above the level of the water, and passed over six thousand men in one night.

The environs of Fribourg are very picturesque. The Grand Duchess Stephanie possesses a delightful villa there. The lovers of old legends may make a pilgrimage to the grotto of St. Odilla, which is celebrated for its wonderful origin :

Attich, Duke of Alsace, had a daughter named Odilla, no less remarkable for her beauty than for her profound piety. She had made a vow to consecrate herself to the service of God, and to pass her life in a holy retreat, when the duke, her father, took her from the convent of Mayenfeld, where she had been educated, and compelled her to appear at his court.

The beauty of the young princess made a great sensation amongst the Alsatian nobles, and as her incomparable attractions were enhanced by the charms of an opulent heritage, it will easily be understood that her hand was sought by numerous suitors.

These attentions, far from pleasing Odilla, distressed her exceedingly. Nothing could change her resolution to embrace a conventual life.

Meanwhile, a powerful and magnificent German prince came to the court of Alsace; the charms of Odilla's person won his heart, and he demanded from the duke the hand of his daughter.

Such an alliance could not but flatter the ambition and vanity of the duke; he gave his consent, and commanded

his daughter to prepare herself for this brilliant marriage. Odilla humbly replied that, instead of such greatness and splendour, she would prefer the solitude and peace of the cloister.

The duke treated her longing after a religious life as mere caprice and childishness. Deaf to the entreaties of his daughter and insensible to her tears, he declared that nothing should make him alter his resolution.

Then the young princess, wishing to accomplish her vow at all hazards, took a desperate step.

She laid aside all her rich clothing, her precious jewels, and her splendid ornaments, and secretly leaving her father's palace, took the road towards the Rhine, on foot, meanly attired, and so well disguised that a boatman who rowed her across the river would not receive any gratuity, so much was he touched by her youth and apparent poverty.

As soon as Duke Attich was informed of his daughter's flight, he sent out people to search for her in every direction, and himself mounting his swiftest steed took by chance the very road that Odilla had followed.

As he inquired of all he met whether they had seen a beautiful young girl pass that way, the boatman of the Rhine, when interrogated, replied: "I ferried one over to the other side of the river."

By the description of the ferryman, the duke knew she must be his daughter, and he with his followers hastily crossed to the right bank of the Rhine, not doubting that he should soon overtake the fugitive, who was only a little in advance of him.

He accordingly spurred on his horse, and after galloping about a quarter of an hour he caught sight of Odilla on the hill-side before him, laboriously toiling up a broken path leading to the summit. She seemed overpowered by fatigue and advanced with great difficulty. The Duke dashed

on towards the mountain closely followed by his attendants. When Odilla heard the noise of the horses approaching, she looked back with terror; she recognised her father, and struggled hard to reach a thicket at no great distance where she hoped to conceal herself; but, exhausted by her long journey, and overcome by fear, she stumbled and fell on the grass, and was too weak to get up again. A rock hid her from sight; yet an instant, and the horsemen would discover her. In this extremity, Odilla raised her clasped hands and suppliant eyes to Heaven :

"O my God!" she exclaimed, "deliver me from my pursuers! Protect one who desires to consecrate her days to thee!"

Heaven heard her prayer : the rock opened, and discovered a grotto lined with moss and flowers; Odilla entered, and the rock closed again.

Meanwhile the duke rode up, and surprised at not finding his daughter where he had seen her halt and fall, he called her by name.

"Odilla!" cried he.

"What do you want with me, father?" replied Odilla.

From surprise the duke passed to stupor.

The voice of Odilla proceeded from the rock, but he saw no opening, no issue.

Pale and trembling, the duke inquired with a faltering voice : "Odilla, where are you?"

"Close to you, father; but God conceals me from your eyes, and keeps me out of your reach."

It was impossible longer to doubt the miracle; so the duke humbly submitted to the will of God.

"I yield," replied he; "you are free. I swear that henceforth I will offer no opposition to the accomplishment of your pious vow, but will aid you to build a convent."

After these words, the rock opened again, and Odilla came

forth. About her head was a saintly aureola of radiant light, and she embraced her father with holy joy.

The duke, faithful to his word, built and gave to his daughter the convent of Hohenburg, where she lived in such sanctity that she was canonized after her death.

Since that time, the rock has remained open, and in the grotto that served as the refuge of St. Odilla, there is a spring of holy water said to cure those afflicted with ophthalmia.

Returning from Fribourg to Baden, the traveller can proceed by the railway, less poetic, without doubt, than the rugged footpaths and winding roads of the Black Forest, but it has the merit of shortening distance. Here, however, he cannot go quickly without doing violence to his curiosity. At every station there is some interesting spot that invites him to interrupt his course. In the first instance, about three miles from Fribourg, there is the old burgh of Zähringen, whose ruins are associated with so many recollections of grandeur and glory. The dukes built this castle in the eleventh century; previously, they resided at Linsburg and at Brisach; afterwards when their power extended, they had by turns for the capital of their states Zurich, Soleure, Berne, and some other considerable cities of Switzerland. A little further are the ruins of the castle of Hochberg, the residence of another sovereign house, whose history shines with imperishable renown. Next comes the castle of Lichtenegg: according to tradition, there is at the bottom of the well of this castle a silver bell, that always rings at midnight on Christmas-eve. Then there is Kenzingen, a small town rebuilt in our own time after being entirely destroyed by fire; and in the neighbourhood is the burgh of Wagenstatt, famous for a battle in which the citizens of Fribourg greatly distinguished themselves, and gained a victory, the anniversary of which the town still celebrates every year.

The railway takes the traveller in an hour from Fribourg to Orschweyer, where he should stop to visit the little town of Ettenheim, about two miles off.

Before the French revolution, Ettenheim was a fief of the bishopric of Strasburg, which possessed vast domains on the right bank of the Rhine. Cardinal de Rohan, the same who played such a scandalous part in the famous affair of the Queen's necklace, was the last bishop whose dominion extended to the German bank of the river. When political storms overthrew his authority, and forced him into exile, he crossed the river and took refuge in the castle of Ettenheim, where he still continued to live on the footing of a prince. He died in 1803, and the fief of Ettenheim was united to the principality of Baden.

Shortly after the death of this prelate, events took place which have given the little city of Ettenheim an historical celebrity.

One evening in the month of March, 1804, in a saloon of the castle of Ettenheim, before a great fireplace, were seated a young man and woman, both of them remarkable for the nobleness of their features. The young man, who appeared to be from thirty to thirty-two years of age, was endowed with one of those open and martial physiognomies that reveal at once benevolent frankness, a high intelligence, and intrepid courage. Though handsome, graceful, and charming, there was an expression of settled grief on the countenance of the woman.

The young man was Henry of Bourbon, duke of Enghien. The lady was the niece of the Cardinal, the Princess Charlotte de Rohan, to whom the Elector of Baden had left in possession of the castle of Ettenheim.

"I tell you again, Henry," said she, "that you are too near your enemies. Nothing can disarm their suspicions. The quiet life you lead here excites their mistrust."

"Of course it does," replied the duke quickly; "they cannot believe that a Condé passes his time cultivating flowers in his garden, and makes war only on hares and partridges, in this country which has witnessed the exploits of his fathers. But the happiness that embellishes my retreat ought to be a guarantee sufficient for them. I know well, Charlotte, that it was solely to prevent suspicions you deem so perilous, that you determined to unveil the true motive of my residence at Ettenheim; you have let them know that love, and not ambition, retains me here with you; and to protect me, you have not feared to expose your reputation to the assaults of calumny. Until now, all the sacrifices have been on your side; but, have patience! My turn will come. The imperious circumstances that still command my resolution will soon cease, I hope; the day will come when France shall be restored to her legitimate sovereigns, and then, with what happiness shall I proclaim the holiness of the ties which unite us! God is my witness that if I wish to re-establish my fortune, it is that I may be able to place you in your proper position, and to give you openly the title of wife, and Duchess of Enghien."

"I know it, Henry; I have never doubted your feelings; but if you wish that this future should be ours, listen to the counsels of prudence. No one more than I would suffer from your absence, yet I shall not be at ease till you have left this place, where you cannot remain in safety."

"Does the hospitality of Baden seem doubtful to you?"

"God forbid that I should entertain such a thought! Never has treason dishonoured Baden; we are in the midst of a good and loyal people who esteem and love you. The elector is a magnanimous prince, who would not lend himself to any perfidy; but can he protect you against a criminal enterprise? Your enemies have only to stretch forth their hands to seize you."

"Why should they do that?"

"Because there are conspirators at Paris."

"But they know as well as I do that I am a soldier and not a conspirator. They have seen me in the lines of Wissemburg, at the bridge of Constance, and on the plains of Rosenheim. I have shown them that I fight in broad daylight, in the field, sword in hand, and not at night and in the disguise of a conspirator."

"Yes, Henry, they are acquainted with your character, and they know you to be valiant and fearless, and therefore they would fain be rid of you. Your courage and military talents are no secret, and have long excited the jealousy of the First Consul."

"Ah!" replied the prince smiling, "it is clear you have only weak arguments to oppose to mine, as you call flattery to your aid! If I were the Condé de Roeroi, Bonaparte might see in me a rival in glory; but, being hitherto an obscure soldier, I have done nothing that can possibly warrant comparison with the conqueror of Arcola and the Pyramids."

"I make no comparisons. Between you and him the match is not equal, as you have not yet had a command in chief. But Bonaparte knows your talents and what you could do if events placed you at the head of an army. "In spite of your modesty, Henry, this man fears your name, your merit, your well-known valour, and your rising renown. You stand in his way; you only, at present, can be an obstacle to his ambitious projects; he will remove you at any cost. For that, he only waits a pretext, and this pretext it is easy to invent. Your name is implicated in a conspiracy, and nothing will delay the execution of the projects so long meditated against you. Are you not aware that two superior officers have been sent down to Strasburg to prepare the means for your capture?"

"The names of these officers reassure me; they would not have accepted a dishonourable mission; nor would any one have dared to propose such a thing to them. There can be no doubt of my being closely watched, and if I set foot upon the French territory, I should be immediately arrested; but as long as I remain here I have nothing to fear; for any attempt directed against me would be a violation of the law of nations."

"And you know your enemies so little as to think that they would mind an act of violence? It still seems to me that your experience might have destroyed any such illusion! But you are incorrigible and will persist in judging others according to your own noble character. Bonaparte is a hero, I grant; but his policy has nothing chivalrous about it. In the intoxication of glory and ambition, he thinks any blot on his escutcheon will be covered by his laurels. He will dare everything. What are MM. de Caulaincourt and Ordener come to Strasburg for?"

"General Ordener is inspecting the cavalry of the division. General Caulaincourt is hastening the construction of the boats which are to go down the Rhine and join the armament preparing against England."

"It may be so! But two men have arrived this morning at Ettenheim; their mysterious conduct proves they have some secret design in hand. They were spying round the castle this very morning and interrogating our people. Do you think they are inspecting either cavalry or dockyards?"

"I have set a watch on those men — and here comes the Baron von Grünstein, who will, perhaps, give us some intelligence of them."

The Baron von Grünstein, a German nobleman, was Chamberlain to the Duke d'Enghien.

"Has Schmidt accomplished his mission?" asked the prince.

"He has," replied the baron.

"Where is he?"

"He awaits your Royal Highness's pleasure," answered the baron.

"Send for him immediately."

"Well, Schmidt?" said the prince, interrogatively.

Lieutenant Schmidt was the last man to employ on a diplomatic mission. His fidelity, courage, and loyalty were undoubted, but he had neither the penetration to discover plots nor the ingenuity to baffle them.

"Well, your Royal Highness," replied he, "we were mistaken. The two men that we supposed to be spies are really two hawkers occupied only with their commerce. I am even inclined to think they do a little smuggling."

"Then you are sure they are not agents of the French police?"

"Perfectly sure, your Royal Highness. I have closely watched them, and can affirm that they harbour no evil designs. If they have spoken to your people and loitered round the castle, it was in the hope that your Highness or the princess would buy something of them. And indeed I believe they have done a pretty good business at Ettenheim, for they appeared very merry when they went away, on the road to Switzerland. I followed them about a league, unseen, to make sure they were really gone; and I saw they kept on their way without even looking back to see whether any one was watching them. I therefore returned to give your Royal Highness an account of my mission."

"You have done right, Schmidt, I thank you."

"Has your Royal Highness any orders?" asked the baron.

"No, gentlemen. You can return to Chantilly."

The duke had jestingly given the name of Chantilly to the humble mansion he occupied at Ettenheim.

When the baron and Schmidt were gone, the duke,

smiling, asked the Princess Charlotte whether she felt more at ease.

"Schmidt's report is favourable," she replied; "but I should have been better satisfied if it had been made by the Chevalier Jacques, your secretary."

"Yes, Jacques can see further than Schmidt, and I should have preferred sending him, but he is unwell."

"Everything seems to conspire against your safety."

"Can nothing, then, quiet your fears?"

"No, Henry. The deceptive appearances that lull you into false security do not satisfy me. To you men, Heaven has granted the courage and strength necessary to struggle against the danger that may come upon you unawares; to us women, too feeble for the struggle, God has given a secret intuition, a warning presentiment that gives us notice of the danger long before it comes, so that we may avoid it."

"I will oppose your wishes no longer, Charlotte. Since your repose requires it, I will leave this place, I promise you. I will go to-morrow. I will stay for a time at Fribourg in Brisgau."

The duke then retired, leaving the princess these comforting words for adieu. Alas! he little thought it was the farewell of an eternal separation.

When he left the castle for his little mansion, all was calm in Ettenheim. As soon as he got home, the prince gave some orders respecting his departure, and after performing his evening devotions, he went to bed and was soon fast asleep.

About four o'clock in the morning, he was suddenly awakened by a loud noise; he listened, and heard confused voices, the measured and heavy tread of soldiers, the rattling of arms, the trampling of horses; the sounds drew nearer and nearer, and the house was surrounded by the military.

"Open!" cried a voice — "open! or we will force an entrance!"

The prince leaped out of bed; at the same moment, Baron Grünstein and Schmidt entered the chamber.

"Monseigneur!" cried Schmidt, "the house is invested by a numerous troop. They are Frenchmen, and are, no doubt, come to capture you."

Pale and dismayed the baron trembled, not for himself, but for his master.

The prince seized a gun, and opened the window.

"What are you going to do?" exclaimed the lieutenant; "see, there are four hundred at the least!"

In fact, the troop was composed of about three hundred foot soldiers and a hundred horsemen. However, the Duke of Enghien, paying no attention to Schmidt's interference, took aim at an officer; the lieutenant hastily pushed the gun aside, and said to the prince:—

"Resistance is useless; if you must fire, fire at me, blundering fool that I am! For I see among the besiegers one of the hawkers I followed this morning, who is now dressed as a cavalry officer! Ah! how they deceived me, the scoundrels!"

"Never mind, my good Schmidt," replied the prince affectionately; "I alone am to blame. But perhaps I have yet a chance of escape. Resistance is useless—you are right; and flight?"

"Utterly impossible! The house is surrounded on all sides!"

"Then we have only one chance left us, Baron de Grünstein?"

"My lord duke," replied the baron in a feeble tone.

"Cheer up, my friend, all is not so desperate — listen to me. The men who surround the house will soon break open the door, and come upon us. I am the object of their pur-

suit, but they do not know me. When they ask for the Duke of Enghien, you must present yourself."

"I, your Royal Highness?"

"Yes. You must say that you are the prince, and allow yourself to be arrested. If this service could expose you to any danger, I would not require it at your hands: but when the stratagem is discovered they will release you. What can they do with you? — You are a German subject, and your Government will claim you. Let things come to the worst, you will be free by a sojourn of some weeks in prison. Will you not do that for me?"

The baron assented by a nod.

"Thank you, baron! I hope one day to have the power of showing my gratitude to you!"

During this hasty colloquy the prince dressed himself in a pair of trowsers and a hunting jacket. All passed as he had foreseen. The door yielded to the efforts of the besiegers, and a crowd of soldiers soon filled the prince's chamber.

An officer of gendarmery entered first, sword in hand, and, seeing three men before him, he asked —

"Which of you is the Duke of Enghien?"

No one replied.

The officer repeated his question. The baron was unable to articulate the word he had to say. His emotion was stronger than his zeal.

To give him time to recover himself, the prince replied, saying to the officer —

"Why, sir, if you are charged to arrest the Duke of Enghien, you ought to have his description."

"If I had, I should not take the trouble to ask you," sharply replied the officer.

However, the baron recovered from his first emotion and said in a firm tone:

"I am the Duke of Enghien!"

At the same instant, another person pressed through the crowd of soldiers that blocked the entrance of the chamber, exclaiming :

"Gentlemen, I do not wish that my good and faithful servants should be annoyed. You seek the Duke of Enghien; I deliver him to you — I am he!"

This was the Chevalier Jacques, the prince's secretary, who, though very ill, had at the moment of danger found sufficient strength to accomplish an act of self-devotion.

This well-meant but most unfortunate act of loyalty was fatal to the prince.

"Are you indeed?" cried the officer. "Then we have two Dukes of Enghien? That is — you are trying to deceive me. But, to avoid all mistakes, I will arrest you all. Soldiers! seize these four men — and march!"

The order was immediately executed. Baron Grünstein leaned upon the arm of Lieutenant Schmidt, and the Chevalier Jacques, walking by the prince's side, said to him in a low tone :

"One hope of safety yet remains; I have sent my valet-de-chambre to the church to ring the alarm-bell."

In fact, if the bell had aroused the inhabitants of Ettenheim, they would have rescued the Duke of Enghien from his captors. All Baden would have risen as one man to defend the inviolability of the territory, and to protect the prince who had confided himself to their hospitality.

But the bell did not ring.

The leaders in this atrocious enterprise had been well chosen: they were men of tact and talent, accustomed to secret service, and endowed with foresight to suggest every precaution necessary for the due execution of their orders. When the secretary's valet reached the church, he found the belfry already occupied by the gendarmes.

Thus the invaders carried off their prey without opposition, like midnight robbers who had well devised their plans. If some few inhabitants were awakened by the clatter of the passing troop, and to satisfy their curiosity looked out of their windows, they merely saw in the dim twilight a body of soldiers pass by rapidly and in good order, but they could not know the object of this nocturnal expedition until too late.

On the road the cavalcade was increased by several new prisoners. They were some of the old officers of the army of Condé, friends and servants of the prince, who had been arrested by other parties in different houses of the town. On leaving Ettenheim, the cavalcade proceeded towards the Rhine.

Just at daybreak, after marching about half an hour, the commander made a halt and the prisoners were led into a mill situated at the entrance of a small wood.

The motive of this halt was soon revealed by the arrival of the burgomaster of Ettenheim, who had received a message to the effect that the Duke of Enghien wished to see him. He was therefore ushered into the room in which the prisoners were placed, and on seeing the prince, he immediately approached him and said :

"I come at the request of your Highness. What would you with me, my lord duke?"

The stratagem had succeeded. The burgomaster had innocently designated which of the prisoners was the Duke of Enghien.

That was all that the chief of the expedition wanted to know. As soon as the magistrate had spoken, the troops resumed their march.

At Koppel, the Prince crossed the Rhine, and entered the French territory.

The end of this sad and deplorable history is known to

everybody. We will not follow the unfortunate Duke of Enghien to the ditch of Vincennes. The catastrophe of this dismal drama does not come within our limits; we stop at the close of the first act, which passed in the territory of Baden.

Among the travellers whom the pursuit of pleasure brings every year to Baden, a considerable number make a pilgrimage to Ettenheim, to render a pious and melancholy homage to the memory of the unfortunate prince, the last scion of a race of heroes, cut off in the flower of his existence, the victim of the supposed necessities of state policy which have brought so many innocent persons to a bloody and untimely end.

The town of Ettenheim is a poor, straggling, ill-built place, with nothing to recommend it to notice but its association with the name of the Duke of Enghien. The old palace of Cardinal de Rohan has quite disappeared, with the exception of an insignificant fragment used as a dwelling-house by the town-bailiff. Near it, in the upper part of the town, stands the church, a simple unpretending edifice, decorated in the style of the last century. To the left of the high-altar, under old curtains of red damask, stands an arm-chair against a piece of tapestry bearing the arms of the Rohans, with a prince's coronet, a cardinal's hat, and the ribbon of the Order of the Holy Ghost. A few steps from the castle, near the church, in a narrow street leading to the cemetery, stands the house where the Duke of Enghien lived, a very humble building of only two stories. The owner of the place very obligingly shows visitors the prince's chamber, the bed where he slept, and the window from which he wanted to fire on the troops that came to arrest him. Near the door of the chamber, in the entrance, is a map representing the plan of Paris and its faubourgs—the sole relic of all that the Duke of Enghien brought to Ettenheim.

We now resume our journey by taking the railway at Orschveyer, and reach Offenburg in forty minutes, passing by Mahlberg, and Lahr, a town of considerable trade and great antiquity.

Offenburg, once an imperial city, often mentioned in old documents and in the military annals of the country, stands at the opening of the valley of the Kinzig. It was formerly the seat of the bailiwick of Ortenau. The traveller must stop at Offenburg, and visit, in the environs of that very pretty town, the curious castle of Ortenberg, at one period the residence of the lords of the country. Some time ago it was in a very ruinous condition, but has been recently rebuilt as it was in its palmiest days by a Russian, the Baron of Bergoltz, a great admirer of the middle ages. At a short distance from Offenburg, also, are the ruins of Stauffenberg, built in the eleventh century by Otto of Hohenstaufen, bishop of Strasburg, and celebrated for the following legend.

Sir Peter of Stauffenberg was one evening returning from the chase just about sunset; he had got separated from his attendants and was riding slowly across the country, worn out with fatigue and suffering from violent thirst. All at once he was agreeably surprised to hear the gurgling of a spring whose waters trickled along under the shade of thick bushes. The knight alighted, tied his horse to a tree, and entered the thicket. But what was his surprise when on approaching the fountain he perceived a fair young damsel sitting under an oak, who gracefully returned his salute, and said :

"Welcome, Knight of Stauffenberg!"

On hearing these words the knight's astonishment redoubled. How could this fair maiden have learned his name? And how came she here alone at such an hour in that desert place? Who was she? What her rank, her family? The knight asked all these questions and many others, and the

charming unknown answered them in an evasive manner, and with so much address that the knight became more and more anxious to solve the mystery of her presence there.

Sir Peter of Stauffenberg was a young man of a lively and ardent imagination. For some time past his inexperienced heart only awaited an opportunity to fall in love. Was it possible to find a better than this? The young maiden's beauty, her gracefulness, her wit, the unexpectedness of the meeting, the singularity of the situation — every thing combined to seduce him. The conversation soon took a sentimental turn; but at the moment the enamoured knight, in a transport of passion, was about to seize the young maiden's hand to raise it to his lips, the fair unknown suddenly vanished.

The next day, the knight returned to the spring, but the fair one was not there, and he waited in vain till evening. However he was not discouraged, and repaired to the same spot each succeeding day. On the seventh, just as the knight, after waiting all day in vain, was about to return home in despair, he heard a sweet voice call to him, as it were from the water. He knelt down close to the fountain, and the same voice, which he now recognized as that of his beloved, said to him :

"Come to-morrow, at daybreak, and you shall see me again."

The stars were still twinkling bright in the morning sky when the knight reached the place of meeting. He longed for the approach of the appointed hour. As the first grey light appeared in the east, the young maiden suddenly stood before him as if by enchantment, fair and graceful, with a smile on her lips and eyes cast down in modest confusion. She had no other dress than a white robe confined round the waist by a girdle of rushes. The curls of her

fair hair were sprinkled with drops of water that shone like pearls.

Struck with wonder and admiration, the knight fell on his knees, and with joined hands he conjured the fair unknown never again to deprive him of her presence, and to accept the offer he now made her of his heart and hand.

"First hear what I have to say," replied the fair one; "I do not belong to the earth; I am a nymph of the waters. My name is Lea. My sisters and I share the privileges of divinity; among a thousand other gifts, Heaven has endowed us with immortality. I may renounce all these advantages; I may descend to the rank of mere mortals, to join my fate with that of an earthly spouse; and this sacrifice I am ready to make, if you will swear to be ever faithful and love me until death."

"By my sacred honour, by the ashes of my fathers, on my life in this world and my salvation in the next, I swear!" cried the knight. "It will be a sweet and pleasing duty to keep such an oath. How can I cease to love you?"

"Reflect," continued Lea; "an alliance with me may be fatal to you. The divine powers that will ever keep watch over my happiness will punish your first infidelity with death."

"Let death the most horrible be my portion, if ever I cease for a moment to adore you!"

"Well then," resumed the nymph, with the most charming bashfulness; "I will trust you; your love has moved me, I consent to become your wife. Go and make your preparations for the wedding; three days hence I will be at the castle of Stauffenberg, where our union shall be celebrated."

The happy knight looked forward with impatience to the morning of the third day, and at last it dawned. When he came down early into the grand saloon, which he had deco-

rated with great splendour to receive his bride, the lord of Stauffenberg saw on the table three large baskets: one was full of gold, another full of silver, and the third full of precious stones: they were his bride's dowry.

An instant after Lea appeared, followed by her companions. The friends of the knight and the vassals of Stauffenberg paid their respects to her; then, taking aside her future husband, she said to him:

"It is not too late yet. Remember that if ever you betray the faith you are about to swear to me, your affrighted eyes will instantly behold this foot, a certain sign of your approaching death."

As she said these last words, Lea raised the edge of her white robe and showed the knight a tiny foot, so delicately small that a child might have concealed it in its hand.

"Why these gloomy warnings, Lea?" asked the knight. "I am yours for life."

Nothing more was said. The lovers were immediately united.

A year passed away and left them in the enjoyment of unspeakable happiness. But soon after a war broke out in the land of the Franks. The Duke of Burgundy invoked the aid of his friend the knight of Stauffenberg. The passion for glory was not extinct in the soul of the loving husband, and he gave Lea to understand that he could not honourably refuse the help of his sword to a prince with whom he had made a treaty of alliance. Lea ventured to make a few timid objections, but at last quietly yielded, and the knight took his departure.

The war was bloody and obstinate. The Duke of Burgundy had formidable enemies to contend with, and his fate was trembling in the balance, when the knight of Stauffenberg came to his succour with a chosen troop, composed of the bravest warriors of the Ortenau. From that moment his

fortunes changed. The knight distinguished himself by many heroic feats, and made the arms of Burgundy victorious. He even saved the duke's life in the field, and after the final victory negotiated a treaty of peace which brought him an accession of territory and permanently secured the rights of his crown.

Such brilliant services could not pass unrewarded. The duke, to prove his gratitude, offered his noble and gallant ally the hand of his daughter in marriage.

It must be acknowledged that the knight had not been insensible to the charms of the fair Princess Clotilda of Burgundy. Inconstancy had found its way to his heart. Somewhat cooled by a year's felicity, his love for Lea had not been proof against the ordeal of absence. He loved Clotilda, and to this new passion was added the ambition of an illustrious and powerful alliance.

But could he think of contracting this longed for union, when sacred ties already bound him to another? He was too honourable to practise dissimulation, and therefore communicated his marvellous adventure to the duke. After attentively listening to all the details of the romantic story, the prince replied with a smile that such a fantastic engagement could not be binding. The chaplain was consulted on the matter, and he assured the knight that he must have been deceived by the artifices of a magician, and that, for the salvation of his soul he must instantly break through the diabolical intrigue.

Henceforth the knight had no scruples on the point, and his second marriage was decided on; but as the duke resolved to celebrate the marriage with great pomp, it was agreed to postpone it for a fortnight.

The evening before the appointed day, a messenger arrived from Stauffenberg to inform the knight that his lady had disappeared from the castle.

On comparing dates, it was found that her disappearance took place on the very day the knight had accepted Clotilda's hand.

"Magic again!" said the duke and his chaplain.

The preparations for the marriage were vigorously pressed forward, and, as a prelude to the solemnity of the morrow, the court went to dine at a villa of the duke's about two leagues from his capital.

During the banquet, the knight of Stauffenberg, seated beside his betrothed, suddenly turned pale, and his hair stood erect on his head. His eyes were fixed on the wall, towards which he pointed, exclaiming in a stifled voice :

"There! there! look!"

The guests looked and saw nothing.

The knight alone saw projecting from the wall a woman's tiny foot, the foot Lea had shown him when she said :

"It will be the sign of your approaching death."

"Your eyes deceive you!" said the guests; "dispel the untimely illusion! let us drink oblivion of the past, to the serenity of the present, and to the happiness of the future!"

"Yes, let us drink!" exclaimed the knight, who hoped to find in the wine-cup the courage that was not in his heart."

He drank so freely that when it was time to mount his horse and return to the town, his brain was confused, and his reason wandered. He could scarcely keep his seat in the saddle. Midway, there was a stream to cross; the others went by the bridge, but the knight resolved to take the ford. Scarcely, however, had his horse advanced a few steps in the stream when the water began to rise in violent agitation. The animal took fright, reared, and threw his rider, who instantly disappeared beneath the angry waves.

He was never seen again. But the memory of his adventures and their tragical close has been handed down in the

traditions of the Ortenau, as a warning to all who might be tempted to break their plighted troth.

After seeing Offenburg and its environs we again take the rail. Passing the branch line to Kehl, where the Strasburg omnibuses come, we reach Achern in about three quarters of an hour, where we alight, to take a glance at the lunatic asylum recently founded by the Grand Duke of Baden.

The hospital at Achern is one of the finest establishments in Europe. The building outside is really magnificent, while the internal arrangements and general management are of the most superior kind, equally worthy the notice of the professional man and the philanthropist.

On leaving Achern we come to Saasbach, which we have already noticed in our shorter excursions, and soon after, diverging from the Mannheim line, we take a branch-line, and in a few minutes are set down at the entrance of that delightful residence which all leave with regret and revisit with pleasure.



House in the Black Forest.



Terrace of the Conversation-House.

XV.

RETURN TO BADEN.

CONVERSATION-HOUSE. — BALLS. —
— CONCERTS. — ANECDOTES.

THE Baden season begins in May; the official opening takes place towards the close of the spring quarter, and then the fashionable world begins to arrive at the rendez-vous, slowly at first, by ones, or twos, or threes; but they are soon seen to arrive thicker and faster, and the crowd becomes more numerous and brilliant. Those who came first, and started on distant excursions in the Black Forest and

in the provinces of the Grand Duchy that lie along the banks of the Rhine, or on the borders of Switzerland or Wurtemberg, on returning, find the town over-run by a splendid array, to which all the nations of Europe have furnished a contingent of their best and noblest. Baden then appears under quite another aspect, after coming upon it in the very midst of the preparations for the season; they now behold it decked in all its splendour, and full of life and gaiety.

If you wish to know what new visitors have arrived in your absence, the *Badeblatt* gives you their names and titles with the most minute regularity.

The *Badeblatt* is the Baden Gazette, but let not the name alarm you; you will find in that paper neither politics, nor criticism, nor any thing that can possibly agitate the nerves of the most sensitive reader; it makes no pretension to profundity, it does not attempt to be witty, it never boasts of penetrating diplomatic secrets, or of being deep in the confidence of M. de Metternich. Simple in its contents and convenient in size, it presents every day on its octavo pages a useful collection of advertisements and notices, the programme of the amusements of the week, the addresses of the principal tradesmen, and a full account of all the fashionable novelties that have just arrived from Paris; in a word, it contains every thing that can interest the public to whom it is addressed. But the principal merit of the gazette, and what contributes most to its popularity, is the insertion of a daily list of all the strangers that arrive at Baden. — Morning and evening journals are to be found every where; the *Badeblatt* is the only journal that I know of that appears at five in the afternoon. The hour is well chosen; at five every body in Baden sits down to dinner, and as soon as the soup is served, the newsman enters the room with the *Badeblatt*, and supplies the guests





with the still damp numbers of his journal at the low price of six kreutzers apiece. Every body is eager to glance over the first pages, which contain the names of the new arrivals of that morning and the preceding night; there you have them arranged in order under the signs of the hotels where they lodge, so that when you read their names you know at once their address and in what proportions they have been divided among the various hotels of: England, Russia, Court of Baden, Europe, the Three Kings, Darmstadt, the Flower, France, the Unicorn, Holland, the Stag, the Crown, the Rhine, City of Baden, the Golden Knight, the Green Mountain, the Rose, the Sun, the Salmon, the City of Strasburg, the Court of Zähringen. Next comes the list of the private houses which have received new guests. Twice a week these daily lists are incorporated in the general list published by the *Badeblatt*; thus every season has its complete nomenclature of all the visitors who have honoured Baden by their presence.

Every eminent, distinguished, or remarkable person that has appeared in Europe during the present century is to be found inscribed in these lists, which may be called, without impropriety, the Golden Book of Contemporary Aristocracy. In their close columns figure names of world-wide fame and glory. Royalty, nobility, wealth, beauty, and wit, are all represented there. On every page are names of high renown, crowned with diamonds, laurels, or flowers, illustrious by birth, great deeds, genius, or beauty. Every thing that makes the glory and ornament of the world is there. Sovereigns and princes, great lords and great warriors, millionnaires and poets, dandies and coquettes, have come, escorted by numerous suites, and attracting crowds after them. Every body has made this pilgrimage decreed by fashion, encouraged by example, and recompensed by its attractions; all have been eager to

enjoy the pleasure of a visit to Baden, to explore its charming environs, and take their part in its justly celebrated festivities.

At Baden greatness lays aside its prerogatives. Princes wish their rank to be unknown or at least unnoticed; they leave their titles behind them, and conceal their rank as far as possible under the veil of "incognito." This example, dictated by good taste, and followed by great personages, has become a general rule applicable to all princes at Baden. The pomp of things is masked by the simplicity of their names. Thus, it has been agreed to give the plain name of *Conversation-House* to the palace of the pleasures and festivities of Baden. The first building that bore the name was in reality a confined place, ill-suited for the purpose, with rooms painted in distemper and indifferently furnished: but M. Benazet came, and, as with a magician's wand, he transformed the house into a sumptuous palace, replete with every comfort and luxury that modern refinement can devise. The genius of the arts and of elegance has lavished its wonders on every side. The pencil of Ciceri has decorated the apartments of this temple dedicated to all the pleasures that charm the eye, the mind, or the senses. Nothing can be more imposing than the aspect of the great hall, resplendent with gilding, and remarkable for its noble style of architecture and decoration. Two other rooms, regally furnished, without regard to expense, in the taste of the two last centuries, are reserved for extraordinary occasions. Next opens before you a beautiful gallery, fresh, gay, and blooming as a garden in spring. It is a saloon of flowers: the ceiling is enamelled with roses and violets; daisies, pinks, and camellias, in bouquets or in wreaths, cover the wainscot; festoons of flowers border the windows, doors, and mirrors. At the two extremities of the gallery, rows of real orange-trees, pomegranate-trees, and

rhododendrons complete the charm. There, three times a week, is a small party for dancing and music, composed of two or three hundred persons at most. Saturday is set apart for the grand balls, and on that night all the strangers in Baden fill the vast saloons of the palace.

No description can give any adequate idea of these fêtes, of their dazzling splendour, or of the charming appearance of the company, composed of all the aristocracies of Europe, a real congress, to which, France, Russia, Germany, England, Italy, and Spain, send their most distinguished members, with the fairest and most graceful of their wives and daughters.

In the noble and spacious edifice of which the Conversation-rooms form the centre, the right wing is occupied by magnificent dining-rooms; the left wing by a library, a reading-room, and a theatre. The dining-room, which in Baden French is called *La Restauration*, is beyond dispute the finest gastronomic establishment in the world. Two hundred persons may dine at their ease in this immense and sumptuous hall, where rich arabesques serve as borders to Ciceri's paintings. At one end, a sort of estrade, approached by a flight of stairs on each side, forms a small room which overlooks the large one, and is used for private parties. At the table d'hôte of the *Restauration*, the first in Baden, the dinner, served in the best style and consisting of every delicacy of the season, costs only four francs, exclusive of wine. In the best hotels, the price of the dinner, always very good, is three francs, and still lower in houses of an inferior order. Every where the meal is enlivened by symphonies executed by a full band. A legion of musicians takes possession of Baden during the season, and enliven with ever-varied airs the different episodes of this continual fête.

To the left of the peristyle, which serves as a vestibule to the palace is the literary gallery of M. Marx, offering to

the notice of amateurs a superb collection of engravings, drawings, and caricatures, the artistic and satirical productions of France, England, and Germany. In the bookshop may be seen all the new works of French authors, reprinted by the Belgians, those abominable pirates, who, unable to produce, incapable of writing, and destitute of imagination, live by the wit of others, and fraudulently copy the works of their neighbours. The reading-room presents on its tables the principal journals of all nations, without even excepting those most noted for the violence of their democratic principles. The Grand Duchy of Baden is a country of rational liberty, open to all the manifestations of thought, accessible to all political opinions.

As for the theatre it is not much frequented. Baden offers such a diversity of amusements, that the theatre, small as it is, appears still too large for the very limited number of persons that chance leads to it. However, in spite of the slender patronage accorded to the dramatic art at Baden, a company of German players perform regularly during the season, and from time to time a French company, from either Paris or Strasburg, give a few representations that occasionally overcome the indifference of the public.

Every day has its allotted pleasures, carefully distributed so as to avoid tedium or satiety; every instant of the day has its occupation, and the hours only have the fault of flying too fast. The morning is spent in walking about the environs of Baden, and the country is so full of picturesque landscapes, so well supplied with romantic ruins, so admirably embellished with proud old castles, green hills, pretty hermitages, dark forests, foaming torrents, and cooling cascades, that a whole season is not long enough to exhaust the round of daily excursions. In the afternoon, loungers stroll to look at the shops in the alley that crosses the park and leads to the Conversation-House.







The thick shade of the trees is an efficient protection against the heat of the sun. On each side of the alley are wooden stalls, such as are commonly seen at fairs, on which are displayed all kinds of merchandise. It is a universal bazaar. The dealers wear the costume of their country. The industrious artisan of the Black Forest sells his wooden clocks; the Tyrolese keeps an assortment of articles made of chamois-skins; the Hungarian sells his cloth; the Bohemian exhibits his rich cut glass rivalling the diamond in brightness, and in colour the ruby, the topaz, and the emerald; a dealer in canes, at the same time artist and salesman, establishes his shop in the open air, and there, undisturbed by the curiosity of the passers-by, he carves on the tops of his sticks pretty or grotesque figures; if you are inclined to sit for your bust, he will execute it for you at once on the knob of a stick. Printsellers, silkmercers, hardwaremen, and tobacconists complete the bazaar. In front of the shops, large round tables covered with a cloth and surrounded by seats, invite the weary to repose; and when acquaintances meet they sit down and have a chat. At the extremity of the alley, in front of an old picture shop, is a little table with a chessboard on it; and a group of amateurs stand round the two antagonists who are absorbed in their strategic meditations.

The wide space in front of the Conversation-House, called the Terrace, divides the honours of the evening walk with the avenue of Lichtenthal. At four o'clock in the afternoon an orchestra, in a pavilion near the Conversation-House, makes the echoes of the park ring with its symphonies. After dinner the crowd takes possession of the tables before the coffee-house of the *Restauration*; the Terrace is covered with persons walking up and down; and those who know them point out to their friends the illustrious guests of Baden, princes, celebrated characters, titled ladies, and noted beauties.

You must not suppose, however, that the company at Baden is solely composed of princes and great personages. The hospitality of this agreeable residence welcomes all conditions of rank and fortune. The humblest visitor is received and treated as well as the most brilliant. There, as every where else, adventurers and fortune-hunters, who follow the wealthy as their natural prey, will sometimes lay their snares. And how can Baden be expected to escape a scourge that is felt in every capital and large city in Europe, where those birds of prey obtain admission under borrowed plumes into the very highest circles of society? But if it is difficult to stop them at the frontier and prevent them from entering, it is possible to frustrate their evil designs. The police at Baden are always on the alert. The most perfect order reigns in the fluctuating crowd, and never does the least disturbance ruffle the quiet surface of a society composed of so many different elements. If it so happen that any noisy, quarrelsome or impertinent fellow interrupts the general harmony, prompt repression is sure to follow, and none but the immediate parties know any thing about it. A suspicious face or equivocal demeanour is no sooner noticed than absolute power, in black coat and white gloves, calls the intruder aside, and politely remarks: "Sir, you are not in your place here." — "Madam, the air of Baden does not suit you." If the person to whom these words are addressed feigns not to understand them, plainer language is at once employed: "You must leave Baden this very day, and cross the frontiers of the Grand Duchy within twenty-four hours."

There is nothing more to be said; the objects of these attentions must instantly obey, or they will be conducted to the frontier under good escort. Such a mode of proceeding is very arbitrary, you will say, and perhaps it is; but all respectable people approve of this tutelary tyranny, which is never manifested but for the maintenance of or-

der, the triumph of morality, and the security of pleasure.

During the day, there is no etiquette in costume. Every one dresses as he pleases, and in general very simply. The most dashing dandies wear linen jackets or striped frocks, and a straw hat or cap. At dinner, dress assumes a graver character, and in the evening, the toilet displays all its richness and elegance. However, at the small parties in the Conversation-House, gentlemen are admitted in frock coats. Elegant ladies find it necessary at Baden, as every where else, to dress three or four times a day, from the simple dishabille of the morning to the full dress at the evening ball. The winter season at Paris, Saint Petersburg, Vienna, or London, has nothing that can be compared to the balls at the Conversation-House. Nowhere else could you ever see such a company, such luxury, such splendour, such an admirable assemblage of grandeur and dignity; no where such a bouquet formed of the choicest flowers of every climate, of the chief attractions of every country. Where, for instance, could you hope to find that charming mixture of persons of all ranks, which shows you in the same quadrille, a sovereign princess and a private gentleman, an hereditary prince and the wife of a banker, and at the same whist table the four places occupied by the four quarters of the world?

Are you fond of music? Concerts will not be wanting. It is seldom that the attraction of these fêtes is not heightened by some celebrated name. All the great artists have in their turn contributed to the summer pleasures of Baden. The Golden Book bears on its leaves the names of Paganini, Thalberg, Beriot, Liszt, Ole Bull, Panofka, Vivier, Batta, Mme. Pleyel; all the great instrumentalists are there side by side with the celebrities of song: Rubini, Lablache, Nourrit, Mario; Mesdames Catalani, Malibran, Pasta, Viardot Garcia, Damoreau, Jenny Lind, and many others, whom

we have not space to mention. Among the great musical performances of recent date, the *Stabat* of Rossini has been executed with a brilliant success that will be long held in remembrance at Baden. Felicien David has been there to lead the orchestra in the execution of his symphony of the *Désert*. Those were great musical festivals. Not unfrequently also distinguished amateurs, sometimes of the highest rank, gratify small parties by the display of their talents. Barons and marchionesses, counts and duchesses, sing Italian barcaroles, German songs, Spanish serenades, French airs selected from Auber's operas, and Frederic Bérat's delightful romances, fresh melodies, beautiful compositions, breathing sentiments so pure, so full of artless grace and striking originality.

It may be said with truth that Baden gives the "ton" to Europe. It is a congress where the noble representatives of every country discuss the great questions that engage the attention of the fashionable world. It is there decided in summer what dance shall be in vogue the next winter at Paris. Thus, the Hungarian, the waltz in common time, the polka, the mazurka, the redowa, all made their debut at Baden before they were adopted by the leaders of fashion at Paris.

When there is neither ball nor concert, people meet to converse, and then the Conversation-House justifies its name. Any one whose language is elegant and courteous is well received by all; each speaks according to the genius of his nation; but to avoid a confusion as bad as that of Babel, by common consent the French language is chosen as the medium of intercourse. Such is the decision of fashion and good taste, and we Frenchmen have a right to be proud of the homage thus paid us. The French language reigns supreme in all the aristocracies of Europe: it presides over the cordial understanding of the leading





The Museum of Natural History, Washington, D.C.

1886



minds of Europe. The Germans, the English, the Russians especially, speak French as Parsians do in the faubourg St. Germain, at the Theatre Français and the French Academy. The closest observer, the most attentive listener, would find it difficult to decide as to the country of the speakers. Every body throws into the common fund his tribute of keen observation and sparkling wit; while those who are at Baden for the first time listen with great interest to the recital of the authentic anecdotes that compose the history of life in Baden, and which are not less curious than the ancient legends of the country.

A Hungarian nobleman, Count Christian W⁻⁻⁻⁻ came some years ago to pass the fine season at Baden accompanied by his daughter Helen. Beautiful, graceful, amiable, and moreover sole heiress of an immense fortune bequeathed by her mother, the young countess was very soon surrounded by a numerous court. She had admirers of all sorts, rich and poor, noble and obscure, bashful or ardent, gay or melancholy. It was a perpetual tournament of which she was the queen, and the combatants disputed the prize by a display of their address, polite attentions, and personal attractions. When she took an airing in her carriage, there were always at least a dozen horsemen prancing around her. At the ball, the most elegant dancers devoted themselves almost exclusively to her. The gentlemen appeared to have services, attentions, or sighs for none but her, which was any thing but agreeable to a number of fair dames, French, Russian, and English.

Among the crowd of eager suitors Helen's preference fell on the most unworthy. The Chevalier Gaetan M⁻⁻⁻⁻ was, it is true, a charming young man, of fair complexion and slender form, with handsome blue eyes and long black hair hanging in natural curls. In the absence of real passion,

his eyes spoke volumes and his tongue was equally eloquent; he dressed with much taste, danced admirably, and sang like Rubini. But unfortunately these advantages were more than counterbalanced by great vices. The Chevalier Gaetan was a gamester, a libertine, almost a swindler, and had been compelled to leave Naples, his native place, in consequence of certain transactions that had seriously compromised his reputation.

The count, after making proper inquiries, determined, but too late, to caution his daughter against the danger to which she was exposed. Helen turned a deaf ear to the advice, the entreaties, and even to the commands of her father. The man whose character was depicted in such odious colours had already become master of her heart, and she obstinately refused to believe any thing to his disadvantage.

If Gaetan had had to deal with a weak-minded man, he very probably would have become the happy husband of the young countess and the peaceable possessor of her immense fortune, which was what he most coveted. But the count was resolved by fair means or foul to effect his purpose. He was a strong-willed, resolute man, and retained all the vigour of his youth and the rude firmness of an impetuous temper, which love for his daughter could alone restrain. Having made up his mind on the matter, he was anxiously endeavouring to devise some means of getting rid of the youth who seemed resolved to be his son-in-law whether he would or not, when a letter Gaetan had written to Helen chanced to fall into his hands. The chevalier, impatient to attain the object of his desires, in it proposed an elopement, and requested the young countess to see him in her own apartment at the hour when the count usually went to play a game of whist at the Conversation-House.

If Helen consented to this arrangement, she was to put a rose in her sash.

The young lady had no knowledge of the intercepted letter.

"Put this flower in your sash," said her father, presenting her a rose, "and come with me."

Helen obeyed with a smile, and took her father's arm. During their walk they met Gaetan, who, seeing the flower, was quite overjoyed. Then the count took his daughter to a friend's lodgings, and told her to stay there till he came to fetch her. Having done this, he returned to the villa he occupied at the extremity of the town, on the Lichtenthal road.

At the appointed hour, Gaetan came to the rendezvous, jumped over the garden-wall, and finding the door of the house shut, got in at a window on the ground-floor. He then hastened up stairs, and, anticipating the pleasure in store for him, went straight to Helen's apartment. But there, instead of the daughter, he found the father armed with a brace of pistols.

The count closed the door, and said to poor Gaetan, who was thunderstruck at this unexpected apparition:

"I may kill you; I have the right to do so. You have burglariously entered my house by the window; I treat you as a robber, of course."

"But, sir," replied Gaetan, in a voice scarcely audible; "I am no robber."

"What are you then? You are come to rob me of my daughter; to steal an heiress, a fortune! Here is the letter that informed me of your criminal design. I shall show you no mercy; but to kill you, I need not have waited to entrap you thus. You know the strength of my arm; a duel might long since have put you out of my way. I did not challenge you, because that would have caused so much scandal; and now I shall not shed your blood unless you refuse to obey me."

"What do you require of me, sir."

"You must leave Baden, not in a few days, not to-morrow, but this very instant. You must not stop till you are two hundred leagues away, and must never more be seen by me or my daughter. As a recompense for your obedience and your travelling expenses, I give you twenty thousand francs."

The chevalier was going to speak.

"No answer!" cried the count in a voice of thunder. "You know me: remember that you are close to the muzzle of my pistol, and the least hesitation shall be punished by death."

"I will obey," said the chevalier.

"Very good. Your twenty thousand francs are in that desk; take them."

"At least allow me to decline that offer."

An imperious gesture triumphed over the false delicacy which the young man expressed feebly, and like a person who refuses for form's sake only.

"But," said he, "the desk is locked."

"Open it, then."

"I don't see the key!"

"Break it open."

"What! you want..."

"Break it open, or I blow your brains out."

The pistol was again thrust forward as an infallible argument. Gaetan obeyed.

"That's right," said the count. "Take that roll of bank-notes; they are yours. Have you a pocket-book?"

"Yes."

"What is in it?"

"Some papers, and letters addressed to me."

"Drop the pocket-book before the desk you have broken open."

"What!"

"I must have conclusive proof against you."

"But!"

"Why, sir, I wish to have all the appearances of house-breaking and burglary; and positive proof against the criminal. Infamy or death is your only alternative. Have you decided? I was sure you would listen to reason. Now you may go. You shall walk on before me until I have seen you a league from Baden. If you follow my instructions you have nothing to fear: I shall not go home till late, and will not inform the police till to-morrow. You have plenty of time to escape pursuit, and if my protection should be necessary, you may depend on it. Walk on!"

After this adventure, which was much talked of, Helen could no longer doubt. Gaetan was banished from her heart, and she married one of her cousins, a captain in a regiment of cavalry in the service of the Emperor of Austria.

The following story is less dramatic, but of more recent date.

A young Austrian nobleman, favoured by fortune, won in a single sitting thirty thousand florins, which he locked up in his desk with the intention of playing again while fortune appeared to be so favourable.

The next morning he called his servant, but found that Fritz had disappeared and the thirty thousand florins with him. "I am robbed!" cried the young man; "but I should never have supposed Fritz capable of such an action — an old servant whom I thought so honest and so much attached to me."

Eight or ten days after Fritz reappeared.

"Ah! you here! Where have you been?"

"To Vienna!"

"And where are my florins, my thirty thousand florins, that disappeared when you did?"

"I took them with me!"

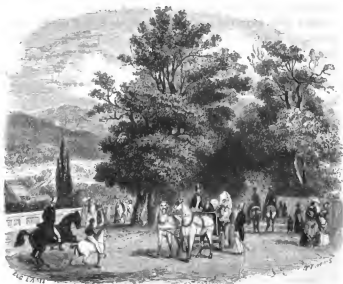
"O, you own it! What have you done with them?"

"Do not be uneasy; they are safe."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this. I thought you would play again, and lose all you had won; so I determined to secure the money, and carried it to Vienna, where you will not be sorry to find it. Here is your banker's receipt for it."

None but a German servant would ever have thought of such a precaution.



Avenue of Lichtenthal



The Pump-room.

XVI.

THE PUMP-ROOM.

(TRINKHALLE.)

THE catalogue of the favours Nature has lavished on this locality, the enumeration and description of its never-ending festivities, must suggest the idea that Baden is merely a city of pleasure. "Its numerous visitors," some one may say, "go there only in search of amusement, society, balls, the fêtes of winter in the fine days and pleasant nights of summer; the waters are but a pretext, and nobody cares to test their virtues."

This is an error which those who know Baden by reputation only may easily fall into. The great majority of the guests whom this delightful residence welcomes every year, is, it is true, composed of gay and lively people, enjoying

perfect health; but with these happy individuals who can indulge without constraint or obstacle in the pleasures of life, suffering humanity also seeks at Baden a salubrious retreat; and many an invalid owes the re-establishment of health to the use of its waters.

Without pretending that the waters of Baden are a universal panacea, we may affirm that they produce astonishing effects on a great number of diseases and infirmities. The happy combination of the various elements that distinguish these springs is sufficient to demonstrate their powerful influence to professional men, and thousands of examples have proved, and are every day proving, their incontestable value. Theory and practice are here in perfect accord; the authority of fact is ever doing homage to the doctrines of medical science.

The mineral waters of Baden have more regenerating and strengthening qualities than any other; they accelerate the circulation of the blood, facilitate respiration, and invigorate the nervous system. They are employed, with the greatest success, in affections of the lungs, diseases of the stomach and indispositions which result from enervation of the organs; they have operated marvellous cures in cases of pulmonary consumption; languid and consumptive maladies rarely resist their ferruginous virtues; they have, above all, the power of closing wounds, whether recent or of long standing; in fine, they victoriously combat catalepsy, hypochondria, rheumatism, and gout.

But at Baden, it is not the waters only that exercise a beneficial influence on the health, for the climate is also a powerful agent. Nature has been prodigal of its gifts to this happy country; the high mountains that environ it, the fragrant forests that cover its surface, make its winters warm and its summers cool, equally defend it against all excess of temperature, and give admission only to a pure air im-

pregnated with sweet perfumes and salubrious emanations. Most of the diseases with which the human species is afflicted are unknown to the inhabitants of Baden; epidemics have never prevailed in this country; none of those scourges against which science is powerless have ever passed its boundaries. In the sixteenth century, the plague that ravaged Germany with so much fury stopped at the entrance of the valley, and the Chapel of the Three Oaks was erected by the inhabitants, out of gratitude to God and as a memorial of their miraculous preservation. The natives of Baden are remarkable for their longevity; in the beautiful countries of this terrestrial paradise, octogenarians are youthful, and centenarians make projects for the future which are often realised.

After the fatigues of winter, and the late hours so fatal to delicate women, Baden should be visited for the sake of its pure and balmy air, whose vivifying aroma gives strength to the fatigued lungs, and restores colour to the cheek, brightness to the eye, and a rosy freshness to the lips. Nothing is to be feared from the pleasures which the Palace of Conversation offers you. At Baden every thing is so arranged that amusement may not hurt the health; the ball finishes before midnight, when a bell rings as a signal to extinguish the lights, and under no pretext can the amusement be prolonged. Such is the unchangeable rule, wisely instituted in the general interest, to preserve flourishing health and to protect convalescence.

Invalids have nothing to fear from the noise of amusements or the tumult of the crowd. The environs of Baden are as calm and silent, as the centre, where the fashionable society meet together, is brilliant and animated. At a hundred yards from the town and park, invalids find, in the shade woods of and on the slopes of hills, peaceful habitations surrounded by solitude and silence.

The waters of Baden are used either externally as a bath, or internally as a medicine, according to the nature of the case. There are numerous bathing establishments; the principal hotels have also convenient, elegant, and well arranged baths attached to them. Those who drank the mineral waters were formerly obliged to climb to the highest part of the town, to obtain them from the springs which are near the church and castle. It was thus in the time of the Romans, who had lined with marble the finest of these springs, called the *Ursprung*; but within these few years they have built in the centre of the park, near the Palace of Conversation, the Pump-Room, which might very well be called a Palace, and the modest inhabitants of Baden, have given it the name of the *Trinkhalle*, that is to say the Drinking-Room.

This building is really a palace constructed in the finest style of ancient architecture. In the centre of the principal hall where the mineral waters are served, a magnificent column, formed of one block of red Nassau marble, rises from the ground to the roof. The water drinkers walk in the outer gallery, embellished by a magnificent colonnade, and ornamented with frescos representing, with much ingenuity, legends of the country and sundry historical anecdotes relative to the virtues of the thermal nymph.

This palace was built in the year 1842 by order of the Grand Duke Leopold, and under the direction of M. Benazet.

There, the inva'ids, and those who wish to lay in a provision of health, assemble. At seven in the morning trumpets give the signal for the water-drinkers to take their morning draught; this is the reveille of Baden. The company assembles at the call of this first concert; they walk about in the gallery, for exercise is recommended after each glass of water, and some drink no less than a dozen in a morning. You may repose in saloons full of flowers and ornamented with paintings by the first masters. In the great hall you

not only find water from all the springs of Baden, but also (in bottles) that of all the mineral springs of Europe. Dairy-men from the Black Forest, and goat-herds from Switzerland serve you with pure milk; physicians are there ready to give you their advice on the treatment and diet you ought to follow. There are very skilful physicians at Baden; indeed, some have attained a high medical reputation there, as may be seen by the following adventure which is not likely to be soon forgotten.

The history commences at Paris, in a saloon of the *Chaussee-d'Antin*. Two personages, one a young physician, the other a charming German baroness, were seated one at each side of the fire and talking familiarly. The physician, who was as yet but very little known, was complaining of the numerous difficulties to be overcome when first entering on the career in which he hoped to secure celebrity and fortune. The baroness endeavoured to encourage him.

"You have," said she, "wit, talent, and perseverance, my dear Marcel, and with such qualities, you are sure of success."

"That may be the case in Germany," replied the physician, "but at Paris, success depends on very different causes. Here reputation is a coquette, not easily to be won by merit and good qualities; to secure it, we must bring into play all the art and manœuvres fortune-hunters find most efficacious in gaining the favour of frivolous women."

"Well! my friend, the science of these enslavers is not unknown to you; be gallant, and court the favours of renown."

"Ah! if you would but help me!..."

"I help you!"

"Certainly. A woman like you, young, handsome, of high rank, and nobly bearing an historic name, would be a powerful auxiliary in the world of fashion that holds my fortune in its hands."

"But I see so little of this world you speak of. I have so little credit with it; besides, you are aware that I must soon leave Paris. I had not been long a widow ere I entered into new engagements; I yielded to the wishes of my family, who proposed to me a second husband as noble and as rich as the first. To take you with me to Vienna, supposing even that it would suit your plans, would be to compromise myself without benefiting you; for, as we were saying just now, a woman's recommendation is not, in Germany, sufficient to lay the foundation of the fame and fortune of a young and accomplished physician."

"Can you then do nothing for me, either at Paris or Vienna?"

"No; but elsewhere perhaps, by employing some ingenious means... Leave the affair entirely to me, and depend on my imagination and devotedness."

Three months after this conversation, when the bathing season was in all its glory, the arrival of our baroness was announced at Baden. Interesting and romantic details accompanied the announcement of this news. The baroness, a widow of twenty, and sought in marriage by the greatest nobles on account of her illustrious birth and marvellous beauty, had made her choice, and was about to form another engagement, when a sudden illness brought her to the brink of the grave. Given over by the physicians of Paris, she came to die at Baden.

As might have been easily foreseen, the fashionable society of the place were interested in the sad fate of one so young, so beautiful, so noble, and it was an event when the Baden Gazette announced the arrival of the baroness. On that day nobody thought of making an excursion to Lichtenthal, but all repaired to the Willow Walk where a delightful little house had been prepared for the noble invalid. The next day at noon, the baroness took an airing in the park; she

alighted with difficulty from a handsome barouche filled with pillows and ornamented with a profusion of armorial bearings. Every body went to see, admire, and pity her; she walked slowly and painfully, leaning on the arm of a *demoiselle de compagnie*; her toilet was enchanting.

All the physicians of Baden and the neighbourhood were called in to prescribe for the baroness, but they found that her case was beyond their skill, and soon came to the unanimous decision that she had not a month to live.

The very day that the result of the consultation was made public a young French physician, Dr. Marcel, arrived at Baden. In the evening, in the Conversation-Room, he said he had been sent for to the baroness, and that he was nearly sure he should be able to save her. From that moment Dr. Marcel became an important man, and his every word was listened to as an oracle. The physicians of Baden asserted that he was a quack, that he boasted of obtaining a success which was impossible, and in short they almost defied him to cure her.

The month passed, and the baroness did not die; on the contrary she reappeared in public, still weak and languid, though her health was evidently improving; this amelioration soon became more perceptible, and one evening, after dining gaily with the doctor, she said to him, with a merry laugh:

"I decidedly think I am saved."

"Yes, my dear patient," replied Marcel, "I restore you to health, and return you a thousand thanks for the valuable assistance your admirable performance of a disagreeable part has rendered me. To-morrow you will be quite convalescent, your natural colour will replace an artificial paleness; your elegant figure be itself again, your bright eyes, too long veiled, will sparkle as bright as ever; you will again appear in all the bloom of beauty and the flush

of health, while I shall henceforth stand well with the world for having saved its most adorable ornament."

Thanks to this wonderful cure, Dr. Marcel soon acquired great reputation; fashion showered her favours upon him, and more than one noble lady fell ill on purpose to consult the young physician whose skill had saved the baroness. His practice was chiefly confined to Parisians, a great number of whom were then at Baden, and they, on their return to Paris, proclaimed his miracles and introduced him to the most fashionable circles, where he soon obtained an excellent connection and advanced rapidly to renown, fortune, and honours.



Pump Room.



The Hunting-box

XVII.

FREMERSBERG.—THE HUNTING-BOX.

LAST GLANCE AT THE ENVIRONS OF BADEN.

EVEN after you think yourself well acquainted with the environs of Baden, you may yet, in your excursions make a thousand charming discoveries, and it is very possible that the season may be over before you have had time to visit all the enchanting sites and picturesque ruins recommended to the curiosity of strangers.

One of your first walks will have taken you to the palace of Her Royal Highness, the Grand-Duchess Stephanie, a delightful residence, where, during the summer months, that amiable princess takes pleasure in drawing around her

the most select society of Baden, the men most distinguished by rank, merit, and talents, and the women most remarkable for beauty or accomplishments.

Great military souvenirs will lead you to Stollhofen, where the illustrious Margrave Louis of Baden won one of his chief titles to glory. You will also go to Steinbach, to see the monument sacred to the memory of Erwin, the skilful architect of the spire of Strasburg cathedral. Erwin was a native of Steinbach. The country of Baden has produced great men of every description.

You will doubtless have seen, on your first arrival, the beautiful mansion of M. Benazet, situated a few steps from the park and the Conversation-House, on an eminence which commands a view of the whole town, the green mountains that surround it, the old castle, Mount Mercury — an immense and magnificent panorama. This elegant villa was erected by the Baron von Ende, one of the most influential men in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

Need I remind visitors of the Avenue of Oaks and the Avenue of Sighs, romantic and melancholy shades; of the cool valley of Beuern, of the verdant slopes of the Beytig, Quettieh, Redig, and Friesenberg hills? or of the Yburg with its majestic ruins?

The castle of Yburg plays an important part in the fantastic traditions of the country. It has been the abode of hosts of spectres, demons, and evil spirits, according to local chronielers. It seems to have been a favourite resort of apparitions; white phantoms used to walk at night along its vaulted galleries and deserted battlements. One of the remaining towers of this formidable residence has been shattered by lightning, no doubt as a punishment for the unhallowed deeds of its inmates. The other tower is still standing, and proudly rears its head above the tops of the surrounding pines, like an immense belvidere.

After the Old Castle, New Eberstein, and the *Favorite*, which have usually the honour of the first visits, strangers go to see the Hunting-box, built by the Margrave George Louis, generally known as Louis the Hunter. This pavilion is in the form of St. Hubert's cross; a stag's head carved in stone surmounts the roof. The interior is decorated with paintings of subjects connected with the chase. Visitors often come to breakfast at the Hunting-box. The view from the top of the hill on which it stands, is really magnificent.

Not far from the Hunting-box is Fremersberg, an old Franciscan convent, founded by the Margrave Jacob in the fifteenth century.

This Margrave, having one day got lost while hunting, was received by some pious hermits, who, without knowing his high rank, welcomed him to their abode and entertained him in the kindest manner. The prince, to give a substantial proof of his gratitude, had the convent of Fremersberg built where their hermitage stood.

When the convents of the Grand Duchy were suppressed, that of Fremersberg submitted to the common fate; but, as a particular favour, it was decided that the monks might continue to reside there, until two only should survive.

Twenty-five years ago, the convent contained but three monks, so old and infirm that they had not strength to leave their residence. Every day the ass of the convent, conducted by a faithful dog, used to fetch from Baden the provisions necessary for the good monks of Fremersberg.

The convent is now abandoned and in ruins, though long considered a spot peculiarly favoured by Heaven. It was even pretended, that, in certain cases, devotions offered in this place, rendered the waters of Baden much more efficacious.

The German physicians had recognised the sovereign and decisive influence that these thermal waters exercised under certain interesting circumstances. We will give as a

proof of it, a prescription of the celebrated Dr. Landismann, whom Germany has ranked among the most skilful of her physicians, and who flourished about the middle of the last century.

The doctor had among his patients one of the richest men of Hungary, Count Woldemar of N... This nobleman, after filling the highest posts at the court of Vienna, came to the resolution of retiring from public life and passing the remainder of his days in calm repose. He was about sixty years of age when he came to this determination (better late than never), and the count, who bore up well against the infirmities of age, hoped to spend many a happy year in the magnificent castle he possessed on the banks of the Danube. He therefore resigned all his appointments, and joyfully entered upon a life of philosophic retirement.

Unfortunately the wisdom of which he had given so many proofs did not preserve him from the most dangerous error a man of sixty could commit. His judgment and good sense, which had impelled him to the sacrifice of his ambition, seemed to have been so much exhausted by the effort that he had not enough left to protect him against a very common weakness, which is nearly always attended by disagreeable consequences. He had not been many months at his castle ere he became disgusted with idleness and solitude, and said to himself: "I must have a wife to embellish my retreat."

There was no great harm so far, for reason does not absolutely forbid marriage to a superannuated diplomatist. None would have blamed him, if he had limited his wishes to choosing a companion of his own age—a widow, for instance, who had passed the age of illusions and caprice; but the count, in his conjugal ideas, did not confine himself to this sphere. The happiness he meditated appeared to him under smiling and graceful forms; he thought his retirement could only be embellished by a young and charming woman, and it was

with his head full of these romantic dreams, that he returned to Vienna to seek in that capital, and in high society, the treasure that was to assure his felicity.

The count did to deign to think of ladies about his own age. Those who had formerly charmed him, and were still unmarried he could only pity, as he compared them with what they were long years before. He might have found in their faces a mirror showing the changes that had taken place in his own, but he never gave that a thought. Even the women of thirty or forty did not attract his attention. Maturity had no charms for him. It is, thought he, especially in marriage that extremes should meet, and his attention was wholly occupied with the blooming young maidens who displayed at the ball their graces and attractions.

Among them was one with whose beauty he was especially struck. This was Helen von Varenberg, the daughter of an old chamberlain, very poor, but of an ancient and noble family.

"That's the wife for me," said the count.

"But it is not certain you will suit her," answered a friend.

"Why not?" replied the Hungarian, drawing himself up proudly.

"First of all, because you are rather late in the market. Helen is already in love, and her hand is all but promised to Frederick von Roisdorf, that young captain who follows her every where."

"That is to say, she wishes to get married, and so listens to the first who pays her attentions. All young girls are the same. What you call passion is only an "ignis fatuus" that is extinguished by the first breath of reason. The captain is a passably good-looking fellow, but he has no fortune; he can offer his wife but a very humble existence: the Baron von Varenberg and his daughter will not hesitate between him and me."

In the fit of folly that thus urged him on to an ill-assorted

marriage, Count Woldemar reasoned pretty accurately; he had experience, coolness, a very high opinion of himself, and he knew that his great wealth would be very likely to turn the scale in his favour. Before making an offer of his hand, he wished to study the character of Helen, and two or three interviews convinced him that he was in little danger of meeting with a refusal.

Helen had more coquetry and vanity than real affection for the captain. She liked to see herself surrounded by admirers. The count commenced his attack most skilfully. He dwelt upon the obscure condition reserved for the wife of a regimental officer, which he represented as a succession of privations, disappointments, and humiliations. "Ought she then, so young, so handsome, so well adapted to shine in the most elevated position, to think of spending the best years of her life in small garrison towns?"

"Instead of this sacrifice," continued the hoary tempter, "I offer you the title of countess, an income of a hundred thousand florins, diamonds, equipages, the right of going to court, a mansion at Vienna, where we will pass the winter in all the pleasures of the capital, and a splendid castle, where, in the summer, we will receive gay and brilliant company. That is a position worthy of you; that is the existence for which you were born."

A few days after this conversation, Captain Frederick von Roisdorf was in despair. He had just had an explanation with Helen, who had freed him from his engagement by recalling her own. All was broken off between them. Helen accepted the hand of the old count, and whilst Frederick, in his grief, was meditating horrible designs, and thinking of nothing less than suicide, she was joyfully examining a magnificent wedding present consisting of costly jewels, rich silks, and ornaments just arrived from Paris, and presenting her rosy cheek to the shrivelled lips

of the count, she said to him with a joy that nearly resembled love: "You are the most amiable of husbands."

Meantime Captain Frederick did not kill himself, but he left Vienna, and the fair Countess Helen heard no more of him. This, however, did not cause her much regret, for the count was right in saying that the first passion of a young lady is but an "*ignis fatuus*," quickly extinguished by the breath of reason, when supported by diamonds, mansions, and castles, promising all the pleasures and splendour that high rank and immense wealth can bestow.

Though Frederick was gone, there remained at Vienna many other young men of distinction, many brilliant officers, who surrounded the countess with their assiduous attentions; seeing which, the count soon struck out a part of his programme.

He suppressed the routs, balls, visits to the court, and the winters at Vienna; the mansion there was sold, and the countess had to take her fine ornaments and diamonds to her castle, whose turrets were reflected in the rapid waters of the Danube. The count was jealous — a proof that he had a glimmering of reason left. Helen tried in vain every means she could devise to make her husband abandon the resolution he had taken, of retiring altogether from the perils of the capital. In his castle, the prudent husband received none but magnates as old as himself, which proved that although he had shown little sympathy for elderly ladies, he still evinced his respect for age by a profound and exclusive esteem for elderly gentlemen.

Three years passed thus, and the countess had become resigned to her fate, or at least appeared so. Youth easily compounds for present troubles when it can look forward to the future. Helen submitted without a murmur to the sway of a jealous husband; she appeared happy, and did not complain; but it was not the same with the count.

There is no perfect happiness even in Hungary. Though free from all danger in his lonely castle, Count Woldemar was not satisfied. Gloomy care sat upon his brow; disappointed hopes disturbed his peace. The happy husband of a charming wife, he was sorely grieved that no offspring had yet blessed their union.

Was his name to perish by an unfruitful marriage? The count prayed night and day for an heir, but Heaven remained deaf to his prayers.

Tired of vain expectation, the old gentleman had recourse to the celebrated Dr. Landismann, whom he summoned to the castle.

"Doctor," said he, "I got married to embellish my retreat, and to have a son: up to the present time this last hope has been disappointed; what is the reason of it? I thought that in marrying a young woman I should have a son who would succeed to my rank and titles."

"That was probable," replied the Doctor.

"But no," continued the Count, "my wife refuses me this happiness, doubtless owing to causes which your science can discover and remove. I am therefore anxious to consult you on the health of the countess."

"You think there is something the matter with the countess?"

"Of course, I do."

"I will see her, and let you know the result of my observations."

An hour after the doctor and the count resumed their conversation.

"May I hope?" asked the count.

"Yes, certainly."

"What do you prescribe?"

"The countess must go to Baden to drink the waters."

"You think so?"

"I am much mistaken if those waters do not produce a good effect."

"Thank you, doctor; your orders shall be obeyed immediately."

"It is just now the season. Let the countess leave for Baden to-morrow. I will come to see you again shortly."

The physician did not return until a year had passed, and the count, more sad and more despairing than ever, said to him:

"My name is still threatened with extinction! and yet the countess has taken the Baden waters."

"But you accompanied her there?"

"Certainly!"

"There lies the mistake! if you wish the waters to be beneficial, she must go alone."

"But doctor, you don't reflect, a young woman to travel without her husband! It would be exposing—"

"Ah! if you are jealous, I answer for nothing! Send your wife back alone to Baden this summer; I shall be there, and you will be satisfied. Depend on my long experience."

The jealousy of the count and his ardent desire to be a father caused a painful conflict in his mind. "I don't see," said he, "the harm of my presence." — He therefore accompanied his wife a second time.

"You are incorrigible!" cried the doctor, on seeing him at Baden; "but as you are here, remain; we will endeavour to succeed in spite of you, and first of all, let me tell you that the countess must take long walks every day."

"She shall, and I will accompany her," replied the count.

"Excursions on horseback."

"You know I am an excellent horseman."

"In fine, it is indispensable that at midnight she should make a pilgrimage to Fremersberg."

"What's the use of that?"

"When we solicit a favour from Heaven, we must not neglect the practice of devotion; numberless examples have proved the good effects of the pilgrimage I prescribe for the countess.

"Very well, I shall accompany her."

"That cannot be; it is an act of devotion permitted only to women. The monks of the convent, who, night and day, keep an active watch in the environs of the chapel, will prevent your approach."

"In that case my wife shall not make the pilgrimage."

"Take care, Count, your jealousy is a sin against Heaven."

"I will do penance for the sin, but the countess shall not go alone to the chapel."

"And what can you fear? Midnight is the hour of repose and security, the hour when every body is asleep; at the convent there is nobody but the good monks, who live in pious submission to the severe rules of St. Francis; besides, all the women who come to Baden for conjugal reasons make this pilgrimage. The waters seldom prove beneficial without it."

The doctor could not succeed in persuading the jealous husband, but he was more fortunate at supper, for by plying him with Joliannisberg wine, he contrived to throw him into a deep sleep.

"Take advantage of this lucky moment," said he to the countess, "and consider that your marriage settlement is not very liberal on the article of dowry; a child would insure you the entire fortune of the count."

"I have not much faith in it," replied the countess; "but my husband's obstinate refusal decides me, and I will go to Fremersberg."

"A carriage is waiting for you, the road is good, the sky is clear, the moon shines bright; go! you will have a

delightful drive. On leaving a wood that you must pass through, you will perceive a cross erected on a hillock in the centre of a clump of firs; there you must alight from your carriage, and alone take the road before you; in about a quarter of an hour you will arrive at the isolated and mysterious chapel, shaded by oaks that have braved the storms of a hundred winters. On the threshold of this chapel, you will see a hollow in the form of a foot."

"What must I do next?"

"You must put one of your feet in the hollow, and say a prayer."

The Countess Helen followed these instructions to the letter; she left her carriage and attendants on the borders of the wood, took the path alone, and soon arrived at the threshold of the chapel.

When her little foot was inserted in the hole, a monk appeared and said to her:

"What do you desire?"

"That Heaven may bless my marriage!" replied Helen.

"Heaven would have blessed it," replied the monk, "if instead of marrying an old man you had kept your first promise."

"Father!" said the countess, in a voice trembling with emotion, "how did you learn that?"

She had not time to say more; the monk raised his hood, and she recognised Frederick von Roisdorf.

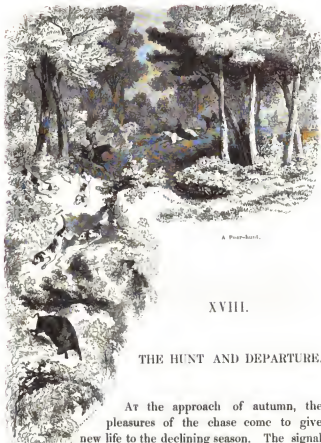
The next morning on awaking the count found his wife by his side, and had no idea of what had passed in the night. The year following the happy husband had an heir, and in his joy he took his wife to spend the winter at Vienna, where Captain Frederick happened to be in garrison.

The mysterious chapel of Fremersberg no longer exists, and consequently there are no more nocturnal pilgrimages. The convent is in ruins, the Franciscans have disappeared, but

the mineral springs still retain their virtue, and many modern instances might be cited to prove their efficacy in cases similar to that of the Countess Helen.



Donnan's Villa.



A Stag-hunt.

XVIII.

THE HUNT AND DEPARTURE.

At the approach of autumn, the pleasures of the chase come to give new life to the declining season. The signal is given, and the horn has no sooner sounded in the forests that cover this fine country than sportsmen flock together from all quarters. You may form an idea of these woodland sports by reading the following extracts from a letter written last year by the Russian Prince Alexis D....

Before we join the hunt, we must say that the Russians play a great part in the Summer at Baden. The represen-

tatives of the Muscovite empire are always numerous at this aristocratic European congress, and, to do them justice, most of them are remarkable for high breeding and superior intelligence. They are behind no nation whatever in politeness and taste, in elegance and liberality. On seeing and hearing them we soon lose the vulgar prejudice, which represents the Russians as a nation of semi-barbarous slaves. Baden rehabilitates the Russians, and sings the praises of the Emperor Nicholas.

Here is what Prince Alexis D... wrote to one of his Parisian friends, Count B... :

"The first grand hunt of the season took place here yesterday.

"The place of meeting was the village of Schiffung. The wild boar was expected to be found in the great wood of Bannwald, near this village; there were about a hundred of us, all perfectly equipped; and a numerous party, comprising the most distinguished visitors of Baden, had assembled to witness the really curious sight of a boar hunt. The danger there might be at the moment when the animal, attacked on all sides, should seek to escape horsemen and dogs, did not prevent the most elegant ladies from being on the ground, and from remaining to the end. Several of them even followed the hunt on horseback, and intrepidly kept up with the best and most determined of the huntsmen.

"After an hour's sport, the boar, attacked by twelve dogs, and by the horsemen who were close up with him, turned and stood at bay against the dogs, and then suddenly rushed into the midst of the pack. The dogs cleverly evaded his onslaught, but soon renewed the attack. They attempted to fasten on his ears, but did not succeed. At this moment several horsemen and myself alighted, and pressed him hard with our hunting-knives. He then retreated towards

the small stream of *Schwazen-graben*, where a young artilleryman of Baden resolutely followed him, but his foot happening to slip as he struck at the boar, the furious animal rushed on and wounded him in the arm, fortunately without doing any serious injury.

"Soon afterwards the boar took to the thicket, and all our attempts to find him again were unsuccessful. After having given breathing-time to horses and dogs, a second boar was found and driven from cover. The new chase, a savage old fellow, was followed with the same ardour by the dogs and with the same intrepidity by the men. It required more than an hour and a half to come up with him; he had taken refuge in an extensive piece of water; but after a while, he was driven out by the dogs and ran towards Stollhofen. There the Baron Z..., who led the hunt, alighted, attacked the animal as he stood at bay, and wounded him with his hunting-knife; two horsemen came to his assistance, and their united efforts soon finished him.

"The boar was then taken to the place of meeting, where all the visitors were waiting with the utmost impatience to know the result of the chase, the dangers of which had been greatly exaggerated. A splendid breakfast, given by M. Benazet with his usual courtesy, was served in a delightful spot, with a deep blue sky over head, in the midst of a splendid forest, such as can be found nowhere but in Germany. Sixty ladies sat down to table, attended by numerous domestics, with every thing as complete as it could be in the best-appointed hotel. After the ladies, came the turn of the gentlemen; and the breakfast was repeated for them with the same splendour and the same gastronomic ingenuity.

"During the repast, an excellent band played the wild airs of the country in perfect keeping with the circumstance.

"The return to Baden is always made with considerable parade, but this time especially, the weather and

hour being favourable, carriages, horsemen, and sporting trophies triumphantly filed off in the midst of an immense concourse of spectators; an orchestra of twenty musicians, placed in a large car opened the procession; then came the hunting carriage bearing the dead boar, thirty carriages occupied by ladies, and a hundred and fifty horsemen closed the cortege.

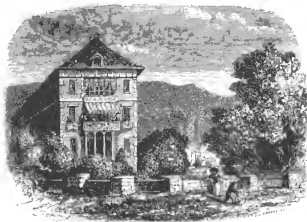
"Another hunt will take place the day after to-morrow.

"Adieu for a short time, my dear count.

"ALEXIS D...."

But autumn is now come; the leaves are getting yellow, and fall at the slightest breeze; the landscapes have lost their graceful attractions; yet a few days and the hoar frost will throw a snowy mantle over the mountains and the pine-forests that clothe their sides.

The hour of departure is at hand.









Karlsruhe. — Palace Garden

XIX.

RASTADT. — CARLSRUHE.

WE now bid adieu to Baden once more, but with the hope of returning ere long, for it is one of those places which are sure to be revisited by those who have once tasted its pleasures

If Baden were frequented by the French only, there would be some reason to apprehend that it might suffer from the ever-changing caprices of fashion; but in this instance, fashion is secured by brilliant advantages, and by the joint protection of all the nations of Europe. The Russians, English, Germans, and other nations do not share that craving for the unknown, that passion for novelty,

that insatiable hankering after change, which are the characteristic distinctions of the French; they are far more influenced by the memory of past enjoyment, and will return time after time to a country where they have experienced gratification and pleasure.

On leaving Baden, you will complete your peregrinations in the duchy, by taking the Bâle and Mannheim railway, which runs from one extremity to the other.

You have scarcely left Baden, ere you arrive at Rastadt, once the residence of the Margraves of Baden-Baden. This town, so frequently mentioned in history, has greatly declined in size and population, and is now a quiet place of very little importance. Travellers generally make a halt there to go over the old palace, built on a plan copied from the palace at Versailles. Every part of it is intimately associated with the memory of the brave Princee Louis, the greatest of all the heroes that have shed a lustre on the elder branch of the Margraves of Baden.

By a singular chance, this prince, who was destined to win glory by his military achievements against France, was born at Paris on the 8th of April, 1655. Louis XIV., then only seventeen years of age, was his godfather. His mother wished to keep him at Paris, and her wish was sanctioned by the French monarch. The Margrave of Baden, however, Princee Louis's grandfather, was anxious that his grandson should be brought up in the country he was destined to govern. Having in vain endeavoured to gain his object by negotiation, and violence being out of the question, he determined to have recourse to statagem. Intelligent agents were sent from Rastadt to effect his purpose. The Princess of Baden having gone to spend a few days at St. Germain, where the court then was, the margrave's emissaries resolved to take advantage of her temporary absence. The young prince was left at the Palais Royal; one of the ladies who had

charge of him was secretly gained over, and she, with the child and its nurse, got into a carriage under pretext of going to St. Germain, in conformity with orders sent by the princess. The carriage, however, took the Strasburg road, and travelled with the utmost rapidity. When the princess returned from the court and found the child gone, it was too late to think of pursuit, as the fugitives had already passed the Rhine.

If Prince Louis of Baden had remained in France, it is very probable that the whole course of his life might have been entirely changed by the influence his education there must have had on his character, his ideas, and his sympathies. At the court of Rastadt his warlike propensities were early developed by warlike sports. Then turning to the reality, the young prince began his practical studies in the art of war, under the able teaching of the celebrated Montecuculli, and the first time he met an enemy in the field was in the memorable campaign in Alsace, during which the great Turenne closed his heroic career. To have Montecuculli for his master and Turenne for his adversary was a grand beginning. The young prince signalised himself by many brilliant exploits in the field, and he soon displayed the talents and skill that are necessary to make a great general. At the Peace of Nimeguen he returned to his capital covered with glory and eager to win new laurels. His wishes were soon gratified, for war was declared between Austria and the Ottoman Porte. Prince Louis immediately put himself at the head of his brave Badeners, forced his way through the besieging army, and entered Vienna. Sobieski and the Duke of Lorraine came to the assistance of the Emperor, and Prince Louis left Vienna as he had entered it by a prodigy of successful valour. He formed a junction with the allies of Austria, and their united forces delivered Vienna, after a bloody battle in which the Turks were totally defeated

The campaign, however, did not end there, and the Prince of Baden continued his series of triumphant exploits. By his side fought Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the pair of youthful heroes became united on the battle-field by the bonds of the closest friendship. Other enemies soon after declared war against Austria : the French having invaded Germany, the Duke of Lorraine marched towards the Rhine to arrest their progress, and left Prince Louis on the Danube. He was now commander-in-chief, and he had scarcely assumed the supreme command, ere he made good his claim to a place in the ranks of the most celebrated warriors. He gave battle to the Turks under the walls of Nissa, and won a signal victory. The enemy made head against him at Salankemen, and another victory there added fresh laurels to those he had won at Nissa. The victorious prince, hearing that the plains of Suabia were overrun by the French, hastened back to his states, taking numerous prisoners with him. It was a curious sight for Rastadt to see its prince return with this train of prisoners, male and female, in their oriental costumes. There was the entire harem of a Pacha, young and beautiful women from Georgia and Greece, whom the margrave placed about the person of the Princess Sibylla, his consort. The men were employed on the public works, chiefly in making roads. There is one, in particular, at Baden, near the new castle, which is still called the *Turks' Road*, because it was made by the prince's prisoners. After depositing at Rastadt the trophies of his brilliant campaign on the Danube, Prince Louis departed again to combat the French in Suabia. He retook Heidelberg, and held in check the Dauphin and the Duke de Lorges. Hostilities were for a moment suspended only to burst forth again with greater fierceness in the plains of Alsace, where Prince Louis once more went over the ground and repeated the exploits of his first campaign. Sobieski's death about this time left the

throne of Poland vacant, and the prince offered himself as a candidate. The Elector of Saxony obtained the majority of votes, and the prince found consolation, for this defeat, in the war that arose in consequence of the Spanish succession. The Imperial army marched under his orders, and he fought Melac, Villars, and Catinat. He fortified himself in the strong lines of Stollhofen, the most admirable entrenchments warlike genius has traced from the days of Julius Cæsar to our own. This master-piece was a glorious termination to the prince's career, as, soon after its completion, he died at Rastadt, in 1707, after making twenty-six campaigns, and taking part in twenty-five sieges and thirteen pitched battles.

With respect to Prince Louis, posterity has confirmed the judgment of his contemporaries by placing him in the same rank with Turenne and Condé.

His widow, the Princess Sibylla, built the palace of Rastadt, which is still decorated with the trophies the prince brought back from his campaigns against the Turks.

You will there see symmetrically arranged in large glass cases, rich garments, saddles with gold and silver trimmings, yatagans with jewelled hilts, guns, pistols, and standards taken on the field of battle at Nissa and Salankemen. In the midst of all these glorious spoils, you may see and touch the armour worn by the conqueror: his helmet, cuirass, gauntlets, and spurs.

In one of the rooms of the palace are portraits of the four favourite wives taken from the Pacha and brought captive to Rastadt. They are painted full-length, of the natural size, and in all the richness of their oriental costume. One of them is extremely beautiful, and might very well have excited a feeling of jealousy in the heart of the Princess Sibylla.

It was at Rastadt that Prince Eugene and Villars met to concert measures for putting an end to the War of the Suc-

cession. Long afterwards, in 1796, other diplomatic conferences which took place at Rastadt, led to disastrous consequences. Disgusted with the procrastination and delays of the Austrian cabinet, the plenipotentiaries of the French Republic resolved to return to France, but had scarcely gone a mile from Rastadt when they were attacked and massacred.

We are bound to declare, however, that the Badeners had no share whatever in this crime. Let each bear his own burden. The whole Grand-Duchy of Baden loudly and indignantly protested against the atrocious murder that had been committed on its territory.

Between Rastadt and Carlsruhe the road passes by Ettlingen, at the entrance of the valley of the Alb, where the Romans had a considerable establishment. There, as every where else, they left traces of their passage. A stone sacred to Neptune is built in the wall of the bridge; and in the environs, well-directed excavations at the beginning of the present century laid bare some fine remains of antique baths. The mountains near the Alb present deep cuttings which are indisputable remains of a Roman road.

The French army, under the command of General Moreau, in 1796, won a memorable victory over the Austrians near Ettlingen.

The traveller who wishes to visit every spot worthy of notice, will not go from Rastadt to Carlsruhe without turning aside to visit Pforzheim, a pretty little town, picturesquely situated on the banks of three rivers.

At every step in this country we come upon spots replete with military associations. At Pforzheim Marshal de Lorges beat the Duke of Wurtemberg. This town is noted for its clocks and jewellery; indeed, it is said to be the busiest manufacturing place in the Duchy. The learned philologist Rauchlin was born at Pforzheim. He was entrusted by the







Margraves of Baden with several important political missions, and he rapidly rose to a position of great eminence which he lost by subsequent imprudence. The study of Hebrew had given him a taste for the occult sciences, and he followed up the study with impassioned ardour. He wrote several works on the cabalistic doctrines, and in that respect showed himself worthy of his name, which signifies in German, *a puff of smoke*.

Not more than a century and a half ago the place where the town of Carlsruhe now stands was only a rendezvous for hunters in the midst of the forest of Hartwald, so famous for its abundance of game.

The Margrave Charles William, who reigned at the beginning of last century, was a keen sportsman, and he built here an elegant lodge to which he frequently resorted. When he made a halt at the place after a hard run, he would sometimes stay for hours to contemplate the beauty of the site and the varied aspects of the forest.

During one of these halts a courtier happened to say :

" Indeed, my lord, it is a pity your castle of Durlach cannot be transported hither, and placed where this lodge now stands."

" You are right," replied the margrave; " but if we cannot remove the castle of Durlach, we can easily build another here, and it shall be done."

As Prince Charles William pondered over his project, it gradually assumed far greater proportions.

When the architect laid before him the plan of the castle, drawn in conformity with his own instructions, the prince examined it carefully, and then remarked :

" So far, so good; but something more is wanting."

" Have I then, my lord, made any important omission in the plan?"

"Oh, no; as a specimen of architecture your plan appears to me complete and unexceptionable; but I now perceive a great defect, which did not strike me at first."

"What does your Highness mean?"

"I allude to its isolation. I am fond of movement and life; I want plenty of people round my residence. The remedy is very easy: close to the castle we must have a town."

And, taking a pencil, he sketched out the plan of Carlsruhe.

The castle and town rose as it were by enchantment, and Carlsruhe became the capital, first of the Margraviate of Durlach, and afterwards of the Grand Duchy of Baden.

The circumstances attending the origin of this city present a perfect parallel to those which led to the building of Versailles.

Louis XIII. built a hunting-lodge; Louis XIV. converted this lodge into an immense palace, around which a town soon sprang up, and that town became the residence of the court and the seat of the government.

The Margrave Charles William was a man of taste. The city is admirably planned. The castle forms a centre from which radiate, in the shape of a fan, fine wide streets terminating in alleys cut through the forest. Other streets in concentric semicircles cross these, like ribbons on the sticks of a fan. From the belvedere on the top of the castle, a splendid panoramic view of the city and forest is obtained. It is really magnificent.

The traveller must make a short stay at Carlsruhe to see the castle, the town, and the forest, all of them possessing many objects of interest. An evening may be agreeably passed at the theatre near the palace; it always has an excellent company, a good orchestra, and first-rate singers.

The most striking spectacle at Carlsruhe, is a review of the







garrison. The best troops of the Duchy are there, and it is impossible not to admire the precision of their manœuvres, the brilliant uniforms of the cavalry, and the soldierlike bearing of the infantry. All Europe cannot show an army better disciplined, or more perfectly organised. The officers are remarkable for their excellent education and profound knowledge of the military art. Should Baden ever have to draw the sword (which God forbid!), this army would not fail to attain great distinction in the field. The Badeners would repeat those feats of arms which gave them such renown under Prince Louis and at subsequent periods of their history.

Carlsruhe has a museum containing many remarkable paintings, and a very superior Botanical Garden. The Margrave Charles William, who was not only a great huntsman and a skilful architect, but also a learned botanist, devoted much time and attention to this garden, and before his death it contained no less than six thousand varieties of plants.

Handsome houses and beautiful churches embellish the city of Carlsruhe, and make it worthy to be the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden.

In the environs of Carlsruhe, the traveller must not neglect to visit Durlach, the former residence of the margraves. The old castle, which has long ceased to be a ducal residence, retains some few antiquities. Near is it the Thurmberg, which we are assured by archæologists was once a Roman watch-tower.

On the Heidelberg road, the most remarkable place is Bruchsal, a small town given to the Bishop of Spire by the Emperor Henry III. in the eleventh century. The old castle of the bishops is still standing and is worth a visit. It was begun by Damian Hugo of Schönborn and finished by his successor.

Further on, is the village of Mingolsheim, where Count

Ernest von Mansfeld beat the Imperialists commanded by Count de Tilly, in the Thirty Years' War. After this defeat, the fugitives were met near Sinsheim by the Margrave George Frederick of Baden, who, with chivalrous generosity, let them pass unmolested, being too brave and too humane to attack a fallen enemy.

The country all round is so beautiful, that every traveller regrets the shortness of the distance from Carlsruhe to Heidelberg.



Palace of Carlsruhe



XX.

HEIDELBERG.

On the banks of the Neckar, in a fertile and picturesque country, stands the city of Heidelberg, remarkable for its position and aspect, and famous for its antiquity and numerous historical associations.

The glory and the ornament of Heidelberg, its castle and university, have existed ever since the fourteenth century. At that period the Counts Palatine of the Rhine established their residence at Heidelberg, and built their castle on the Geisberg, the ruins of which only now remain.

Ingelheim, near Mentz, was the favourite abode of Charlemagne, and disputed with Aix-la-Chapelle the honour of having given birth to that great Emperor. Charlemagne built a magnificent palace at Ingelheim and decorated it with above a hundred marble and granite columns. The Pope sent him from Rome and Ravenna a number of bas-reliefs and statues to ornament his imperial residence. Seven centuries afterwards, the Emperor Charles IV. ceded Ingelheim to the Elector Palatine, who removed to Heidelberg castle the columns, statues, and sculptures of Charlemagne's palace.

Thus embellished with the rich spoils of the past, that splendid structure, the castle of Heidelberg, after exhausting the genius of architects, the art of sculptors, and the treasury of ten sovereigns, was developing itself in all its majesty, and had become the admiration of Germany, when the Thirty Years' War commenced, during which it suffered considerably; not long after came a still more terrible war, which left it a heap of ruins.

Nothing was spared in the disastrous campaign of 1688. Heidelberg suffered the common fate of the whole Palatinate, the castle was battered down by cannon, and its destruction entailed that of the town.

When peace brought back repose to this unhappy country, the Electors Palatine began to repair the disaster that had befallen their favourite residence. After forty years of incessant labour and a vast expenditure, Heidelberg castle had regained almost its former splendour, when it was struck by lightning and destroyed a second time. This was its final catastrophe; for no attempt was made to rebuild it, but the ruins were preserved as a memento of past grandeur, and the broken walls which neither Turenne's cannon nor the lightning had thrown down, were suffered to remain. The Grand Duke of Baden ordered paths to be cleared through

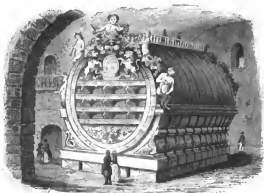


View of the Harbor of Philadelphia



the midst of these vast ruins, the imposing majesty of which will tell you, far better than any description, what the castle of Heidelberg must have been in the days of its splendour.

The cellars of the castle escaped both these disasters, and still contain an object worthy of the visitor's attention. We allude to the famous tun, which, on account of its gigantic dimensions excites the admiration of the curious, and fills the toper with wonder and ecstasy.



The Great Tun of Heidelberg.

From time immemorial, travellers and historians speak of the *Great Tun of Heidelberg*, which the Electors Palatine had made expressly to receive the annual tribute paid in kind by the vine-growers. The immense recipient shows the measure of the impost. It was to be filled up every year with new wine, and as the Electors took care that it should be empty before they began, the poor tax-payers were subject to a punishment scarcely surpassed by that of the Danaides in the Pagan mythology.

The tun suffered the fate of the castle, having been destroyed during the war, and burned in the conflagration; but when the castle rose again, after peace was restored, the tun was not forgotten, and it received the liquid contributions as before.

After the final destruction of the castle by lightning, the tun alone arose from the ashes, and was made still larger than the last one, which had itself been larger than its predecessor — and of course the tax was so much the heavier each time.

The present one was made under the reign of the Elector Charles Theodore, about a hundred years ago. It is a most remarkable object. Its vast flanks are surmounted by a platform with a balustrade round it.

The front is decorated with rich sculptured ornaments and allegorical figures.

Poets and painters have frequently exerted their ingenuity by choosing this huge cask as a subject for pen or pencil.

The university of Heidelberg was founded at the same time as the castle, and is still flourishing, though it has occasionally had to feel the effects of war.

The Red Rupert, Count Palatine and Duke of Bavaria, who made Heidelberg the capital of the Electorate and the seat of government, is said to have been the founder of this celebrated university. At the beginning of the present century, the schools were almost deserted; but the Grand Duke of Baden soon restored the university of Heidelberg to its original glory and prosperity.

In its earlier days the university possessed a library that was reckoned one of the most valuable and complete in Europe. The Bavarians having taken and pillaged the town, the famous Count de Tilly, their general, remembering that he had been a Jesuit before he was a soldier, made a present

of the library to Pope Leo, who placed it in the Vatican, where it is still known as the *Bibliotheca Palatina*.

Numbers of valuable books taken from the convents of the Grand Duchy, with donations and judicious purchases, have restored the fortunes of the university library. About thirty years ago, Rome returned nine hundred manuscripts, part of the booty taken by Count de Tilly, and presented to the Pope two centuries before; among these manuscripts was a translation of the Prophet Isaiah in Luther's handwriting.

The environs of the town are very picturesque. The valley of the Neckar will appear beautiful even to those travellers who have visited the fair valleys of the Mourg and the Kinzig.

The population of Heidelberg is composed of about fifteen thousand *Philistines* and seven hundred students.

Philistines is the name given to the citizens of the town by the students, but why or wherefore it is not easy to ascertain. The Heidelbergers have no distinguishing characteristic, their physical and moral qualities being precisely the same as are constantly seen in the other towns of Germany. But the student deserves the honour of a more particular notice.

THE HEIDELBERG STUDENT.

He was a fine lad, fair and tall, with fresh rosy cheeks, a clear forehead, a soft bright eye, and long curly auburn hair. His name was Frantz. Brought up under his mother's eye, in a quiet retreat, far from the noise and bustle of the world, he still retained all the ingenuous grace of childhood. The white house where he was born, the meadow where he played with his young companions, the village church, the

minister's lectures, his mother's caresses, were to him life, science, happiness, every thing — he saw nothing beyond.

One day, however, his dear mother, whom he had gone to embrace for the first time that morning, said to him :

"Frantz, my dear boy, you are seventeen years old this day. You are almost a man, and we must think of the future. The property left by your poor father will barely support us till you can secure a standing in the world. Without fortune or protectors, you will be entirely dependent on yourself; but God is good, and industry is certain of its reward. If you wish your life should pass in peace and competence, if you would have my last days happy, work and study hard to place yourself in the ranks of those useful men who find prosperity in a laborious life. Our good minister Glossmann has taught you all he knows, and he yesterday said to me : 'Now, Frantz ought to be begin more serious studies, and he is sufficiently advanced to go to the university.' It is painful to lose you, my boy, but I submit, as your future prospects are concerned. To-morrow you shall go to Heidelberg."

All the preparations for his departure were soon made. When Frantz went to take leave of his old master :

"Frantz," said the venerable old man, "you are a clever and industrious lad, full of zeal and docility. You are now able to profit by the excellent lessons of more learned professors. To guide you in the new world on which you are about to enter, I have recommended you to one of my old pupils, a good studious youth like yourself. Here is my letter, which you will deliver to Conrad Fulghausen. Make him your friend. He has already been three years at the university, and will enlighten and guide your inexperience."

The parting between mother and son, who had never been separated before, was most affecting. At the critical moment the courage of both gave way, and it required the

intervention of the good minister to bring the painful scene to a close. Frantz at last tore himself away from his almost heart-broken mother. He travelled on foot, with a knapsack at his back containing all his luggage. Neither the fatigues of the journey, nor the novelty of the scenes he passed through, could make him forget his grief, and the young student still had a tear in his eye when he reached Heidelberg.

The picturesque beauties of the city, its admirable situation, the majestic ruins of the old castle, made no impression on his mind then overfraught with sorrow. He stopped at the first inn he saw, and after putting on his best clothes, he inquired the way to Conrad's lodgings, which were in a street near the Neckar.

A few minutes more and he would see the young man endowed with so many amiable qualities, whom his venerable minister had so often recommended to him as an example. Conrad lived in an old house built in the Gothic style; and his apartments were on the third floor. Frantz went up and knocked gently at the door.

"Come in," shouted a loud voice.

Frantz thought he must have knocked at the wrong door, nevertheless he went in, and found himself in presence of a tall young man of a swarthy complexion, somewhat strangely accoutred, with a lofty martial air, a bold reckless look, and a long beard, while on the top of his head was stuck a little cap made of red cloth, slightly leaning towards the right ear.

"Mr. Conrad Fulghausen?" asked Frantz timidly.

"I am he," replied the tall young man.

Frantz accordingly presented his letter of introduction. Conrad took it, and while the veteran of the university read the reverend clergyman's letter, the novice looked round in astonishment on the articles that furnished the chamber of his new friend

It was the chamber of a German student in all its poetry. Each wall had its peculiar ornaments.

On the north side was the door, on the south the window, on the east the bed, on the west the stove. Beside the bed was a row of clothes-pegs by no means overloaded; the window side was decorated with a variety of formidable weapons : broad-swords, pistols, daggers, rapiers. The wall opposite the window was covered with a vast number of pipes of all forms and sizes; lastly, on each side of the stove, coloured lithographs, withered flowers, and small branches of dried foliage, formed a museum of painting and natural history.

The furniture was completed by a table covered with books and papers; three chairs, more or less rickety, an immense oak arm-chair covered with faded red velvet, and an enormous tobacco-pot of imitation porcelain stood on the top of the stove.

As soon as Conrad had finished reading the letter he shook Frantz cordially by the hand.

"My old master Glossmann is a good worthy man," said he; "I thank him for thinking of me, and I will not betray his confidence. But," continued the student, "you must think me a very strange host, as I have offered you no refreshment. Come, take the arm-chair, and whilst I fill our glasses, do you, Robin, give the gentleman a pipe."

On hearing these words, a great white dog that lay under the table, rose, approached the wall, stood on his hind legs, examined the collection of pipes with a knowing eye, took one in his mouth, and presented it to Frantz.

"Well done, Robin," and Conrad joyously, "you are an intelligent fellow; you have discovered that the gentleman is a friend I wish to receive with all honour, and you have chosen for him the finest pipe of the whole lot. There is not a better servant in the whole country," continued

Conrad; "he does all my errands with the utmost zeal and sagacity; he treats people according to their merits, and I am never deceived when I follow the counsels of his memory and instinct. But fill your pipe, and light it."

"I fill a pipe!" timidly replied Conrad; "oh! no, I never smoke."

"Very good! But you drink sometimes?"

Frantz took the glass Conrad had set before him; but scarcely had he raised it to his lips when he exclaimed with a grimace of disgust and horror:

"Heavens! how strong! I shall never be able to drink that."

"Capital!" cried Conrad, "I see myself again in you. I was just the same when I came to the university. It is pleasant to see one's old self again. I look at you, and I say to myself: 'Just as I was three years back! You may look at me and say: 'Just as I shall be three years hence!'' For as sure as you are what you are, you will be what I am. This surprises you, my young friend? But nothing can be more certain. I have known the same gentleness and timidity, the same ignorance of the pipe and dislike for strong liquors. My dear mother brought me up like a girl, and the Reverend Mr. Glossmann taught me all the modest virtues. You and I both come from the same school; I led the way, and you see how studies improve youth; you see how Heidelberg metamorphoses the bashful pupils of the excellent old Glossman."

Frantz was struck with amazement at language so new to him.

"I can assure you," said Conrad, "that in three months your old friends will not know you again. I was metamorphosed in less time myself, and I had no one to guide me, whereas you have me, and you shall see what a skilful pilot, what an agreeable cicerone, what a prudent

adviser, and what a learned professor I am. I beg pardon for thus lauding myself, but it is indispensable you should know something of your guide. However, I prefer deeds to words, so we will immediately commence your education. This is just the time for the first lesson. Robin, my boots!"

"Are we going to a lecture?" asked Frantz.

"Yes," replied Conrad, mastering his inclination to laugh.

"But I have no books, or paper to take notes."

"You will find every thing you want there. Robin, my stick. Now, let us go."

The two young men went off arm in arm, like old friends. Conrad walked along with a jaunty impertinent gait; he had passed his fingers through his hair to make it stand as staring possible, and had set his cap as much on one side as it could be without falling off. A light blue surtout, very short and scant, buttoned round his waist, showed off his figure to advantage. He carried his head high, his look was bold and daring, and his whole physiognomy bespoke unconcern, gaiety, and resolution. Being an indefatigable smoker, he had taken for the walk a splendid pipe which he held in his left hand by its beautifully painted porcelain bowl. In his right hand he carried a heavy ivory-headed cane, which he dexterously balanced on his fingers, now and then making a flourish just to show he was an adept at cudgel-playing.

The quiet gait of Frantz, his down-cast eyes, his evident constraint and astonishment formed a singular contrast with the easy and gallant bearing of his companion. Indulgent for weaknesses he had formerly experienced, Conrad exerted himself to be agreeable to the young novice and to encourage his timidity.

"We will take this narrow street," said he; "it is not

exactly in our road; but love leads me there. By the by, Frantz, have you not brought from the country some tender souvenir? Have you not left there a couple of beautiful eyes that weep your absence? Of course, you have; I need not ask that? A first boyish passion, oaths of eternal fidelity exchanged at night under the starry sky, and repeated at the moment of parting? It was so with me I know; I have tasted those unspeakable delights; I have felt the pensive melancholy that follows a separation. But reason will recover its sway, and you will soon forget those reveries, when you begin to enjoy positive pleasures. Here we still love, always love, but lightly and joyously."

As he talked thus Conrad kept glancing secretly at his young companion, and smiled, like an old roadster as he was, when he saw the boyish agitation and bashful confusion of the innocent novice. Wishing to spare him the embarrassment of an answer, he hastily continued:

"What! have you really lived so long without knowing the sweet emotions of a first love? Well, so much the better! You are free, you have no bonds to break; you may without fear or remorse look up at that window yonder, where you see a cage and a pot of flowers."

In obedience to his Mentor, Frantz looked at the window. Between the cage and the flowerpot he saw the pretty faces of two young girls. One of them had lustrous black eyes, the other soft blue ones.

"Do you see them?" asked Conrad. "Well, you shall have the fair one, if you feel inclined. I would have left you to choose, had I not already decided in favour of the brunette myself. Come, begin the attack, do as I do: a graceful salutation, and a significant look. To-morrow we will make a grand assault. But it is getting late; we must hasten to our evening studies. Luckily the lecture hall is not far off."

A few minutes after Conrad opened the door of the hall, and Frantz stopped short on the threshold, confounded by the noise and almost suffocated by the thick smoke that filled the place.

Just as Mentor precipitated Telemachus into the waves to make him leave Calypso's isle, so did Conrad by main force compel the young student to make a plunge into the smoke. At Heidelberg, the evening class is held in beer-houses. Nothing can be more praiseworthy than the zeal and punctuality the students show in following this course of lessons; they always arrive at dusk and seldom leave till midnight. The place of these meetings is remarkable only for its rude simplicity: there are no vain ornaments, no gilded wainscot, no paintings or mirrors in the pannels; naked walls, rough boards, and the only furniture rustic oak seats and tables rudely smoothed with the plane. During the long sittings held in these places there is one confused hum of conversation, constantly varied by louder exclamations, bursts of laughter, and the jingling of glasses, in the midst of a cloud of smoke supplied by the pipes of all the guests.

Led on by Conrad, the young novice, half stifled, took a seat at a table round which were ranged ten or a dozen students, who drew nearer together to make room for the new comers. Frantz having been formally presented by his protector, was welcomed most cordially, a glass and a pipe were placed before him, and nobody seemed to notice that he touched neither of them. The conversation, interrupted for an instant, was now resumed, and touched upon a thousand strange subjects not over-edifying for the chaste ears of the auditor thus abruptly introduced into a new world. When the conversation flagged and grew dull, they began to sing. One of the students, who had a splendid voice, gave a song of which the subjoined prose translation will convey but a very imperfect idea:



And he opened the door of the hall,
 And he said, "Come in, my dear,"
 And he said, "Come in, my dear,"

[619]

And he said, "Come in, my dear,"
 And he said, "Come in, my dear,"
 And he said, "Come in, my dear,"

And he said, "Come in, my dear,"

And he said, "Come in, my dear,"

And he said, "Come in, my dear,"

And he said, "Come in, my dear,"

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And he said, "Come in, my dear,"

And he said, "Come in, my dear,"

And he said, "Come in, my dear,"



Illustration of a Social Gathering

Published by the Author



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" Brothers and companions, pledge me glass in hand.
" We have one common parent, all of us who first saw the
" light in these fine countries traversed by majestic rivers
" and shaded by primeval forests; a fruitful land, tilled by
" stalwart men. Here's to Germany, the land of strong
" hardworking men.

" The blood of the brave has watered our plains; the
" bodies of the enemy have fertilised our soil. The travel-
" ler cannot pass from one town to another without crossing
" a battle-field. Worthy sons of our fathers, we would rise
" as one man to defend our menaced liberties. Here's to
" Germany, land of the brave and the free.

" Here are no false faces, no traitorous schemes concealed
" under the mask of cunning or falsehood. With us the
" face is the index of the mind; speech the faithful image of
" the thought. Here's to Germany, land of the frank and
" true.

" He to whom I give my hand may grasp it with all con-
" fidence; he shall find it strong and faithful, not content
" with idle greetings: at the first summons of a friend it goes
" to his relief with purse or sword. Here's to Germany, land
" of the generous and devoted.

" Fill your goblets with the nectar of our sunny hills,
" that gently slope down to the deep waters of the Rhine.
" It is the milk our common mother gives to strengthen her
" children. Here's to Germany, the land of rich and sa-
" voury wines.

" Now fill your Bohemian cups of coloured crystal, and
" let us pledge our sweethearts, whose complexion rivals
" the lily and the rose. Let us hail with bumpers the sweet
" smiles and loving looks that hold us captive. Here's to
" Germany, land of the loving and the fair."

Other songs of a class less pure and sentiments less

elevated came after this, as the students got more excited by drinking, and less under the control of reason. Then Frantz, who had become acclimated to the atmosphere of the room, was asked to sing in his turn, and after a moment's hesitation the novice sang, in a soft sweet voice, a romance whose plaintive modulations had soothed him when a child.

Who could have supposed that this sweet and touching melody was to be the cause of a quarrel?

Symptoms of discord had already appeared in the hall, which was occupied by several parties of students. More than once the singing of Conrad and his companions had been interrupted by jeers and noisy exclamations from a table close by. At first they were scarcely audible and were suffered to pass unnoticed, but when Frantz began to sing they were repeated with increased violence.

"Silence there!" cried Conrad, striking the table a hard blow with his fist, which made all the pots and glasses dance again.

A volley of hisses was the answer to this imperious order.

Conrad bounded like a wounded lion. He rose in a rage and threw his cap on the hostile table, as he would have thrown his gauntlet, had he worn one.

A student took up the cap, ran his knife through it, and tossed it back to its owner.

The fray was about to become general. "Hold, my friends," said Conrad calmly. "This matter lies altogether between me and Max Burgschwiller. To-morrow we will meet face to face, and I will repay him by a gash in his skin for the one he has made in my old cap."

"We shall see about that," answered Max, with equal coolness.

The challenge being thus given and accepted, each resumed his seat and the glasses were filled again. Conrad and his friends seemed no way affected by this incident;

Frantz trembled in every limb, and such was his confusion that he began to smoke quite unconsciously.

"Bravo! my lad!" exclaimed Conrad merrily, "you have more than half done your task; but to help you on in the right path, you shall drink a glass or two of the old hock we were singing about just now. I wish to welcome you with all the honours."

Wine was called for, and then spirits, till they became very uproarious, and when the house was closed and all the students were compelled to leave their evening lessons and return home, Conrad was in a state of complete intoxication. Frantz alone, having merely raised the glass to his lips, had retained the full exercise of his senses and the use of his legs.

It was now the pupil's turn to support the tottering steps of the master. On leaving the beer house, the tables were completely turned; Frantz, the novice, became the guide and support of the valiant Conrad.

But after getting a few steps from the tavern, the doors of which were instantly closed, Frantz found himself considerably embarrassed.

The night was dark, the students had gone off in different directions, singing as they went, and their voices were lost in the distance. Conrad, who could hardly keep his legs and slept as he staggered along, was unable to show his conductor the way to his lodgings. As all the doors and windows were closed, and not a soul was abroad of whom he could ask the way, Frantz began to think that he should be obliged to pass his first night at Heidelberg in the street.

In this unpleasant conjuncture, he met with unexpected assistance from his friend's dog, who pulled him by the coat skirt in the direction of home.

The faithful and sagacious animal was too well accustomed

to this service. He was in the habit of taking his master home every night, and very cleverly did he acquit himself of that by no means easy task. Animal instinct here came to the relief of man's wandering reason. When Conrad staggered, Robin would stand upon his hind legs and support him; when Conrad sat down on the pavement Robin, made him get up and walk on, keeping him in the right road, and always managed sooner or later to get him home. Most of the Heidelberg students have a dog like Robin, who becomes in turns, according to time and circumstances, a disinterested servant, a faithful adviser, an incorruptible guardian, a patient and skilful guide.

Aided by Robin, Frantz got Conrad to his lodgings in about a quarter of an hour; but Robin did not yet know where Frantz had taken up his abode, and the young man having but a very indistinct recollection of the way back to his hotel, was under the necessity of staying all night with his friend. He accordingly threw himself down in the great arm-chair, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. The trials of this day, in which the world had appeared to him under new forms, and the agitated scenes of the evening, brought him strange dreams, in the midst of which his imagination was intensely occupied, when a sonorous manly voice made him start from his sleep. It was Conrad who thus saluted the dawn of day. The gay student had at once shaken off the influence of Morpheus and the effects of his intoxication. The debauch of the preceding night had not left the least trace on his face nor the slightest confusion in his mind. His healthy and robust organization was proof against all fatigue. After sleeping about four hours, he awoke refreshed and active, as lively and vigorous as any sage who had supped frugally and gone to bed at sunset. He walked up to Frantz, slapped him on the shoulder, and said :

"How are you this morning?"

Frantz looked at him with a drowsy air, and mechanically answered :

"Very well, thank you. How are you, sir?"

"Why do you say *sir*?" good humouredly retorted Conrad. "Let there be no ceremony between us. We are already old acquaintances. We have drunk together, we have slept under the same roof, we are regular comrades; so let us act with the frank and cordial familiarity of two friends who are to advance side by side in the career of study, love, and honour. But that last word reminds me that I have a duel on my hands this morning. I must see about it immediately.

On hearing the word duel, Frantz could not help shuddering. Conrad did not observe it, but continued as coolly as before :

"My ideas are very clear on the subject, I remember perfectly well all that passed last night. I challenged Max Burgschwiller, and am very glad I did : for some time past I have been anxious to give him a lesson. He is the leader of the Hessians, as I am of the Badeners : two rival nations who have already exchanged many a cut and thrust. You can hardly conceive, my friend, how this affair pleases me. In fact, if I had not had Max on hand, I must still have had my duel this morning, and should have picked a quarrel with the first person I met, for anything or nothing, no matter ; for fight I must. I could not do less to oblige you."

"To oblige me!" cried Frantz.

"Yes, to oblige you. Am I not your cicerone, your guide, your Mentor? Must not I initiate you in all our exercises? Why, my dear fellow, duelling is one of our most frequent occupations. I should find it as difficult a task to tell you how many times I have fought since I came to the university, as I should to tell the exact number of bottles I have

emptied in the course of my scholastic career. We never think of counting such things. Our grave and learned professors will teach you theology, law, medicine, philosophy; I will instruct you in the code of the tavern and the code of honour: they are written laws which a student ought to learn and deeply meditate, so that he may know how to behave in every conjuncture according to the received customs and established rules. But before expounding the theory, I considered it advisable to give you a specimen of the practice. In my opinion, that is the surest way of making great progress in a little time. Last night you saw us at it glass in hand; in an hour or so you shall see how quarrels are settled among well-bred people."

As he uttered these last words in a gay tone of voice, Conrad took down a long rapier that hung against the wall, and after trying whether it was in good order, he unscrewed the blade, returned it to the sheath, and concealed it under his pantaloons down the side of his leg; he then put the hilt out of sight in one of the pockets of his surtout.

"I take these precautions," said he, "that no one may see I am armed. Come," he continued, taking his young companion's arm, "let us be off; for it is time we were at the *House of Honour*, a rural establishment devoted to our meetings. You shall be present as a mere spectator; as soon as you have got a little knowledge of these affairs, I will have another duel, for your sake, and you shall be my second. Next, it will be your turn to be the principal, and I will take care and get up a nice little duel for you with an adversary of my own choosing."

"A duel for me!" cried Frantz, horror-struck.

"Yes, to be sure. Do you think you shall be able to get through your studies with folded arms? To be admitted into the society of my friends, a student must give undoubted proofs of his courage, and then have a bout from time to

time just to keep his hand in. You will be allowed a month or two as a novice, to learn fencing and get used to the sight of blood; then you will prove yourself a man, fairly and fully, I'll answer for it. You are frightened at it now; in a month or two you will think it mere child's play. Use is every thing. For the present, your part is limited to learning and observation. You saw last night how we manage to get up a quarrel, and make arrangements for settling it. Two of my friends, in obedience to a sign I made to them last night, will be my seconds; they have taken all the steps necessary to prevent our meeting being interrupted by the police.

Frantz and Conrad had now passed out at the gate of Heidelberg. The sagacious Robin, who had seen his master take down his rapier, knew perfectly well what was coming; he divined where their walk would end, and trotted on before them to the place. Frantz was so agitated that he could not speak; so Conrad, who kept constantly blowing out great puffs of smoke as he talked, after refilling his pipe, resumed his discourse :

"Do you see that man yonder, by the way-side, who appears to be herborizing? Perhaps you fancy that in him you behold a botanist who has left his bed early this morning to surprise the wild-flowers as they wake up under the first rays of the sun? Nothing of the kind; the fellow cares little for the secrets of nature : he is there to keep a look-out for us; we call him a scout : for you must know that duelling is prohibited among the students of Heidelberg. It is true that we fight almost every day; but duelling is really forbidden, and when the police happen to hear that a duel is on foot, they endeavour to prevent it. That is the reason we take the precautions you have noticed. Four scouts are set at intervals along the road; and if the police, who know our habits well enough,

should be seen hovering about the rendezvous, these useful fellows would let us know of it, and we should retrace our steps, and put off the affair till a more favourable opportunity. But the authorities, whose duty it is to watch over our welfare, are at this moment sleeping in happy ignorance of our proceedings; we shall not be disturbed this time; for here we are at the House of Honour."

It was a curious little house, painted red all over, standing in a garden, shaded with fine trees, and very agreeably situated on the side of the Kaisersthul, one of the hills that overlook Heidelberg. The last scout was on the threshold of the door, and as our young friends approached he drew aside to let them pass. Conrad and Frantz went straight to the fencing-room.

On entering, they found about thirty students already there, drinking, smoking, talking and laughing merrily. Conrad was no sooner recognised than they became as quiet as the audience at a theatre after the bell has rung for the curtain to rise. Those who had come as mere lookers-on ranged themselves round the walls, so as to leave plenty of room for the combatants. The actors in the drama about to be represented formed a group in the middle of the room. One of the students whom Conrad had selected as his assistants was giving a circumstantial account of the quarrel, not omitting even the minutest incident.

"Is not that how the matter stands?" inquired he.

"It is, exactly," answered both Conrad and Max.

"Well then," resumed the student who had made the statement, "the *Commentary* fixes your duel at five rounds, and limits its duration to twenty minutes."

The young man then opened a book he held in his hand — it was the Duelling Code, called the *Commentary* — and was proceeding to read the articles relating to the matter, but the two adversaries stopped him by saying:

"It is unnecessary. We know the law."

The student closed the book, and said:

"As there is no objection, you may go to the vestiary."

Conrad and Max left the room to accoutre themselves for the fray.

"Is the surgeon come?" asked one of the seconds.

"Here am I!" replied a little old man with a rubicund face, and dressed in a black coat which contrasted singularly with the picturesque costumes of the students.

An instant after Conrad and Max returned and took their places. Frantz, who had shrunk trembling into a corner, did not at first recognize his Mentor, so much was he disguised by his fighting costume.

A cap made of very thick leather, and having a long peak, entirely covered his head and even concealed part of the face. His neck and chin were protected by a thick cravat; large plastrons, well-padded, covered his breast, stomach, arms, and legs.

Max was accoutred just the same; for such is the fighting costume adopted by the students of Heidelberg.

As soon as he distinguished his friend under this voluminous envelope, Frantz felt rather more at ease. The fight about to take place appeared less terrible than his imagination had pictured it. In fact, this armour left only the lower part of the face exposed to the enemy's sword.

The two antagonists now took up their position facing each other with a space of three steps between them. Their weapons were the rapiers prescribed by the *Commentary* — long swords with two-edged blades exceedingly flat and almost as thin as paper. The wounds they inflicted must be very slight; the Code prohibits thrusting, and as an additional security the end of the blade is rounded off.

At a signal given by the seconds, the combat began. The two champions, tall and robust, dexterous and eager,

attacked each other with great impetuosity ; but their blows, though vigorously dealt, were rendered harmless by the cap and padding. A large basket hilt on each sword formed a kind of buckler, which they held on a level with the face, in order to protect the only vulnerable part. The three first rounds led to no result, at the fourth, Conrad, by a clever feint thrust aside his adversary's buckler, and the blade of his rapier, by a quick and well directed cut, wounded Max in the cheek. The twenty minutes had expired; the fight was over, and the vanquished Hessian went to get his cheek dressed by the surgeon.

Whilst the conqueror received the congratulations of his friends, a plaintive yelping was heard outside, and soon after they saw two dogs enter the room, one proud and uninjured, the other-crestfallen and bleeding at the ear. The faithful Robin, espousing his master's quarrel, had also had his duel; he had been fighting with Max Burgschwiller's dog, and had, like his master, come off triumphant.

Before leaving the House of Honour the students took breakfast together; then the conqueror, the wounded man, their seconds, and all who had witnessed the combat, merrily retraced their steps to Heidelberg, and arrived in time to attend the lectures of their professors.

Frantz took his place on the benches of the school, and when he left in the evening, twenty-four hours had elapsed since he entered Heidelberg. In that short lapse of time he had seen a complete epitome of the student's life: the morning, duel and study; then a walk, ogling the girls at the windows, the tavern, the pipe, singing, beer, quarrelling, intoxication, and staggering home to bed.

He had lived more in those twenty-four hours than in the sixteen years of his previous existence.

The next day Frantz drank several pots of beer and three glasses of punch without the least difficulty; he smoked a

pipe, and bravely endured the nausea the attempt produced; under Conrad's dictation he wrote a letter to the blue-eyed girl at the window. Like Cæsar, Conrad wrote one letter himself and dictated another at the same time. When the two epistles were finished Robin was sent off to deliver them.

Conrad had allowed Frantz six weeks ere he should have his first duel; but Frantz fought on the twenty-third day after he reached Heidelberg, and met with the same fate as Max Burgschwiller.

"You have reason to be proud of that scar," said Conrad; "it is an honourable mark, a certificate of courage. Such an addition greatly enhances the natural advantages of a young man, and assures him brilliant and easy conquests. Some of your fellow-students, less favoured than you, feel so humiliated at having a countenance free from scars that they sometimes have recourse to a razor and purposely make incisions in the very middle of their handsome faces."

The fair-haired girl soon left the window for the door, and even advanced a step or two further.

At the end of the year, having completed his studies, Conrad, much to his regret, abdicated the title of student to join the ranks of the Philistines. He left at the university a worthy successor, whom the Badeners unanimously proclaimed their chief.

When, after an absence of ten months, Frantz returned to pass the holidays at his native village, his good mother was the only person who recognized him at first sight, and the worthy minister, Mr. Glossmann, was absolutely thunderstruck at seeing him so changed. The boy had grown into a tall young man; a downy beard already covered his chin; a slight moustache shaded his lip; his deportment was manly; his look bold and spirited; his speech firm, fluent, and fearless.

In a few days his mother had got accustomed to the change, but poor Glossman persisted in expressing his belief that his pupil was ruined beyond redemption.

The future proved that the good old man was no prophet. The manners of the university leave but a transient impression: after completing the regular period of study and folly, the wild, fiery, reckless student undergoes another metamorphosis, and becomes a good husband, a kind father, a quiet citizen, or a sedate and respectable public functionary. Of his residence at Heidelberg he has retained nothing but his pipe and reminiscences illustrated with a martial scar or two.



Inner Court of Heidelberg Castle.



The Mosque

XXI.

SCHWETZINGEN GARDENS.

BETWEEN Heidelberg and Mannheim, about three leagues from the former and two from the

latter, the traveller should visit the Gardens of Schwetzingen, one of the wonders of Germany.

When the Germanic territory was still a savage wild, this spot was the first to begin the work of civilisation and agriculture. The Roman legions pitched their tents in the plains of Schwetzingen: the Emperor Valentinian gave battle to the Germans in these extensive plains, and often has the husbandman, when tilling this fertile soil, fallen upon weapons, urns, antique medals, and other remains of the Roman invaders.

After the Romans, the monks took possession of the country. The origin of the castle of Schwetzingen may be traced back to the earlier part of the fourteenth century. The sovereigns made it their summer residence: Frederick the Pacific embellished it; but the Thirty Years' War did not spare it any more than the rest of the Palatinate, and it was not till after those days of desolation and destruction that the wonderful Gardens of Schwetzingen were planned and realized — gardens which seem to have been created by the wand of some powerful fairy.

On approaching this charming place, the visitor first beholds on each side of the castle, two light wings, forming semi-circular galleries, of a simple but noble style of architecture: one side contains the state-rooms, the other the orangery.

Close by are four urns of Carrara marble, by a Florentine sculptor; four stone obelisks decorated by Link, and four small fountains standing round a large marble basin, in the midst of which are Arion seated on a dolphin, and four swans with boys on their backs.

These four figures of children, as well as the graceful figures that decorate the four fountains, are by Bouchardon. Further on are another group of children, and a wild boar attacked by dogs, by the same artist. The celebrated French

sculptor executed these different works for the gardens of the pleasure-house belonging to King Stanislas of Poland, at Luneville.

We will not undertake to enumerate the statues to be seen in these gardens; for we should have to name all the gods of Olympus and the demi-gods of antiquity. Nor will we attempt to describe this beautiful spot; any thing we could say would give but a very imperfect idea of the reality. We will merely call the traveller's attention to some few of the more remarkable monuments and objects that decorate these splendid gardens :

The Temple of Botany, ornamented with a beautiful allegorical statue, and four bas-reliefs, representing busts of Pliny, Linnæus, Theophrastes, and Tournefort.

The Temple of Minerva : the pediment over the entrance contains a bas-relief representing the goddess on a car; one of her disciples presents to her the plan of the garden, which she orders to be executed. Inside is the statue of Minerva, by Crepello.

The Temple of Apollo, standing on a rock fifteen feet high. Twelve Ionic columns support the cupola of the temple. The god is represented, in a standing posture, and holding a lyre in his hand, on a pedestal ornamented with wreaths. Below, on the crags of the rock, are two fair Naiads pouring water from urns.

The Temple of Mercury; the Roman sepulchres; the great obelisk, the Stags' basin, the antique aqueduct, and other fine decorations; but the most remarkable feature of Schwetzingen is the Aviary, which is admirably planned, covered in with fine wire lattice, cooled by fountains, perfumed with flowers, shaded with fine trees, and beautified with coloured glass windows. Then there is also the bath-room, ornamented with charming frescoes and rich Chinese hangings, wainscoted with rose-wood, decorated with the most exqui-

site Pompadour furniture, and embellished with bas-reliefs, statues, and fine landscapes painted by Kobell;

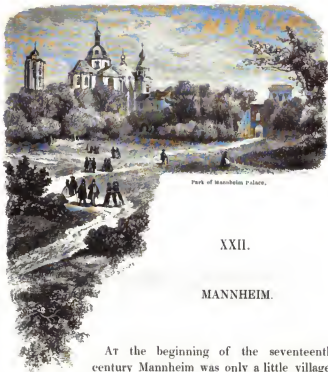
And lastly, the Mosque, a spacious Oriental edifice, with its galleries, balconies, pinnacles, and minarets.

It requires a whole day to see the gardens of Schwetzingen, as they deserve to be seen; and assuredly the day would be well employed and long afterwards remembered as one of the most agreeable of the whole journey.

On leaving these gardens one feels as if awakened from a dream in fairyland. The highest eulogium that we can pay the gardens of Schwetzingen is to compare them to those of Versailles, and they are really worthy of that honour.



Temple of Minerva (Schwetzingen.)



Park of Mannheim Palace.

XXII.

MANNHEIM.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century Mannheim was only a little village. The Elector Palatine Frederick VI. converted it into a large and handsome town, which was completely destroyed during the Thirty Years' War.

Mannheim soon rose from its ruins, but the war became still more terrible. Obeying the ruthless orders of Louvois, Turenne ravaged the Palatinate with fire and sword. The general only intended, he said, "to eat up the country with his troops." The minister ordered him to burn it. Turenne's soldiers wished for nothing more, exasperated as they were by the cruelties inflicted on some of their comrades who had been surprised by the enemy, and whom they had found

hanged to trees and half burned by large fires made under them.

Seeing from the windows of his castle the conflagrations that were wasting the country all round, the elector was so incensed that he sent a challenge to Turenne, who was his uncle.

With the coolness and self-command that never abandoned him on any occasion, Turenne answered this missive in a very prudent letter, but by no means remarkable for academic purity of language. Turenne could use the sword better than the pen. His letter was as follows :

"I can assure your Electoral Highness that the villages "burned down were set on fire without any orders being "given, and that the soldiers who found their comrades "killed in so strange a manner, did it at a moment when it "was impossible to prevent them.

"I cannot doubt that your Electoral Highness will continue me the honour of your good graces, as I have done nothing to merit a withdrawal of them."

The elector did not get the satisfaction of meeting his uncle in single combat, but he had the extreme displeasure of seeing his capital set on fire and reduced to ashes. Thus was Mannheim twice destroyed in the space of sixty-seven years. After the peace of Ryswick, the elector rebuilt it, and this third edition is what we now behold.

Mannheim is a town admirable for the regularity of its construction; the streets are wide and straight; the houses stand in the most perfect order; the public places, where the streets cross each other at right angles, are ornamented with handsome fountains; it is impossible to imagine any thing more orderly or correct.

The principal edifice of the city is the Electoral Castle, embellished with a rich gallery of paintings and a fine park, which extends to the banks of the Rhine, and forms a most



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agreeable promenade always open to the public. This castle is the residence of her Highness the Grand-Duchess Dowager Stephanie. Strangers are permitted to go over it, and are received with that kind hospitality so natural to the Germans, and more especially to the inhabitants of the Grand Duchy of Baden. The arts and sciences seem to have taken up their abode at Mannheim castle. This princely residence contains a well-selected library, a precious collection of antiquities with copies of all the master-pieces of sculpture; a fine cabinet of natural history, and a gallery of paintings remarkably rich in works of the Flemish school.

Mannheim is the place for calm, serene, unruffled enjoyment. After all its disasters the town is now peaceful and prosperous. The French, who took it again in 1795, contented themselves with demolishing the fortifications, and the treaty of Luneville forbade their reconstruction. The inhabitants of Mannheim do not regret the loss of their ramparts; they wish for nothing that recalls the gloomy reminiscences of war. They consider themselves fortunate to have fallen under the dominion of the Grand Duke of Baden, and taking advantage of the excellent situation of their town at the confluence of the Rhine and the Neckar, they are rapidly enriching themselves by mercantile pursuits, in the midst of profound peace.

Before leaving the country, which we have just described in all its summer splendour, perhaps a slight sketch of Baden in winter may not be unacceptable. We have been enabled to do this by the kindness of a brother tourist, who allows us to transcribe the following pages from his diary:—

I was returning from Vienna, says he, in the month of January, and as my route passed near Baden, I took a fancy to make a short stay at a place where I had passed many

happy days the summer before. I therefore left the train, ordered my carriage to be set down, sent for post-horses, and in a few minutes found myself rattling through the streets of the town. The postilion cracked his whip and the astonished inhabitants ran to their windows, as if they thought it might be the fine season coming so long before its time.

I had some difficulty in finding a lodging — not because of there being so many strangers, as was the case six months before, but because most of the hotels were in the hands of workmen, who were embellishing or enlarging them. Some were entirely demolished even, preparatory to rebuilding them on a larger and more splendid scale. At last I found a vacant hostelry, and had the whole of it at my disposal. But I could not help observing that my arrival, so warmly welcomed at other times, caused no little embarrassment, if not annoyance. Germans do not like to be put out of their way, or taken by surprise.

After breakfast I went to stroll in the park, where I did not meet a single person. The Conversation-House, as well as the dining-rooms, the coffee-house, the theatre, and the reading-room were all deserted and closed : I expected to find them so. As I walked round the building I found a side door standing ajar. I pushed it open, and entered a dark passage, at the end of which I perceived a ray of light, and, walking straight on, I soon came to an apartment which I recognised as the card-room. There I was no longer alone, and imagine my surprise when I saw in that spacious saloon two men seated at a large table. What could they be doing? Scarcely had I mentally addressed this question to myself when I heard the sound of gold rattling under the rake, and then a loud sonorous voice uttered the well-known words :

“ Red wins ! ”

They were playing then? Indeed they were. One of the two was a player, the other a croupier; the latter dealt the cards, the former threw his money on the table; and alone, silent and absorbed, they proceeded with their mysterious occupation.

It was a strange fantastic spectacle. They did not seem to perceive my intrusion, and kept on playing. The player staked considerable sums without the least visible emotion; the croupier turned the cards, proclaimed the result, and paid or took up the stake with the utmost coolness. After each decision the player pricked it down on a card, and then with a pencil made a number of figures, apparently calculating the chances. The keeper of the bank looked on the while with a serious air, and patiently awaited till his antagonist had solved his chimerical problems.

Having thus entered I felt bound not to retire without playing, so I quietly laid a napoleon on the table. The croupier instantly thrust back my piece of gold with his rake.

I asked why he did so. The player looked at me with an air of surprise, and an ironical smile passed over his countenance.

"Sir," said the man who held the cards, "you cannot join the game."

"For what reason, sir, I beg to know?"

"For the simple reason, that the season is closed."

"I know it; but as the room is open, a bank made, and you are here with the cards in your hand" —

"I am here for this gentleman alone," replied the banker, nodding towards the player.

And then the game went on between the two as if I had not been present. Having no great wish to play, I made no further remark. I certainly might have asked for a more satisfactory explanation; but I had to deal with persons who

appeared little disposed for a long argument; besides, the solution of the enigma would very probably have broken the spell that bound me and destroyed the singularity of the spectacle I was contemplating. I remained a few moments longer, and then retired, not a little puzzled by what I had witnessed, and curious to penetrate the mystery.

I turned my steps towards the mountain crowned by the remains of the old castle, and was proceeding slowly and pensively up the winding path that leads to the ruins, when I was suddenly startled by seeing in the middle of the path, and only a few paces before me, a beautiful young lady. She was walking slowly along with a musing melancholy air, looking on the ground; an old gentleman and a servant followed at a distance. As soon as I got near enough for her to hear the sound of my steps, she hastily raised her head, ran up to me, took hold of my arm and scrutinised my features with an eager restless curiosity. Then a cloud of sadness passed over her face, and with an accent inexpressibly touching and painful, she exclaimed: "It is not he!"

She walked away, and I stood gazing after her for some time. As the old gentleman passed me, he bowed, but did not speak, and I saw tears escape from his eyes and trickle down his furrowed cheek.

I had now another subject for reverie.

"Really," said I to my landlord on returning to the inn, "Baden is not so absolutely forsaken as I was told this morning: you still have a few strangers here. I have seen people even in the gaming saloon and on the road to the old castle."

"Those you have seen," replied the innkeeper, "are all that remain of our last summer's company."

"An inveterate gambler," said I, "and a beautiful young lady. You must surely know why they are still here?"

The landlord seemed little inclined to be communicative,

but I pressed the point, and at last he consented to tell me what he knew.

"The gentleman you saw at the gaming table," said he, "is the Baron von Burlausen. He came to Baden for the first time last summer, and having tried the excitement of the gaming table, he derived great pleasure from it, though he always lost; yet, being immensely rich, he was but too happy to obtain a few sensations at the cost of a good deal of gold. Ere long play became to him a passion, a delight, something necessary to his existence. Every day at noon he was the first at the table, and the last to leave when midnight came. One morning, (it was then the end of October) the baron went as usual to resume his game. What was his stupefaction to find the doors closed!"

"And the season over."

"It was no easy matter to make him understand this. However, at last he became aware that his happiness was adjourned to the next spring. It was a terrible blow for him. He returned to the hotel, and ordered post horses; but before the preparations for his departure were complete, his strength failed him, he sank into a state of insensibility, and was carried to bed, where he remained six weeks, labouring under a burning fever. The doctors declared that to cure him, or even keep him alive, he must have the excitement of play. Then, in spite of the regulations to the contrary, which were humanely set aside, a side door was opened and the baron was allowed to enter his Elysium. A banker, whom he pays twenty francs a day, took his post at the great table, and the gamester played, without either winning or losing more than the expenses, for the bank is all his own money; but this semblance of the reality seems to answer the purpose for the present. Every morning the baron hands over to the banker the sum of three thousand napoleons, puts as much into his own pockets, and then plays

according to certain learned calculations of chances which he is attempting to realise. The authorities flatter his mania, in the first place, out of regard to his health, and next, because he is a man to be treated with due consideration, as on his draft M. Rothschild of Frankfort would not hesitate to pay millions."

"And the young lady?"

"Oh, it is not play that retains her at Baden!"

"It is another passion, is not it?"

"She is a sentimental English girl, and was the glory of our balls last season. She was the universal theme of conversation, and had crowds of adorers. A brilliant young man, whom you Parisians would call a dandy, or a *merveilleux*, came from Paris expressly to establish concord among the rivals. Miss Helena would thenceforward dance with none but him; he became her knight, and accompanied her every where: she was deeply in love with him. Miss Helena's father —"

"The old gentleman I saw with her?"

"Yes, for he never leaves her. Her excellent father asked the dandy to explain his intentions. 'You are a gentleman,' said he; 'I care nothing about your fortune, for I am rich enough for both; only let me know that you are in earnest that I may give my sanction to the attentions you pay my daughter.' The dandy answered in a manner that fully satisfied the father; then, some days after, he pretended to have business at Strasburg, and said to Helena: — 'I shall not be long; stay for me!'

"He went away, and did not come back. Some time after, they ascertained that he was a married man.

"Such is the cause of Miss Helena's remaining at Baden, a poor insane creature, as you see her. They wanted to remove her, but she resisted, repeating the farewell words of him she loved, and still loves. To all their persuasions

her constant answer is, that when her lover went away she promised to await his return, and that she will do so.

"But," continued my worthy host, "this story has pained you, and perhaps you would not be sorry to have a little amusement this evening?"

"What can you offer me?"

"We have here all the pleasures of summer. You have met a beautiful woman; you have seen the gaming-table covered with gold; and this evening you may see a ball."

"A ball! where, pray?"

"In this very house."

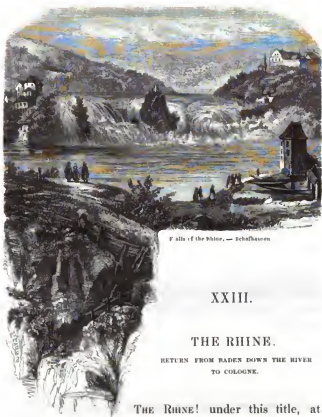
In the evening the town became as noisy as in the finest days of July, all the phaetons used in summer for taking visitors round the environs of Baden, came rattling through the streets and deposited their fares at the door of my hotel. Ladies richly attired, gentlemen superbly dressed, soon filled the saloons, which were decorated with almost princely splendour. The assembly was numerous and brilliant; the ladies wore the robes and head-dresses that had produced the greatest effect in the summer balls; many of them had feathers and diamonds. The younger gentlemen, in silk stockings and patent leather shoes, affected the air, manners, and language, of young people who had attracted most notice at the balls of the Conversation-House. Men of riper age assumed a diplomatic gravity. When I inquired who these people were, I was told that the company consisted of the hotel and lodging-house keepers, with their wives, accompanied by their relatives and friends — worthy folks who work all summer, and in winter dissipate the fruits of their labour. Dazzled by what they have seen between the curtains, or heard by listening at the doors, they desire to imitate the display and taste the pleasures which attract so many strangers to their town. They ruin themselves in dress, throw away money like dirt, give balls and sumptuous

suppers, and revel without stint, until the returning spring calls them back to their duties and fills their houses with visitors, who supply them with the means of spending the next winter as they did the last.

We must not omit to state that balls of this kind are not the only fêtes of the cold season. Many foreign families belonging to the highest classes of society remain all winter at Baden, and have among themselves most agreeable parties, which afford an almost constant succession of refined and elegant amusements, that will even bear a comparison with those of summer.



Mannheim — Market-Place.



XXIII.

THE RHINE.

RETURN FROM BADEN DOWN THE RIVER
TO COLOGNE.

THE RHINE! under this title, at once simple and imposing, the greatest and most illustrious writer, the finest genius of our day, Victor Hugo, has published an admirable book. He has enriched by force of intellect, thought, poetry, and style, the river which has undergone such a variety of fortunes, which has so often changed masters in the fortunes of war, in the shock of battles, and in the juggle of diplomatic treaties. More real and durable, the literary victory resists these changing destinies; the monument he has reared on the Rhine has nothing to fear from time, from cannon,

nor from cunning; it will subsist for ever in its sovereign majesty.

The work and the author can neither of them be surpassed. Here the genius of the master, complete, all-powerful, shows itself under every aspect, and illumines all the points of a rich and varied subject. In his noble work, *THE RHINE*, Victor Hugo is by turns the historian who revives events and the philosopher who judges them; the antiquary who takes possession of ruins, and the artist who rebuilds them; the thinker, who, fathoming the past with a sure hand and the future with a penetrating eye, give us the upshot and secret meaning of all things; the painter who describes a landscape with the colours and pencil of Claude Lorraine; the novelist who charms us by the recital of ancient legends and wonderful traditions; the traveller who gathers from the field as he passes the charming flowers of fancy; the poet who, when the azure sky invites him to spread his wings, rises aloft and soars to regions of sublimity.

How shall I presume then, after such a master, to write a chapter on the Rhine?

But the river is free, and may be navigated by great or small. It receives the proud steamer that dashes the water into foam under its wheels, sends long waves rippling against the banks, and skims along with resistless force, riding over the rebellious waves, all careless of the tempest. It also admits the humble bark that glides timidly along the shore, gently impelled by feeble oars, like a helpless cockleshell, the sport of wind and wave.

Embarked on such a skiff, we have no higher ambition than to pen a few unpretending lines, and address a few words of advice and information to our fellow-wayfarers.

Most of the travellers returning from Baden take the Rhine at Mannheim. Those who are in haste to return to France merely cross the river by the bridge at Kehl, though in reality very little time is gained by taking this route from Baden to Paris, since distances have been so much abridged by the use of steam, and what were once thought long journeys are now easy trips. These rapid means of communication by land and water may be combined between Baden and Paris : from Baden to Mannheim, the railway ; from Mannheim to Cologne, the steamboat ; then the railway again, which in a few hours will convey you to the Faubourg Poissonnière, in Paris ; thence by the Northern Railway you may at almost any hour take your departure for London through Boulogne or Calais, or by the Rouen railway through Havre and Southampton, or Dieppe and Brighton.

At no distant date travelling will be affected with the same rapidity all over Europe ; every where post-horses will have disappeared from the great roads, and sails from the rivers. Since the railway from Paris to Strasburg has been opened, the journey from Baden to Paris may be easily accomplished in a day — a startling fact which has already produced its effect by greatly increasing the number of persons that go to Baden.

The travellers, however, who visit the Grand Duchy ought not to omit seeing, at Kehl, the bridge across the Rhine and the confluence of the Kinzig. It is easy to pass by Kehl on returning from Fribourg to Baden, without going at all out of the way. Kehl is a pretty little town, or rather, a large village, celebrated in our military annals. Vauban fortified the bridge that connected France and Germany, but the works were demolished in 1815. Kehl is also famous in our literary annals. In the last century there was in that

town a famous printing-office which brought out the books prohibited in France, and obtained the respect of the learned by its excellent edition of the works of Voltaire which the celebrated dramatist, Beaumarchais, got printed there.

If we wanted to see every interesting object the banks of the Rhine present, we should have to go back to its very source, or at least as far as Schafhausen, where there is a considerable fall, and from thence to Bâle, where it spreads out in all its majesty.

"Schafhausen has nothing extraordinary," remarked old Montaigne in his letters. The observation is quite as true now as it was a hundred and fifty years ago; it is truer in fact, for Schafhausen has lost some of its old Gothic houses, and those still remaining are stript of the curious paintings that decorated their front, and now present nothing but faint traces of the brilliant frescoes of former days. But about half a league from the town is the fall of the Rhine, and that suffices to make Schafhausen one of the most interesting points of the river.

Heaven forbid that we should here give the thousandth description of the Fall of the Rhine! It is one of those spectacles the fancy conceives much more easily than the pen can describe it. It is easy to imagine a river falling from a height of seventy feet down an amphitheatre of rocks. There are torrents of water, and clouds of spray, accompanied by an awful roar. The spectators, who come from the town, cross the river in boats a few yards below the falls, to the opposite bank, in the canton of Zurich, close by where the castle of Lauffen stands, in one of the most picturesque and commanding situations that can be imagined.

From the terraces of this castle the falls are seen in a va-

riety of points of view : a narrow wooden gallery hanging to the side of the hill advances almost to the middle of the spray. During the summer season, this place is daily visited by great numbers of persons. The ladies boldly venture into the midst of the fearful passage leading to the very centre of the gulf; they have the intrepid ardour generated by the desire to see and know all that can be seen and known, and appear to fear nothing, not even the danger of spoiling their bonnets or wetting their hair. On returning from the redoubtable adventure, their clothes all dripping wet, they are as proud as a conquering warrior fresh from the battle-field; and they have a right to be so : it is after such expeditions that a lady may fairly take and proudly bear the title of *lionne*.

But to have a complete idea of the fall of the Rhine, after viewing it in the day-time, it must be seen on a bright clear night. Half veiled in shadow or lighted by the soft rays of the moon, the scene appears with new majesty; the impression it produces is much greater; and the visitor feels far deeper emotion as he crosses the river below the falls or braves the gulf in the Lauffen gallery. During the fine season you may see many of the fair sex enjoying the grand spectacle of the falls of the Rhine by moonlight.

Bâle will show you its cathedral, one of the oldest and most majestic basilicas in Europe; its library, and picture gallery, both of them remarkable collections and containing many objects of inestimable value. In the cathedral you will see the hall where the famous council sat about the middle of the fifteenth century. This hall, which has been preserved in the same state as it was then, is a kind of barn, and its rude rustic furniture seems to announce that the prelates of Bâle were neither so refined nor so luxu-

rious as their brethren at the council of Constance. On the naked walls are suspended a few relics of the battle of St. James: pointless arrows, cracked helmets, broken swords, and maces with seven iron points, a formidable weapon which the waggish troopers of the middle ages used to call a *morning-star*.

The cathedral, which is now used for the protestant worship, has lost all the splendid ornaments it displayed in Roman catholic times; nothing is left but a stone chair, most delicately carved in imitation of "guipure." Some of the old tombs have been suffered to remain; among them that of the Feschs, one of the best families in Bâle. A young man of this house enlisted in a regiment of infantry in foreign service, as most of the Swiss regiments are; he rose to the grade of captain, went to keep garrison in Corsica, and married there. Cardinal Fesch, the son of this captain, bequeathed to the city of Bâle a part of the artistic treasures he had amassed during his long and brilliant career. -

At the library, those who are curious in such things may see the manuscripts of Erasmus and autographs of Luther and Paracelsus. In the museum, the amateur of paintings may admire the beautiful and singular compositions of Holbein, distinguished for purity of design and highly poetical conception. Holbein has left his native town some of his most wonderful creations; many others have disappeared, effaced by the joint effects of time and weather; for at that period when it was the custom, in Switzerland, to paint the fronts of houses, Holbein, then a dissipated young fellow, not unfrequently employed his pencil at this kind of work in order to earn wine for the day and amusement for the night.

The powerful hand which had traced the Passion of Christ with so elevated and religious a sentiment, did not disdain to paint signboards. On this subject there is an anecdote

which the good citizens of Bâle have handed down from father to son, and which they often recite when taking a pot of beer and a pipe with a stranger.

Holbein had undertaken to paint a signboard for an apothecary. He was to be paid by the hour, something less than a hackney coach is now paid. The painter, who was a thirsty subject, wishing to spend at the beer-shop part of the time he was paid for, painted below the scaffolding enclosed with canvass on which he sat to work, two dangling legs so natural, and with stockings and shoes so perfect, that the worthy apothecary, frequently coming out to see whether Holbein was at his work, went back every time to his shop perfectly satisfied, and feeling certain that for once the artist had not left his work a single minute.

Beside the numerous compositions of Holbein, there are in the Bâle museum many good pictures by different masters; there is one which is especially remarkable: it is a Lucretia, naked down to the waist, who is plunging a dagger into her beautiful bosom with reckless determination.

The environs of the town are really delightful. At every step you see fine gardens and charming villas. In one of them, called the Villa Mérian, the daughter of Louis XVI. was exchanged for the deputies surrendered by Dumouriez. At no great distance are the field where the battle of St. James was fought, and the wood where Rodolph of Hapsburg was encamped when he received the news of his election to the empire.

After passing the bridge at Kehl, the first place of any interest for travellers on the Rhine is the ancient city of Spire, situated on the left bank, half concealed by a

curtain of verdure, and standing a few minutes' walk from the river.

Spire belongs to Bavaria. Its origin may be traced back to a remote antiquity. In the time of the Romans, it was a strong and important place. Tacitus mentions it as one of the most powerful towns on the river. It retained its splendour under the Frank kings and the Saxon and Franconian emperors. The first tournament on record took place in this town; it was given by the Emperor Otho the Great, the reputed originator of those chivalrous festivals, about the middle of the eleventh century.

The extent and population of Spire were very considerable some centuries ago, but now it does not contain above seven thousand inhabitants. Though so fallen from its former grandeur, it still contains some fine remains of antiquity and of the middle ages. A town which once commanded the Rhine, which remained for four centuries in the power of the Romans, which has been the abode of emperors and kings, and which the greatest and most illustrious princes of Germany have chosen as their residence and delighted to embellish, cannot but possess a powerful interest for visitors. It is true that the Huns and Vandals have passed over it; that Turenne's cannon made wide breaches in its walls, and that, during the French revolution, the armies of the Republic reduced it to ruins. None of the towns scattered along the vast battlefield through which the Rhine passes have sustained so many sieges, or been so often taken by storm and ruthlessly sacked by the conquerors, who spared or respected nothing, not even the majesty of its tombs; as the sacrilegious soldiers, entering the vaults of the cathedral of Spire in which nine Emperors were interred — three Conrads, two Henrys, Philip of Suabia, Rodolph of Hapsburg, Adolphus of

Nassau, and Albert of Austria — tore down the marble of these august tombs, and scattered the imperial ashes to the winds.



Spire.

But in spite of all these ravages, disasters, and profanations, Spire has still many remnants of its past glories of which it may well be proud. The cathedral, begun by Conrad the Salic and completed by the Emperor Henry IV., is one of the finest in Germany. Its other remarkable edifices are the old tower called the *Alla Porta*, the Pagan's Tower, and the Ritscher, in which the Diets of the Empire were held. The soil is never moved to any depth either in the town or its environs, without discovering Roman medals and other valuable relics of ancient times. It was at the Diet of Spire,

in the year 1529, that the followers of Luther first took the name of Protestants.

Below Mannheim the Rhine enters the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, in which, on the left bank, stands the city of Worms, the worthy sister of Spire, which was likewise a Roman station and an imperial city, and which counted among its illustrious masters and guests the Emperor Charlemagne and the vindictive Queen Brunchaut.

Worms is celebrated in history for the famous assembly, presided over by Charles V., before which Luther was summoned. It was in 1521; the religious struggle was then at its height; the thunders of Pope Leo X. were incessantly launched against the Reformer; the Nuncio Eckius had got Luther's works burned by the hand of the hangman in all the towns of Germany. Luther retorted all these attacks by writing other books against the Romish church, and publicly burning the Pope's bulls. In this quarrel they began by burning paper and ended by burning men. When Luther was cited to appear before the assembly at Worms, his friends and disciples wanted to dissuade him from going, and reminded him that he was exposing himself to the same fate as the unfortunate John Huss. "Were I sure to meet as many devils at Worms as there are tiles on all the houses there, I would not hesitate to go," was Luther's answer. Between him and Huss it was easy enough to draw a parallel; the general circumstances were nearly the same, and in some points absolutely identical. Without other arms than his doctrines, or other resources than his masterly eloquence and his indefatigable pen, Luther had lighted up the flames of a terrible war; his enemies were numerous and powerful; he was called to defend himself before a tribunal composed of his most bigoted enemies. The only security offered him was a safe-conduct from the Emperor, and the atrocious

decision of the council of Constance was enough to show the value of an imperial guarantee. But, on the other hand, men were no longer the same; the Emperor Charles V. was more worthy of confidence than the Emperor Sigismund; Huss and his disciple, Jerome of Prague, found none but enemies in the tribunal which condemned them, whereas Luther was sure of finding, though the majority might be hostile, more than one devoted friend. He had, to defend and support him, the Elector Frederick of Saxony, and the representatives of several towns approving of the reformation. From the very opening, therefore, the part he played was widely different from that of his unfortunate predecessors. John Huss and Jerome of Prague had placed themselves completely at the mercy of their enemies: they entered Constance, alone, without escort, on foot, in all the humility of the first apostles of Christianity. Luther made quite a triumphal entry at Worms, seated on a splendid car, and followed by a hundred gentlemen in complete armour. He appeared before the assembly with this formidable escort; he presented himself before his judges with a lofty bearing, and boldly demanded full liberty to maintain his doctrines and to attack and confound his accusers. They would not consent to this, but required him simply to recant his doctrines without any discussion whatever. This he disdainfully refused to do; and in spite of this resistance, which utterly defeated the intention of his judges, he was allowed to depart uninjured. Charles V. was faithful to his written word: he allowed Luther one and twenty days to secure his retreat, and the reformer retired to the castle of Wartburg, in the states of the Elector Frederick.

Between Worms and Mayence you will see Oppenheim, which ranked among the imperial cities of the league of the Rhine in the thirteenth century. It has two churches

well worth a visit, and the ruins of the old castle of Landseron. The place is shown where Gustavus Adolphus, wishing to cross the Rhine, and finding no boat at hand, threw a barn-door into the water and boldly ventured to cross the river on it. Oppenheim, like Worms, belongs to the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt. Bibliographers highly prize the old books printed at Oppenheim, most of them very scarce now, and valuable as specimens of typography.

On approaching Mentz by the Rhine, the town, from a distance, has something the appearance of an immense chess-board when the pieces have got well mixed up together. The lofty domes of churches, and bastions of fortresses, are the larger pieces, kings, queens, bishops, knights, and rooks, while the houses of the town represent the pawns grouped around their chiefs.

We are now at Mentz, one of the principal military positions of the Germanic Confederation. The Grand Duke of Hesse is proprietor of the town, but he shares with the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia the right of keeping garrison there. Like most of the great cities washed by the Rhine, Mentz owes its fortune and greatness to the Romans. In the seventieth year of the Christian era, the twenty-second legion, which had conquered Jerusalem under the command of Titus, came to hold garrison at Mentz. In that legion there was a soldier named Crescentius, who embraced Christianity, and became the first apostle of Germany and the first Bishop of the Rhine. The church has placed him among the number of its saints. Trajan built a fort at the mouth of the Main, near Mentz; Drusus erected another fortress on the right bank of the river opposite the town, on the very spot now occupied by the town of Castel; the Romans threw across the river a magnificent bridge, the massive piers of which may still be seen at low water; Char-



Well-known to all, and the ruins of the old castle of Landscren still show the place where Gustavus Adolphus, wishing to pass the river, and finding no boat at hand, threw himself into the water and boldly ventured to cross. The town of Oppenheim, like Worms, belongs to the Palatinate of the Rhine. Bibliographers highly prize the books printed at Oppenheim, most of them early and of the same quality as the specimens of typography of the sixteenth century. Mentz, by the Rhine, the town, from its position, has something the appearance of an immense chess-board, when the pieces have got well mixed up together. The towers of churches and bastions of fortresses, are the large pieces, kings, queens, bishops, knights, and pawns, while the houses of the town represent the pawns.

Mentz was one of the principal military positions of the Germanic Confederation. The Grand Duke of Hesse is proprietor of the town, but he shares with the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia the right of keeping garrisons there. Like most of the great cities washed by the Rhine, Mentz owes its fortune and greatness to the Romans. In the latter part of the Christian era, the twenty-first century, when the Romans had conquered Jerusalem under the command of Titus, came to hold garrison at Mentz. In that century there was a soldier named Crescentius, who embraced Christianity and became the first apostle of Germany and the first bishop of Mentz. The church has placed him among the number of its saints. Trajan built a fort at the mouth of the Moselle near Mentz, Drusus erected another fort on the right bank of the river opposite the town, on the river bank now occupied by the town of Castel, the Roman name of the river—a magnificent bridge, the remains of which may still be seen at low water; Char-



London



lemagne lavished embellishments on the town, so that for several centuries it eclipsed all its rivals in beauty, richness, and majesty. But to all the monuments of her ancient splendour, and all the reminiscences of her most brilliant prosperity, Mentz greatly prefers the signal honour of being the native place of Gutenberg.

Gansfleisch was the real name of the inventor of printing, but he changed it, no doubt because of its meaning, which in German is *Goose flesh*, for Gutenberg, or *Good mountain*. This name was very happily chosen, and is especially appropriate for the inventor of an art which has produced so much good and so little evil; which redeems one fault by a thousand virtues, one wrong by a thousand benefits. Is not printing in reality the *Good mountain*, the productive and beneficent mountain, whose peaks overtop the world, whose genial soil brings forth plants salutary and noxious, the former in abundance, the latter few in number; and whose inmost recesses contain rich mines of gold and iron; the fertile mountain whose broad slopes bear trees with savoury fruits, groves of grateful shade, and brakes of tangled briars — the generous mountain, whose never-failing springs send forth refreshing waters to every land, usually gentle rivers, but at times swelling into destructive torrents. Strasburg and Mentz dispute the honour of being the birth-place of printing. Let us give each of them its due share in the invention. It was at Strasburg that Gutenberg made his first experiments in printing, and at Mentz that he brought his discovery to perfection. To Strasburg belongs the honour of the invention, to Mentz the origin of the inventor. The town of Haarlem, in Holland, also puts in a claim for the invention of printing; but its pretensions cannot be admitted: Haarlem has never invented any thing but tulips.

At Mentz the house is still shown where Gutenberg established his first printing-office: there, in the strictest secrecy,

the experiments were made in an art which Mentz wished to secure from imitation and reserve exclusively for herself. But two bishops came upon the scene: Didier of Isenburg and Adolphus of Nassau could not agree as to which of them should have the archbishopric of Mentz. An armed struggle came on, and several of Gutenberg's workmen, flying from the city as soon as it became a prey to anarchy, carried to other countries the secret he had confided to them. Thus we see that a quarrel between two priests drove the art of printing from its birth-place, and hastened the time when that art was to spread over France and Germany, and soon after to shed its glorious light over all civilised nations. Another very remarkable house at Mentz is the Three Crowns Hotel, which was opened to receive travellers as early as the fourteenth century. It is the oldest hostelry in Germany, and perhaps in the whole world.

Travellers on the Rhine while staying at Mentz, should not omit visiting the Alderstein, the ruins of a monument erected to Drusus; the old Teutonic house which is now the Grand-Ducal palace; the old free port and citadel; the Museum of Roman Antiquities, the richest collection of the kind in Germany; the Picture Gallery, containing several master-pieces by Albert Durer, Domenichino, the two Carracci, Jordaens, Sneyders, and Rubens; the Library, composed of 83,000 volumes, among which are the Psalter of 1459, the Bible of 1460, and the Catholicon of 1462; the Favorite, a summer residence of the elector, and now a very agreeable public promenade; Gutenberg square, in which stands the statue of that great man; the old Dalberg palace; the churches of St. Stephen, St. Ignatius, St. Emmeran, St. Peter, and the cathedral (the Dome), a superb old basilic commenced by Archbishop Villigis, finished about a century afterwards, often battered by cannon and torn by bombs, and which still proudly shows the scars on its outer walls

and its magnificent internal ornaments: its bronze doors, on which are engraved the privileges accorded to the town by Archbishop Adalbert in the twelfth century, its baptismal font, composed of several metals that ran together in the great conflagration that destroyed the town, its historical tombs, on which eulogistic epitaphs preserve the names of Archbishop Adalbert of Brandenburg, Schœnborn, Dalberg, Didier of Isenburg, Anselm of Ingelheim, all illustrious names, but eclipsed by those of Fastrade and Frauenlob. Fastrade, the consort of the Emperor Charlemagne, was buried in the cathedral of Mentz, where her tomb may still be seen, and also that of Henry Frauenlob, the gentle poet who devoted his verses to the praise of the fair sex, as his name plainly indicates, meaning in German, *Ladies' Praise*. Frauenlob, the German Petrarch, was a doctor of divinity, some say a canon; but the gravity of his profession does not seem to have imposed any restraint on his poetic genius. The ladies of Mentz showed their gratitude to the poet, during his life-time and after his death. Every female heart was devoted to this amiable panegyrist. When Frauenlob died, in 1317, the ladies of Mentz resolved to wear mourning and inter him with great pomp. A number of them were selected to carry the poet's remains from his house to the cathedral, where he was buried. As the procession passed through the streets they loudly bewailed their loss; they filled the church with their moaning and lamentations and when the mortal remains of Frauenlob had been let down into the last resting-place, they not only shed abundant tears over the place, but poured down such quantities of wine that the cathedral was quite flooded with it.

The bridge which connects Mentz and Castel opens in one part to allow the steam boat to pass. The traveller cannot but admire as he passes, the long avenues of trees that extend

along the left bank of the Rhine, and the row of mills built across the river on the submerged piles of the old Roman bridge.

Here begins the most interesting portion of the Rhine. From Mentz to Bonn the two banks of the river display an uninterrupted series of picturesque landscapes, of the most striking beauty.

First comes the castle of Biberich, admirably situated on the right bank. The eighteenth century has left us no prettier edifice than this neat and graceful mansion. It looks as if the Rhine which bathes its terraces must some day or other carry it away, like a vessel drifting down the stream; but the Rhine is generous, little disposed to make an abusive use of its strength, and so leaves the castle undisturbed on its bank. Biberich belongs to the Duke of Nassau.

Do you see that great white house that overlooks the hill-side covered with vineyards? It is Johannisberg. Salute the country residence of Prince Metternich; salute the most illustrious vine-grower on the banks the Rhine. Johannisberg was originally a priory, founded in the eleventh century by Ruthard, archbishop of Mentz, and enriched by the benefactions of Count Rudolph, one of the powerful lords of the Rheingau. When the priory had become wealthy, it was raised to the rank of an abbey. Not far from the monastery of the monks of Johannisberg stood Gottesthal, a convent of nuns. The two houses lived on good terms as neighbours; the road from the convent to the abbey was along an easy path which in summer was lined by vines on each side, and here and there green arbours afforded a pleasant shelter from the burning heat of the sun. At the vintage the good brothers and sisters gathered their grapes together; and when the baskets were filled and the wine-press had received the crop, they drank new wine together,

and instead of giving toasts as we now do, they united in thanksgiving to kind Heaven for its bounty in ripening the fruit of the vine. Those were the good old times when monastic manners were developed in all their simplicity. The abbey of Johannisberg continued this calm and prosperous existence for about four centuries, until Albert of Brandenburg ravaged the country, expelled the monks, and burned down their dwelling. The abbey never rose from its ruins; but on its site was built a castle, which frequently changed masters and suffered much from the vicissitudes of fortune and the ravages of war. In 1816 the Emperor of Austria, to whom Johannisberg belonged, gave this magnificent estate to Prince Metternich, a splendid present, worthy of the sovereign who gave and the minister who accepted it.

The vineyards of Johannisberg cover sixty-three acres of land, and yield about twenty-five casks of wine, each of thirteen hundred bottles; so that the annual produce of this excellent wine is above thirty-two thousand five hundred bottles.

The cultivation of these unequalled vines requires the most minute and incessant care, and is consequently attended with great expense; but the profit must still be very considerable, as the wine of Johannisberg fetches a high price. In good years, the best wine, when bought at first hand, costs four florins a bottle; three florins the second quality, and a florin and a half the inferior sorts. The florin is worth about twenty pence English money. In extraordinary years, which have occurred three times during the present century, Johannisberg has been sold as high as twelve florins a bottle.

The Emperor of Austria, when he granted the lordship of Johannisberg to Prince Metternich, imposed a quit-rent of one-tenth of the produce, so that the prince is bound to

deliver at the imperial cellars three thousand two hundred and fifty bottles every year.

Near Johannisberg is Rudesheim, which is supposed to be the next best vineyard on the banks of the Rhine. There are two castles at this place : one belonging to the Counts of Ingelheim, and the other the seat of the Brœmser family. In the former, which was built on the fortifications of the camp of Drusus, a vault has been discovered containing Roman medals, vases, urns, and bones; the latter of these castles is associated with one of the most popular ancient legends of the Rhine :

At the time when St. Bernard preached the crusade at Spire and by his eloquence won over the bravest lords and noblest knights of the country, Brœmser of Rudesheim heard the apostle of the Holy War, and sharing the general enthusiasm, he left his castle, and started for Palestine in the train of the Emperor Conrad. His brilliant exploits soon gained him distinction in the army of the crusaders, and spread the terror of his name through the Saracen camp; but the temerity to which he too often gave way was destined to cost him very dear at last.

Not far from the camp of the crusaders, a dark and desolate valley was the abode of an enormous dragon, armed with terrible teeth and claws. This formidable monster had for some time made great ravages in the neighbourhood, and none dared to attack him, as he had already devoured many who had been rash enough to make the attempt.

The knight of Rudesheim resolved not to lose such an excellent opportunity of showing his valour by delivering the country from the monster that infested it. He therefore put on his best cuirass, took his good sword, marched

boldly up to the dragon, and slew him. But as he was returning to the camp after his victory, loaded with the spoils of the monster, he fell into an ambuscade prepared by the Saracens. The brave knight had not even time to draw his sword; the infidels loaded him with chains, and dragged him along to one of their towns, where he was sold to a cruel master who condemned him to the vilest drudgery.

Brœmsen remained seven years in this harsh captivity, and had not the least hope of being delivered by his brethren in arms, who had quitted Palestine long ago. Seeing that all hope of human aid was thus cut off, he implored the assistance of Heaven.

"If ever", cried he in his prayers, "it should be my lot to regain my beloved country and return to my castle of Rudesheim, I make a vow to devote my only daughter to the service of the Lord. Gisella shall take the veil, and pass her life in a convent to pay my debt to Heaven, and thank God for the benefit He, in His great mercy, shall have shown to me."

The father's vow was heard and accepted. One day, being less strictly watched than usual, Brœmsen made his escape. After encountering many perils, and enduring much fatigue, the knight got back to his country and paternal home.

The people of Rudesheim joyfully welcomed the knight thus unexpectedly restored to them, for they had always found him a kind master. It is impossible to describe the tender emotions of Gisella and her supreme happiness on seeing her long-lost parent, who had left her quite a child, and who now beheld her in all the bloom and beauty of maidenhood.

"Be happy," said he to her, "and as you rejoice over my deliverance, think that I am indebted to you for it."

"What do you mean, father?" asked Gisella in surprise.

"How can I have contributed to your deliverance, — I, a poor weak girl, and so far from you? I could only pray to Heaven fervently every day."

"Heaven has heard your prayers and mine. It has vouchsafed to hear the vow I made in your name."

"What vow, father?"

"That if I should ever recover my liberty and return to my country and my home, you should devote yourself to God, and spend the rest of your life in a convent."

At these words, Gisella turned pale, and the joyful expression of her face gave place to one of horror.

The knight had never reflected that during his absence his daughter had reached that happy age when the heart opens to the sweet emotions of love. Do men think of such things when they have become hardened by war, chilled by age, and dejected by a long captivity among Saracens?

Gisella had meantime experienced the common lot; she loved. A young man of the neighbourhood, Baron Albert von Ehrenfels, had won her heart. Noble and handsome, rich and brave, the young baron possessed all the advantages that a father could desire in a daughter's husband. The two lovers had confidently indulged the hope of being united. The vow made by the knight of Rudesheim now dissipated all these sweet illusions.

Brœmser, remarking Gisella's distress, continued sternly:

"I expect, daughter, that you will not hesitate to accomplish the vow I have made."

Gisella threw herself at her father's feet, confessing her love and her dreams of happiness.

"I am sorry to hear this," coldly answered Brœmser, "for this marriage is impossible; you belong to Heaven. I will not incur the divine anger by a solemn promise the advantages of which I have already received."

The unhappy Gisella attempted to shake her father's

resolution; she used with all the eloquence of love every argument and entreaty she thought could touch his heart: but she pleaded in vain. To her supplications and tears, the wrathful Brœmser's answers were a menace and a curse.

When she saw that her father was inexorable, and heard him imprecate dreadful curses on her head, Gisella felt that her hopes of happiness were gone, and giving way to despair, which suggested a dreadful resolution, she rushed to the window that opened over the Rhine, and threw herself headlong into the water.

Thus perished, in the early bloom of her youth, the fair Gisella of Rudesheim, the pearl of the Rheingau.

Her body was found near Hatton's tower, and the traditions says that the boatmen of the Rhine in calm still nights have often seen the ghost of the poor maiden gliding along the surface of the water, and in stormy weather have beheld a white phantom wandering about the battlements of the old castle of Rudesheim, and heard its plaintive wails mingled with the roaring winds.

It is said that the death of his daughter threw Brœmser into deep affliction. Inconsolable for her loss, but none the wiser for it, the knight of Rudesheim made another vow. To expiate the suicide he had caused, he promised to found a church dedicated to the Holy Virgin. The worthy knight, however, was much less rigorous in the performance of the vow that affected his purse than of that which cost poor Gisella her life. Time rolled on, and the church was forgotten. One night Brœmser saw in a dream the dragon he had killed in Palestine. The monster rushed forward with open mouth, as if to devour him, but Gisella's ghost appeared, and on seeing her the fierce animal shrunk back again. At the same moment the chains Brœmser had worn during his captivity slipped from the place where they hung against the wall, and fell on the floor with a crash which awakened

the knight. The morning after this unpleasant dream, one of the servants brought an image of the Virgin which had just been found in a field near the castle, and informed his master that the moment after it was turned up by the oxen the ploughmen heard a deep groan proceed from it. Brämser could not help seeing in all these supernatural events a series of warnings from heaven to remind him of his vow. On the very spot, therefore, where the image had been found, he ordered a church to be built, and deposited in it the spoils of the dragon, the chains he had worn in his captivity, and the miraculous image of the Virgin.

On passing Bingen, the traveller will admire:

Ehrenfels castle, perched like a watch-tower on the rock;

Hatton's tower, already mentioned in the legend. Hatton, archbishop of Mentz, was a prelate who paid little attention to the precepts of the Gospel. His heart was closed against Christian charity, and his grasping hand never opened to bestow. There was a famine in the land; Hatton had vast granaries well-filled with corn; the poor, who were perishing with hunger around him, came to beg bread. He harshly refused to give them any, and when they became importunate, the cruel archbishop directed his men-at-arms to shut them up in a barn, which was immediately set on fire by his orders. He then went to see the conflagration, and jeocosely inquired of those who stood near him: "Do you hear the rats squeak?" But the just judgments of Heaven overtook the murderer. When he returned to his palace, he was suddenly assailed by an innumerable host of furious rats. His servants vainly endeavoured to protect him; the rats were the conquerors; as, for every one that was killed, a thousand fresh ones seemed to spring up out of the ground. The affrighted archbishop fled for refuge to a tower he had built on the opposite bank of the Rhine. He

crossed the river in a boat; the rats swam after him, got into the tower, and there devoured him.

The Rheingau ends at the town of Lorch. Next comes Bacharach with twelve ruined towers;

Pfalz, an ancient fortress built in the middle of the river, not unlike a ship lying at anchor;

Oberwesel, once a warlike city, which bravely defended



Oberwesel.

its rights, when the Emperor Henry deprived it of the title and rank of an imperial city by giving it to his brother

Baldwin, archbishop of Treves. Oberwesel embraced Christianity in the reign of Alexander Severus ; it has a handsome church, and, close to the Rhine, a chapel erected in honour of St. Werner, on the very spot where that saint, then a mere youth, was massacred by the Jews.

Below Oberwesel, you come to the Lurley, a slate rock that advances into the river, famous for its echo, which repeats a sound as many as fifteen times.

Then there is St. Goar, crowned by the ruins of the castle of Rhinfels ;

Boppard, where the diets of the empire were held in the old palace of the Frank kings.



Marksburg. — Braubach.

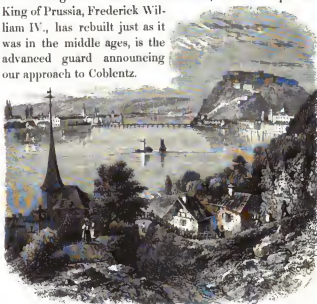
Marksburg was a state prison when the country belonged to the Landgraves of Hesse, but since its cession to the

Dukes of Nassau, it has been converted into an asylum for old soldiers.

Marksburg has suffered less than any other castle on the Rhine from the injuries of time, the attacks of war, and the vandalism of utilitarian architects.

Just below the castle of Marksburg stands the little town of Braubach, which the Emperor Rodolph raised to the rank of an imperial city towards the close of the thirteenth century. Like the castle, it now belongs to the Duchy of Nassau. The vale of Braubach is picturesque and fertile; it possesses some mineral waters which are much esteemed, and rich mines of copper and silver.

The delightful castle of Stolzenfels, which the present King of Prussia, Frederick William IV., has rebuilt just as it was in the middle ages, is the advanced guard announcing our approach to Coblenz.



Coblenz. — Electrotypical.

Coblenz, formerly the residence of the Elector of Treves,

is situated at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle. Opposite the town is the formidable fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which would be impregnable if military engineers had not in our times made such advances in their profession, that they can overcome all obstacles and reduce places defended by all the advantages of nature and art. If Coblenz is neither the largest nor the finest city on the Rhine, it is decidedly the most elegant. It contains a fine palace and many splendid private houses, among which we may especially notice those of Metternich-Winneburg and of the Count of La Leyen, now inhabited by the governor of the province of the Rhine. The most remarkable churches are : St. Florin — the only saint the German Jews have some respect for, on account of his name — this church contains some fine paintings, many tombs of archbishops, and that of the Margrave of Baden, James II., whose remains were removed in 1808 to the vault of the Grand Ducal family, at Baden; and the church of St. Castor, decorated with curious paintings, one of which represents Louis the German, and Charles the Bald dividing the empire in 870. The Archbishops Cunon and Werner of Falkenstein, and St. Riza, a descendant of Louis the Debonnaire, are buried in this church, in tombs placed under arches supported by fine Corinthian columns. In the centre of the town stands the church of Our Lady with its storied towers, of a very picturesque and majestic effect.

On leaving Coblenz you will find the banks of the Rhine below that city extremely beautiful; but having staid all the summer at Baden we have not time to go down the Rhine as leisurely as we could wish, stopping to examine every curious monument and interesting spot, to be found on either bank. We are compelled to resist the many temptations that assail us at every step, as we are no longer journeying for pleasure, but returning home to our winter-

quarters. Time advances, and we must hasten on, else we may be overtaken by the storms that frequently cast a gloom over the last weeks of autumn. We will therefore pass rapidly by Neuendorf, where the rafts that come down the Kinzig and the Mourg are collected into larger ones; and give only a passing glance at the following objects: — The pretty Island of Niederwerth, which almost conceals in the midst of deep foliage a fine church of the thirteenth century; Engers, where there is a castle which was built expressly to defend the navigation of the river against the rapacious barons; the White Tower, built on the spot where Cæsar collected his army to march against the Sicambrians; Neuwied, which also retains indelible marks of the passage of Cæsar; Andernach, whose ramparts, once so formidable, are daily crumbling away; Leudesdorf, one of the most charming villages on the borders of the Rhine; Nemed, surrounded by groves; Rolandseck, an imposing ruin; Drachenfels, which commands a view of a wide expanse of country, including the city of Bonn on the opposite bank of the river.

Beethoven's world-wide fame is the glory and boast of the city of Bonn, where that great musician was born. That, however, is not its only distinction, as it occupies an important place in history, and moreover possesses one of the most celebrated universities of Germany. Its old cathedral called the *Munster*, or *Minster*, was built on the site of a church erected by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great. It was at Bonn that the king of Germany Henry the Fowler, grandfather of Hugh Capet, concluded his memorable treaty of alliance with Charles the Simple, king of France. Charles IV., author of the famous Golden Bull, the fundamental law of the German empire, was crowned emperor in the cathedral of Bonn, a year after he had been crowned king of Bohemia. Many other events of equal importance

have taken place in Bonn, which seems to hold them as of no account since it became the native place of a great musician. Beethoven was born at Bonn in 1772; he was the son of one of the Elector's musicians. His genius for music was developed at an early age; he was not twelve years old when he composed some of his first works, which were published at Mannheim and Spire. However, the town which now prides itself so much on being the birth-place of Beethoven, and has recently erected a statue to his memory, was not over-generous to him in his lifetime, but left him to struggle unaided against the obstacles that oppose the progress and break the spirit of penniless genius at the outset of its career. Like all those who open up new paths and advance into unknown regions supported only by their innate power, Beethoven was not understood at first either by the public or connoisseurs. Haydn himself considered him a clever performer on the harpsichord, but below mediocrity as a composer. His townsmen could not endure his capricious temper and rude bluntness of manner; they would have had him display the graceful amenity and elegant manners of a fashionable gentleman. To escape the censures and remonstrances his want of urbanity drew down upon him, Beethoven resolved to lose himself in the crowd of a great city. At Vienna he was neither better appreciated nor more favourably treated than at Bonn. In 1801, on the death of the Elector, who had given him a pension, Beethoven fell into extreme poverty and passed eight years in a hard struggle for the necessaries of life. At that time Germany was almost mad after Italian music, and Beethoven was completely eclipsed by Salieri. It is impossible to say what might have become of him, had he not at this time obtained the place of chapel-master at the court of Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia. Then the few defenders of the German school exerted themselves strenuously in favour of the man

of genius, who alone could make the cause of their national music triumph over the Italian mania, and three generous protectors were found who retained Beethoven at Vienna by securing him a yearly income of four thousand florins : they were the Archduke Rodolph, and the Princes Lobkowitz and Kinsk.

Beethoven was thus secure from want; he had now only to struggle against very painful bodily infirmities and the cruel injustice which persisted in overlooking the beauties of his works. His glory came too late, for his merits were never fully acknowledged till after his death.

Such is the way of the world! Beethoven's talent was superciliously ignored, and himself almost starved to death : but at last light burst forth; the despised genius became manifest to the sluggish intelligence of the crowd, and a statue was erected in his honour—a long-delayed but signal reparation, which was sanctioned by the presence of a king, two queens, and an enthusiastic crowd assembled from far and near.

This statue was inaugurated in August, 1845. The following is a short account of the proceedings :

"The day of the inauguration was begun by a solemn mass in the cathedral. After the religious ceremony, the people met in the square before the church where the statue was erected. Round the statue, which was covered with a veil, seats had been placed for the privileged spectators. One side of the square is occupied by a large and handsome house belonging to the Count of Furstenberg, a distinguished antiquary, and chamberlain to the King of Prussia. In this mansion the King and Queen of Prussia, Queen Victoria, and Prince Albert, with their attendants, were expected to witness the ceremony. Early in the morning an immense concourse of people covered the square. Among the crowd were to be seen deputations from the different universities of

Germany : they were handsome young students all wearing over their tunic a flaming silk scarf, and a belt supporting a basket-hilted rapier; then they had long leather gloves, and on their heads little velvet caps ornamented with three or four waving feathers — altogether a singular costume, that formed a striking contrast with the black coats worn by the majority of the assembly:

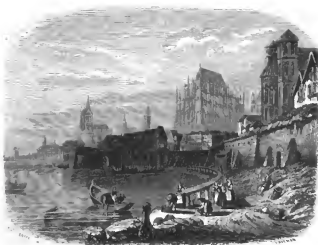
At noon the court arrived. The two Queens, the King of Prussia and Prince Albert took their places on the balcony of Furstemberg House. Immediately after, the veil that covered the statue was removed, and tremendous cheers arose from all sides to salute the statue of the great man. The likeness is perfect, and, as a work of art, the statue is far above mediocrity. Beethoven is represented standing, wrapped in a cloak, and in a contemplative attitude. On the pedestal are four bas-reliefs representing Dramatic Music, Religious Music, Fantasia, and Symphony, surrounded with their attributes.

"After the ceremony, Prince Albert went to the University, where the professors had assembled at his request to meet him. The prince was anxious to see once more the old masters under whom he had studied; for the royal consort of the Queen of England had been a student at the university of Bonn. His Royal Highness attended that excellent school during the years 1837 and 1838."

Below Bonne the banks of the Rhine lie low, and present nothing interesting till we reach Cologne, where there are many curious things to be seen. Cologne is still the most important of all the towns watered by the Rhine, as it was already when under the Roman sway. The Emperor Claudius had named it Colonia Agrippinensis, to commemorate the fact that the Empress Agrippina was born whilst her father Germanicus commanded the legions encamped on the

Rhine. Trajan commanded there when Nerva called on him to share the imperial dignity. After the Romans, came the Franks, and Cologne held its ground. Clovis was proclaimed king there, as Vitellius had been proclaimed emperor. Pepin, the son of Charles Martel and father of Charlemagne, was Duke of Cologne when he became King of the Franks. In the tenth century, the Emperor Otho united the town to the empire, at the same time granting it important privileges, and appointing as prince and archbishop, his brother Bruno, whom he had already made Duke of Lorraine. The archbishops maintained the splendour of Cologne. St. Maternus was the first bishop of the church there. Archbishop Engelberg von Berg gave orders for drawing the plan of the magnificent cathedral, but the building was not commenced till 1248, under his successor, Conrad von Hochstedten. The works were carried on for two centuries and a half, when they were suspended, in 1449, and have been but very recently resumed. The name of the architect who drew the original plan of this admirable edifice is not known; and the plan itself, which was long preserved in the archives of the church, is now lost. The part of the cathedral already executed was enough to discourage those who might have been disposed to continue it; and if the works remained untouched for centuries, it was because two grand desiderata could not be supplied: the completion of the gigantic basilic required an expenditure of money and genius, which the resources of the city and the talent of artists were unable to meet. The choir was the only part completed, and on the platform above it the enormous crane was left standing which had been used to raise the materials. The stones were obtained from a quarry at the Drachenfels, which is still called the Quarry of the Dome. Money has recently been obtained by contributions from all Germany, and art has made a bold effort of imagination, and done its utmost

to grasp the lost idea of the original architect in a new plan to complete the cathedral. The workmen of Cologne have resumed the labours of their ancestors. Long inactive and silent, the screeching crane may be again heard as it raises the stones of the Drachenfels; and this noise, harsh as it is, gratifies the ears of the inhabitants of Cologne, who were grieved to see the finest ornament of their city, the most magnificent edifice in Germany, in danger of falling to ruin, though never half-built. In a few years hence it will be the lot of some learned traveller to describe this prodigious cathedral, even now so rich in antique beauties, and which



Cologne.

not long since offered to view, badly covered by a rude roof of planks, its superb pillars unfinished, its clustered columns left at half their height, its galleries open to the

wind, its statues and tombs exposed to the rain, its pictures by the great masters, its tapestries from designs by Rubens, almost destroyed by the inclemency of a northern sky.

Rubens was born at Cologne, in a house that may still be seen. Another house of historic note is that in which Mary of Medicis, Queen of France, died, after lingering out the last years of her life in poverty and exile, neglected by her heartless son, Louis XIII, and persecuted by the hatred of Cardinal Richelieu.

The illustrious painter, Rubens, has endowed his native town with several of his best works. There are some fine paintings of his in different churches at Cologne, especially in St. Peter's, where he was baptised.

The greatest curiosity in the cathedral of Cologne is the monument of the Three Kings, which for many centuries has been an object of profound veneration on the part of the Catholic population. The Emperor Frederick I. of Hohenstauffen gave these relics to the Archbishop of Cologne, who aided him in the conquest of Milan; this was the share of the booty claimed by the prelate. The Elector Maximilian Henry of Bavaria presented the golden shrine in which the relics of the three kings were deposited with those of St. Felix, St. Nabor, and St. Gregory of Spoleta. Openings were made in the cover of the shrine through which the heads of the three kings might be seen, bearing their names in precious stones. Formerly these royal heads bore crowns of massive gold, each weighing six pounds, set with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. The whole monument also was covered with splendid incrustations, which made it an object of great value, apart from all traditional associations. Towards the close of the last century, when the French armies advanced to the Rhine, the shrine of the Three Kings was conveyed into Westphalia, and when it was brought back to Cologne, a great part of its costly ornaments

were missing. Many diamonds and pearls had been lost by the way. Travelling is expensive even for relics; the Three Kings lost their crowns and jewels. The solid gold had been replaced by gilt lead, the diamonds by paste, the pearls by shells, and probably the heads of the Three Kings by vulgar skulls; however this may be, the shrine is still gazed at by the curious, and venerated by the devout.

As in a preceding chapter we have compared Carlsruhe to a fan, we may now describe the form of Cologne as a bow, the curve of which embraces an extent of two leagues and a half, and the string, represented by the Rhine, is about a league in length. Opposite Cologne at the end of the bridge of boats, as at Mentz and Coblenz, lies the suburb of the right bank, which forms a little town called Deutz, well fortified, and provided with a numerous garrison lodged in an old Benedictine convent.

Most of the tourists that visit the Rhine go no farther than Cologne, as after the admirable panorama presented by both banks between Mentz and that city, the lower part of the river would be dull and uninteresting. We will follow their example, and stop at Cologne, where the summer congress is dissolved, and its members take a final leave of each other, ere they separate to pass the winter at Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Brussels, London, and Paris.

May prosperity attend them wherever they go, and happiness and health be their constant companions! But whatever pleasures they may find in the winter amid the splendour of a capital and the gaieties of carnival, they will not forget the pleasures of summer, the attractions of the country they have visited, the charming society of the Baden evening parties, the Palace of Conversation, Eberstein, Lichtenthal, the Favorite, the Grand Duke's Palace, and

many other picturesque localities. The pleasant reminiscences of a Summer at Baden will recur, in the midst of the happiest moments and most brilliant festivities of winter.



Baden. — Grand Duke's Palace.

THE END.

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